New Serial by the Author of "THE PARASITE"

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

OCT., 1913 15 CENTS

"BARNABETTA" BY HELEN R. MARTIN

AND TEN SHORT STORIES

Woman's Looks

A woman's looks count for so much more than a man's in the sum of life, that she owes it to herself to do all that she reasonably can to preserve, and if possible enhance, whatever grace and charm of person nature may have endowed her with.

To this end—

Pears' Soap

The Great English Complexion Soap

the purest and best toilet soap ever manufactured contributes in an eminent degree. Its dainty emollient action softens and refines the skin and keeps it in a healthy condition.

It is Matchless for the Complexion

"All rights secured"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST

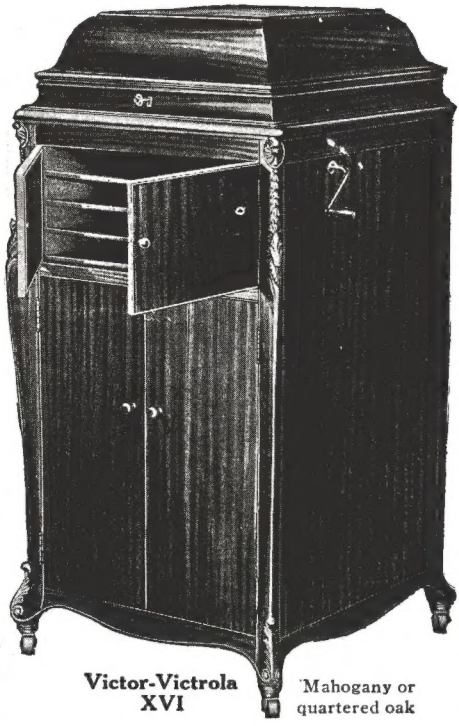
If you believe in music you need a Victor-Victrola

If you believe in the power of music to elevate your thoughts and broaden your intellect, to stir your imagination and quicken your emotions, to soothe your mind and lighten your toil, you can appreciate what it would mean to have a Victrola in your home.

Music is no longer a luxury to be understood and enjoyed by a select few. Music has come to be an actual necessity in every home, and its foremost exponent today is the Victrola.

With this wonderful instrument, you bring some music into your life each day to add to your happiness and make your home more complete.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $500.



Victor-Victrola XVI

Mahogany or quartered oak

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victor-Victrola to you and play any music you wish to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Salesmen Wanted!

Do You Want a Good Position Paying From $1,000 to $5,000 a Year and Expenses?

There are hundreds of such positions now open. No former experience as a salesman required to get one of them. If you want to enter the **world's best paying profession** our Free Employment Bureau will secure you a position where you can earn good wages while you are learning Practical Salesmanship. Write today for full particulars; list of good openings and testimonial letters from hundreds of our students for whom we have recently secured good positions paying from $100.00 to $500.00 a month and expenses.

Address nearest office. **Dept. 107**

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

Chicago New York Kansas City San Francisco Toronto

Dr. Esenwein

Short-Story Writing

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the Short-Story, taught by **Dr. J. Berg Esenwein**, Editor Lippincott's Magazine. *Over one hundred Home Study Courses under Professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell and leading colleges.*

250-page catalog free. Write to-day.

The Home Correspondence School

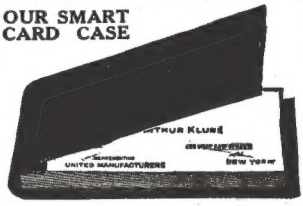
Dept. 264, Springfield, Mass.

Peerless Patent Book Form Card

Its smooth edges; its genuine elegance will tell the character of man you are. Nothing else like it.

¶ Used by the men who care for appearances and who command big pay. It ought to be used by you. Send to-day for sample tab of engraved cards, and get right, in the card line.

OUR SMART CARD CASE



The John B. Wiggins Company

Sole Manufacturers

Engravers **Die Embossers** **Plate Printers**

63-65 East Adams St., Chicago

COPY THIS SKETCH

and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn $20.00 to $125.00 or more per week, as illustrator or cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you.

Send me your sketch of President Wilson with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

THE LANDON SCHOOL of Illustrating and Cartooning

1444 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

We absolutely guarantee to teach shorthand complete in only thirty days. You can learn in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as with old systems. Boyd's Syllabic System is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. Simple. Practical. Speedy. Sure. No ruled lines—no positions—no shading as in other systems. No long lists of word signs to confuse. Only nine characters to learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command.

The best system for stenographers, private secretaries, newspaper reporters and railroad men. Lawyers, ministers, teachers, physicians, literary folk and business men and women may now learn shorthand for their own use. Does not take continual daily pratice as with other systems. Our graduates hold high grade positions everywhere. Send to-day for booklets, testimonials, etc.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

975 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN

Largest S. S. Co. in the World

Over 400 Ships 1,306,819 TONS

WINTER CRUISES

During 1914 by the HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

NEW CRUISE

ORIENT-INDIA

By the S. S. CLEVELAND. 17,000 tons

From New York January 15th, 1914. Through the Mediterranean, Suez Canal, Red Sea and Indian Ocean to Bombay and Colombo, including side trips through **India, the Holy Land** and **Egypt**, stopping at interesting points in Europe, Asia and Africa. **Duration about 3 months. Cost $700 up**, including shore excursions and necessary expenses.

Nile Service

by the superb steamers of the Hamburg and Anglo-American Nile Company.

Cruises to West Indies, Venezuela and the Panama Canal

by the largest ships visiting the Caribbean Sea. **S. S. AMERICA** and **VICTORIA LUISE during January—February; March—April. Duration 16 to 29 Days. Cost $145—$175 up.** Two 15 day Cruises from New Orleans during January and February. Shore trips optional.

1915

Around the World Through the Panama Canal

From New York January 27, 1915, by **17,000 ton S. S. CLEVELAND. Duration 135 days. Rates $900 up**, including shore trips and necessary expenses.

Atlas Service

Weekly Sailings to Cuba, Jamaica and the Panama Canal, Hayti, Colombia, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, by new Fast Twin Screw Steamers. Low Rates until October.

Our Tourist Department, with experience of over 25 years, arranges Tours by Rail or Steamer to all parts of the World.

Write for Information.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

41-45 Broadway, New York

1334 Walnut Street, Philadelphia
607 Boylston Street, Boston
338 Sixth Avenue, Pittsburgh
150 West Randolph Street, Chicago
902 Olive Street, St. Louis
160 Powell Street, San Francisco

TRADE MARK

Vol. XVIII

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

No. 1

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

CONTENTS

FOR - OCTOBER - 1913

Cover Design	*L. W. Lee*	
Barnabetta—Serial Illustrated by G. W. Harting.	*Helen R. Martin*	1
To a Luna Moth—A Poem	*Rheem Douglas*	34
The Little Things of Life—A Sermon	*Edwin L. Sabin*	35
Submissive Sylvia—A Story Illustrated by John A. Bazant.	*Marguerite Putnam Bush*	37
A Tale of Twelve Corners—A Story Illustrated by R. Emmett Owen.	*Bessie R. Hoover*	43
Perfidious China!—A Nautical Ballad Illustrated by Hy. Mayer.	*Wallace Irwin*	59
"There Are None So Blind——"—A Story Illustrated by E. C. Caswell.	*Alma Martin Estabrook*	61
Deep Unto Deep—A Story Illustrated by E. A. Furman.	*Anne O'Hagan*	73
Mother's Room—A Poem	*George Foxhall*	82
"O. K."—A Story Illustrated by G. C. Pugsley.	*Edith Summers Updegraff*	83
The Little Seraph—A Story Illustrated by E. C. Caswell.	*Marion Short*	94
A Discovery—A Poem	*Jeannie Pendleton Ewing*	102
Cap'n Kidd, Accumulator—A Story Illustrated by Victor Perard.	*Holman F. Day*	103
Other People's Virtues Illustrated by Laura E. Foster.	*Hildegarde Lavender*	117
The Love Song of the Earth—A Story Illustrated by Jean Palélogue.	*R. E. Marshall*	126
"Strike Three!"—A Story Illustrated by Clarence Rowe.	*Frank X. Finnegan*	133
Our Bookshelf	*Edward Everett Hale, Jr.*	145
Beyond the Border—A Novelette Illustrated by Robert A. Graef.	*Margaret Belle Houston*	149
How to Acquire the Fashionable Figure Illustrated with Photograph.	*Doctor Lillian Whitney*	176

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION $1.50 SINGLE COPIES 15 CENTS

Monthly Publication Issued by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
ORMOND G. SMITH, President, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City; GEORGE C. SMITH, Secretary and Treasurer, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Copyright, 1913, by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, in the United States and Great Britain. *All Rights Reserved.*
Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this Magazine either wholly or in part
Entered as Second-class Matter, at the New York Post Office, according to an Act of Congress, March 3, 1879, by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE.
WARNING—Do not subscribe through agents unknown to you personally. Complaints reach us daily from victims of such swindlers.

A Jimmy Pipe o' Peace
PRINCE ALBERT
the national joy smoke
has put the "Indian Sign" on all the tongue-broiling, smartweed brands. P. A. can't bite your tongue nor any man's, patented process removes the sting.
Sold everywhere in 5c bags, 10c tins, pound and half-pound humidors.
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 18 OCTOBER, 1913 NUMBER 1

Barnabetta

By Helen R. Martin

Author of "The Parasite," "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid," "The Fighting Doctor," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. W. HARTING

CHAPTER I.

MRS. DREARY, a sentimentalist, though the wife of a Pennsylvania "Dutchman," had named her daughter from a combination of her own and her husband's names, Barnaby and Etta—Barnabetta. It had been her last "pretty thought" before her death, which had followed almost immediately upon the birth of the baby girl.

Barnabetta, however, being the only feminine member of the family, had at a tender age been called upon to bear heavier burdens than that of her grotesque name. When she was only thirteen years old her father decided to dismiss the housekeeper that he had been obliged to employ since his wife's death, and take his little daughter from the village school to keep house for him and her two elder brothers, Jacob and Emanuel—and this in spite of the fact that he was known in the village of Reinhartz Station as "well fixed," having a comfortable bank account that every year he was able to increase from the big, prosperous tin shop that adjoined his dwelling house. But the necessity that his wife's death had imposed upon him of "hiring" had been the most poignant phase of his affliction.

"I hire a washwoman yet a while till you're more growed a'ready, Barnabetta," he told the child. "But the rest part of the work you kin do now. I don't keep no hired girl now you're thirteen a'ready."

However appalled the little girl may have felt at this decree, she did not demur. When Barnaby Dreary announced a decision, no one who knew him ever attempted to move him from it. And certainly the outcome in this case justified him, for in place of the slatternly, wasteful housekeeping of the "hired girl," Barnabetta soon learned to keep things tidy, to cook well, to manage thriftily; and the weekly wages of the hired girl were saved, for they assuredly did not pass to Barnabetta.

That the young girl just budding into maidenhood grew thin and listless under the unceasing toil necessary to achieve these results could scarcely, in the eyes of a man like Barnaby Dreary, weigh against the results themselves.

When, on one occasion—Barnabetta being then sixteen years old—the village school-teacher, Abel Buchter, took the liberty of warning Mr. Dreary that his girl was growing up "dumb" [stupid] from overwork and from being denied all the "pleasure seeking" natural to youth, he was told to "mind to his own business."

"Hard work keeps girls out of mischief and makes 'em hearty," Barnaby argued.

"But with as much in bank as what you're got, Barnaby, you have no need to work your girl that hard that you won't even leave her go out coastin' still with the other young folks till her evenin' dishes is through all a'ready. She used to be the smartest scholar I had, and now, I tell you, she's gettin' dumb."

"She'd oversleep breakfast time if I left her run evenin's."

"You leave Jacob and Emanuel go out every night."

"Yes, well, they don't have to get up so early as what Barnabetta does. Lookahere, Abel, don't you come tryin' to make up to our Barnabetta—I ain't leavin' her keep comp'ny with no fellah! Us, we need her at home—me and the boys. Fur thirteen years I had to hire and pay wages, and do you think now when at last I got a girl old enough to housekeep fur me I'm a-goin' to leave her go git married right aways, and me go back to hirin' yet? Well, I guess anyhow *not!* So you just leave our Barnabetta *be*, Abel."

Had Mr. Dreary not been a school trustee of the village of Reinhartz Station, Abel would have delighted in defying him, for in spite of the life Barnabetta led, she was blooming out into a wondrous, flowerlike girlhood. Not that she was beautiful; no one could have called her that. Her skin was dark—almost sallow; her figure slight—almost thin; but from the softness of her meditative eyes and the sweetness of her mouth to the dainty shapeliness of her feet, she was so wholly and utterly feminine, so appealingly womanly, that Abel, who had known her since her birth, found, to his astonishment, that no other maiden had ever seemed to him so lovely, so desirable, though all the buxom beauties of the village had long been throwing themselves at his head. For in spite of his tall length of lank leanness, Abel's slight superiority to his fellow villagers in education and in ideals, and his always wearing a collar and necktie, had ever made him, to the damsels of Reinhartz, an object of romantic sentiment.

"I always did think, Barnaby," Abel persisted, "that the reason missus died for you was because you wouldn't ever hire for her, or leave her go on company any. She just didn't have any more spunk left to get her strength back when Barnabetta was born."

"Ach! Why, after our Jakey was born, missus never no more spoke nothin' to me about goin' on comp'ny or pleasure seekin'."

"Yes, for the good reason that till that time you had her so good trained a'ready she knew it was no use to ask anythin' off of you! And now Barnabetta is gettin' just so indifferent like her mother; she don't even *want* any young pleasures," said Abel, who was smarting under his own failure to rouse the girl to any interest in himself. "And, mind you, Barnaby, when a young girl don't *want* pleasures she's gettin' awful dumb!"

"Well, so long as she ain't too dumb to cook three good meals a day fur me and the boys, and keeps her good health, and is contented not to run any with the other young folks—nor with *you*, Abel—why, to be sure, I don't see what I need to worry about."

Barnabetta was fully aware, with a complete indifference to the fact, that Abel would like to "keep comp'ny" with her, and that her father prohibited it. She was, therefore, faintly surprised one autumn afternoon as she moved about the kitchen, "makin' supper," to overhear her father on the back porch, urging Abel, who had strolled over with him from the tin shop, to "come on in the kitchen and eat along."

"It would mebbe make more work for Barnabetta," Abel demurred, though evidently eager to accept the unwonted—indeed, unaccountable—invitation.

"What's a couple more dishes to wash? Come on in! I want to speak somepin' very important to you then. Around five o'clock or so we eat, and it's near that now."

"All right. Then I will once."

Abel's schoolhouse was at the upper

"Her mom had always babies to tend as well as all the housework. Barnabetta can anyways always git her night's rest."

end of the one long, sloping street that comprised the village of Reinhartz, while the other end of it was bounded by the hotel and the post office. The brick or frame houses standing between these two limits made, for the most part, some pretension to prettiness, especially those that stood back from the street. But they presented one uniform, inhospitable, uncompromising front of tightly locked shutters. A stranger walking through the village would at first glance have supposed that it must be uninhabited; but the well-kept lawns and flower beds would speedily have transformed this impression into the conviction that the entire population of the place was gone from home for the day on an excursion or a picnic. For in Reinhartz the kitchen was the only part of the house used during week days. Parlors were entirely consecrated to the sacred Sabbath and to funerals.

A few minutes after Mr. Dreary had come with the school-teacher into the

kitchen, where Barnabetta was working, the two grown sons of the family, Jacob and Emanuel, also arrived for the evening meal—Emanuel, the elder, coming in from the tin shop, in which he was salesman, and Jacob returning from his day's work of driving the stagecoach twice over the eight miles between Reinhartz and Lebanon.

The entire family now, with the exception of Barnabetta, gathered with their guest about the supper table, which was, as always, laid in the kitchen, the adjoining well-furnished dining room being, according to the village custom, kept always closed and darkened, although to have been without the adornment of a dining room and "a dining-room suit" would greatly have lowered a family in the village social scale.

Jacob and Emanuel looked as surprised as was Abel himself at finding him at their father's table, for they knew how warily the head of the house guarded their sister from any possible wooers.

Barnabetta, moving about the table to wait upon the four men, listened with but vague attention to their talk. Her deliberate, graceful movements, the far-away gaze of her eyes, her slow, soft, infrequent speech, gave her an habitual air of detachment from her environment that had often brought from her father the reproach that she acted "like a person with ether in her."

"You don't take no interest," he would complain.

"What is there to take an interest *in?*" the overworked girl would dully ask.

Abel, helping himself from the pyramid of hot cakes Barnabetta had placed on the table, remarked: "I certainly am guessing, Barnaby, what you're wanting to speak to me then."

"It's some important. I'll tell you then."

"Here, Barnabetta," Emanuel ordered, holding out the empty butter dish, "the butter's all [all gone]."

"Hot cakes does now make the butter all awful quick a'ready." Mr. Dreary shook his head ruefully as Barnabetta carried the dish away to refill it. "And butter comes so high, too. Butter and eggs is raisin' every day."

"Yes," said Emanuel; "it would come cheaper to keep a cow and make our butter."

"Who'd milk and churn?" casually inquired Abel.

"Who?" repeated Emanuel, puzzled. "Well, ain't we got a female keepin' house here? What fur do you ask *who?*"

Emanuel was a great, overgrown youth, whose easy place in his father's tin shop was calculated to make him a confirmed loafer. He and his Brother Jacob shared their father's view as to the clear intention of Providence in the creation of women.

"You don't think she's got enough to do a'ready, heh?" asked Abel. "Cookin' and washin' and ironin' and cleanin' up for you three menfolks?"

"Ach, Abel," laughed Jacob, biting into a huge slice of "molasses bread," "when you git married oncet we won't hear you talkin' then all the time about a woman's overworkin' herself. Not when it's fur *you* she does it."

"Barnabetta's got it good toward what some has it," remarked Emanuel.

"Yes, I guess, anyhow!" affirmed Mr. Dreary. "Her mom had always babies to tend as well as all the housework. Barnabetta can anyways always git her night's rest."

"It's wonderful good of you, Barnaby, to leave her sleep all night!" said Abel.

Barnabetta, moving about the table with food and cups of coffee, showed no sign of paying any heed to the conversation.

"A body'd think, Abel, to hear you, that you was in favor of this here crazy talk you kin read in the noospapers about women's *votin'* yet," declared Mr. Dreary.

"Well, I don't see but what it would be a good thing," Abel courageously affirmed, though he knew that in the expression of such a radical sentiment he endangered his position, held for ten years, as district teacher of Reinhartz.

"Why *shouldn't* females vote, Barnaby?"

"Ach, Abel, now you're just talkin' to show off!" expostulated Mr. Dreary. "To be sure, a woman's all right in her place. There ain't nothin' nicer than a woman—I'll give you that much, Abel. A woman," he conceded magnanimously, "is wery nice indeed—*in her place.* But there I'm fur stoppin'. What them English had ought to do with them wild suffragettys is to have such a whippin' post fur 'em. That would soon stop their carryin' on. That's what I'd have if *I* was in power over there. In a month's time it would stop 'em a'ready."

"Yes, well, but," Abel said, "England —it's a civilized nation, Barnaby."

"Them suffragettys don't act much civilized," scoffed Emanuel.

"No, nor I don't call a nation much civilized where holds to free trade and repy-sock-racy," maintained Mr. Dreary.

"Ach," said Abel, "you're all verhuddled. You mean reciprocity, and——"

"Will you have more coffee, Abel?" Barnabetta's lifeless voice here inquired at his side.

"I've had an ample sufficiency, Barnabetta," Abel softly answered, a gleam in his eyes as he looked up into her face. "Thank you kindly, Barnabetta."

"That's all right, Abel."

She moved away, and Abel, to cover his agitation, made a perfunctory remark to Jacob at his left:

"Many passengers to-day on your bus, Jake?"

"Ach, middlin' few."

"Roads good?"

"Middlin'. I'm wonderful bothered, though, with them automobiles; they go over the bridge so hoggish, they're damagin' it; and one of these here days that there bridge is a-goin' to bust in."

"Here, Barnabetta," Emanuel again ordered his sister, holding toward her an empty saucer, "bring me another helpin' of that there rice puddin'."

"It's all," said Barnabetta. "I only made one helpin' round, and you've all *had.*"

"I'm afraid, Barnabetta," said Abel regretfully, "mebbe me bein' here unexpected, I eat *your* helpin', heh?"

"That's all right, Abel."

"I'm awful sorry, Barnabetta."

"It makes nothin'," said her father. "She kin do with molasses bread or whatever."

"Say, Barnabetta," Jacob announced, "you're to iron my Sunday pants right aways then till you've eat your supper a'ready."

"Goin' to see your girl, Jacob?" asked Abel.

"Whether I am?" Jacob repeated the question. "Well, then, if I *am?*" he demanded defiantly.

"It ain't anythin' to me, I'm sure," answered Abel. "Only if it's that Suse Darmstetter you fetched from the meetin' Sabbath evenin', *she* won't ever iron your Sunday pants for you."

"You leave me manage my wife myself, Abel."

"You're welcome to. But if it's Suse Darmstetter, Jake, she'll manage *you.*"

"I'll take care of that there all right, Abel. I guess it would take more'n Suse Darmstetter to henpeck one of us Drearys."

"Yes; us Drearys ain't so *easy* to henpeck," Mr. Dreary retorted derisively, his robust frame and fat face, with its suggestion of meanness in the small, closely set eyes, a sufficient corroboration of his statement.

"Jacob," said Barnabetta's low voice, as she stood at her brother's side to fill his glass with water, "did you fetch me that ten-cent magazine along I asked you to get me in Lebanon?"

"Naw! What do you take me fur, Barnabetta, askin' me to waste my time in town runnin' after such a magazine yet!"

"You ain't to spend any fur such foolishness, Barnabetta," her father objected. "Nor to waste your time with such magazines."

"I knowed pop wouldn't leave you have it," added Jacob.

Barnabetta moved away without answering. Abel made a mental memorandum of an errand he would do next time he went to town—he would buy a

dozen magazines, and slip them secretly into Barnabetta's hands.

"Now, Abel," Mr. Dreary said, pushing back his chair and rising, "if you're done, come on out on the back porch oncet. Emanuel," he admonished his stalwart son, as authoritatively as he would have spoken to a child, "you hurry on over to the shop; I can't come till I speak somepin' particular to Abel."

Emanuel, heavy and indolent, rose to obey. Jacob, also rising, sent a curious glance after his father and the village teacher as together they moved out to the back porch.

"Don't forget my pants, Barnabetta," he reminded his sister, as he, too, left the room.

Barnabetta seated herself at the cluttered table to take her supper in solitude. Her absent, dreamy eyes showed no least interest in the mysterious confidence meeting that was going on on the back porch between her father and Abel Buchter.

CHAPTER II.

Seated in two huge rocking-chairs in the seductive warm September twilight, Mr. Dreary and Abel contemplated a wide area of vegetable gardens behind the village houses, while the elder man proceeded to open up his soul to the younger.

"It come over me here a couple weeks back, Abel; that I feel fur gittin' married. I feel fur it somepin' wonderful."

"Married! *You yet!* Well, if you ain't! At your age, Barnaby!"

"I ain't just so old, neither. Fifty-five. What's fifty-five?"

"Who's the wonderful fortunate lady?" Abel inquired, with heavy sarcasm.

"I ain't picked out one yet."

"What! By gosh! What started you up, then, to think about gettin' married?"

"Two things," answered Barnaby, counting them off on his fingers. "First, seein' our Jacob runnin' with Suse Darmstetter; second, the trouble I got keepin' you and other fellahs from makin' up to our Barnabetta. If I had a wife oncet, Barnabetta, she could keep comp'ny and *git* married with you or whoever."

"Then did you want to tell me this evening I could go ahead and keep company with Barnabetta?" Abel chokingly inquired.

"Not so fast!" Barnaby hastily checked his eagerness. "I tole you I ain't any lady picked out yet, didn't I? You're not to make up to Barnabetta till I'm settled a'ready, mind you. Anyways, she's full young yet—only seventeen, and wery childish."

"What *do* you want off of me, then?" Abel asked doggedly.

"To help me pick out some lady, Abel, that would suit."

"Me!"

"Yes; you're so well acquainted over in Ephrata, I conceited mebbe you'd know some party over there that might suit me pretty good. I don't want to choose one here where I am raised."

"I know aplenty that might suit *you.* But how about *your* suitin'?"

"Ach, don't git funny! Now, leave me tell you what I do want. I want you to give me an interduction to some *rich* lady. A lady that owns some property, Abel, or some stocks mebbe. And one that ain't got no other beau, fur I'm too old to try to cut out another fellah."

"But what would such a lady marry *you* fur, Barnaby?"

"I ain't particular that she's such a wonderful good looker, Abel, so long as she's a good housekeeper and has money."

"Yes, well, but," commented Abel thoughtfully, "how will Jacob and Emanuel like it?"

"I ain't concerned if they like it."

"And what do you expect Barnabetta to do with such a stepmother?"

"Didn't I tell you that after I'm all settled nice, Barnabetta she kin go git married? Not *till* I'm settled, though, mind you!"

"But how do you expect Barnabetta and the stepmother will hit it off *till* Barnabetta gets married?"

"Ach, that's neither here nor there. Do you know any such a lady fur me, Abel?"

"I think mebbe I could pick you out one."

"I conceited that mebbe you could. That's why I spoke."

"There's a party at Reading might suit," said Abel thoughtfully.

"Is there?" said Barnaby eagerly. "How well fixed is she?"

"Well, here last Saturday I was at Reading, and the secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association gave me an interduction to a lady that's just what you're lookin' fur, Barnaby."

"Now you don't mean it! Mebbe you're guyin' me, heh?"

"No, I ain't. And, lucky for you, this lady of which I referred to is after just what *you're* after—a well-fixed gentleman."

"That ain't what I'm after," said Barnaby facetiously. "Say, Abel, did she tell *you* she was lookin' fur a well-fixed gentleman?"

"The secretary of the Y. W., et cetery, told me. The lady had come there—to the Y. W.—and told them that bein' now tired of livin' alone, she wanted to get *settled*. Well, they didn't rightly understand what she meant—some of those city folks are just that slow—and they got her a good place for such 'general housework.' But, to be sure, that ain't what she meant by 'settled.' Why, she's got a thousand dollars a year in her own right."

"Hi!" Barnaby exploded, looking apoplectic under the shock of such a dazzling bait. "A thousand dollars a year yet!"

"That's what."

"Go ahead!" exclaimed the prospective bridegroom.

"So the lady explained to Miss Evans, the secretary, that she didn't want to hire out—she wanted to get settled. And Miss Evans she asked her: 'Settled how, where, why, when?' And, would you believe it, Barnaby, it took the lady a *while* yet to make Miss Evans understand she wanted an interduction to a gentleman that would like to get married? Well, you see, Miss Evans she knew me this while back a'ready, and she plagues me still when I go to town why I don't get married. So she interduced *me* to the lady."

"And why," demanded Barnaby, in quick suspicion, "didn't you *take* such a chance when it come your way?"

"The woman's old enough to be my mother. She's *your* age, Barnaby. If I can get Barnabetta, you're welcome to the old party."

"When kin you give me an interduction to her, Abel?"

"Take you over to Reading Saturday evening if you want. I'll phone to Reading to Miss Evans to tell the lady she can expect us—if you'll pay for the telephone."

"Ach, yes, if I must."

"All right, then."

"You didn't tell me yet what's the lady's name?"

"Miss Miller's her name."

"Miller? Miller's a common name, ain't? There's Millers here in Reinhartz a'ready. Say, Abel, don't you think that between this and Saturday some other fellah will mebbe be makin' up to her? I tell you, I'm too old to go cuttin' out anybody."

"But mebbe when you see her you won't feel for gettin' married to her."

"Them thousand dollars a year would make a body overlook a good bit, Abel."

"But lookahere, Barnaby, do you expect she's a-goin' to pour her thousand dollars right into your paws? It's *hers*. Times are some changed since you had a wife. I hardly believe this lady would think that, just because she kep' house for you and went by your name, you'd a right to take her money off of her. On the contrary, she'd expect you to spend on *her* so long as she worked for you. That's how it goes *these* days, Barnaby. You'll mebbe get awful fooled if you don't look out."

"When a woman's married, it's her husband's place to handle the money," Barnaby affirmed conclusively.

"All right. If you think you can manage it that way."

"I certainly ain't afraid I can't manage my own wife," Barnaby retorted scornfully.

Barnabetta seated herself at the cluttered table to take her supper in solitude.

"All right, if you think. I'll take you over then Saturday, and give you an interduction to her. The rest is up to you. You can see what you can do."

"I guess," said Barnaby hesitatingly, "you'll expect me to pay the twenty-five cents car fare over for you, too?"

"That wouldn't be any more'n right."

"Well, if I must."

"Say, Barnaby, you better have a bouquet along with you for the lady," Abel advised.

"A bouquet? Wouldn't that look some soft, Abel?"

"I guess she'd expect you to look soft, seein' what you're after."

"But it's too late in the season fur a bouquet; there ain't no flowers bloomin' now."

"There's hothouses in town, ain't there?"

"Whether there's hothouses? Yes, well, but flowers out of a hothouse I never bought yet."

"You better fetch some along," Abel strongly advised. "It will help a good bit."

"You think?"

"Yes, I think."

"Well, then, if I must," sighed Barnaby. "Now, then," he added, slowly rising from his chair, "I guess I'll have to be gittin' over to the shop. Say, Abel!"

"Heh?"

"Don't you go on in to Barnabetta now. I ain't leavin' her keep comp'ny till I'm sure of this here lady. Pass me your promise, Abel."

Abel hesitated. But, realizing that in dealing with Barnaby Dreary discretion was the better part of valor, he reluctantly gave the promise.

As the younger man walked pensively through the quiet village street to the hotel where he lived, he wondered whether, if the spinster who wanted to "get settled" proved to be "such a blamed fool" as to marry stingy, fat, old Barnaby Dreary, Barnabetta's situation under the circumstances would have the happy effect of making her turn to him. He hardly dared hope that it would, so passively unresponsive she always was to his ardor.

"To be sure, she's only a child yet, as her pop says, and full young to think about gettin' married—though other girls of her age do think about it. Barnabetta's an awful queer girl. I don't rightly *know* her. Nobody does, I guess. Sometimes I think she's got her own secret thoughts behind that dumb way she has. I wish, though, she had a little more spunk than what she's got. She wouldn't *have* to take all she takes. Now, here this evenin'—why couldn't she say to Jacob: 'If you couldn't bring me a ten-cent magazine, I can't iron your pants'? But no; she'll go *iron* his blamed pants! Well, to be sure, if she didn't, her pop would get so harsh I guess mebbe it's the easiest way out for her just to *do* what they tell her. And when there's a stepmother there yet, no doubt it'll go harder than ever for Barnabetta. Then mebbe she *will* take notice of me a little. Land sakes! Wouldn't she know somethin' different if ever *I* had the chance to take care of her!" concluded Abel warmly.

CHAPTER III.

Barnabetta, sitting in the kitchen a few hours later, darning and mending some clothing of her father's and brothers' by the light of a lamp on the table, did not glance up as her father, having closed the tin shop, came over to the house and walked into the kitchen. Had she looked up, she might have been moved to some surprise at the unwonted aspect of embarrassment that he wore as, roving aimlessly about the kitchen, he tried to get up courage to tell his daughter something that it was proving not at all easy to tell.

He himself was scarcely less surprised than Barnabetta would have been at finding himself abashed before his own child, whom he had bullied all her life. But Barnabetta, bending over her sewing, saw nothing of his perturbation—oblivious, as usual, to everything about her. The deadening monotony of her external world had dulled her very senses to it. She moved through her daily unchanging routine like a wound-up machine, all the force and fire of her fervent soul turned inward to feed upon itself, and thereby either destroy itself or—a far-off possibility, indeed—lift itself far above the common range.

"I got to speak somepin' to you, Barnabetta," Mr. Dreary at last took the plunge, as, pausing in his restless pacing of the floor, he sat down heavily in front of his daughter.

Barnabetta's sewing dropped into her lap, and she raised absent eyes to his.

"It'll surprise you some mebbe—what I got to say. Leastways, it surprised Abel Buchter."

Barnabetta waited placidly.

"Abel, he thinks I'm some old to be thinkin' of it. But I'm only fifty-five. What's fifty-five?"

Barnabetta manifested no interest in the conundrum.

"Well," said her father stoutly, "I'm gittin' married mebbe."

And now the girl showed signs of life. Her gaze came back from afar, and fixed itself, with a puzzled contraction between the brows, upon her father's face.

"What did you say, pop?"

"I said mebbe I'm gittin' married oncet."

Barnabetta looked at him, speechless.

"I can't give you no particulars yet,

Barnabetta. This here's only to prepare you a little."

The girl, still inarticulate, continued to look at him.

"You see," he said encouragingly, "when I'm nice settled you kin keep comp'ny with Abel or whoever. There's plenty *wants* to set up with you."

Barnabetta, regarding him as if just making his acquaintance, made no comment.

"Abel Buchter, he wanted to keep comp'ny with you this good while a'ready. I tole him to-night I'd give him dare to set up with you when I was all settled. Not *till*, though! To be sure, after I'm settled you kin easy be spared."

"Pop," Barnabetta at last spoke, "so kind-hearted as what Abel is, I'd be sorry for you to give him false hopes, for I will not keep comp'ny with him."

It was Mr. Dreary's turn now to stare in astonishment. Scarcely within his memory had he ever heard his daughter assert herself to the point of affirming, "I will not."

"What have you agin' Abel Buchter?"

"Nothin'. But I won't keep comp'ny with any man."

"Ach, that's just talk. You never kep' comp'ny yet, so you don't know nothin' about it. Oncet Abel has set up with you a couple of times you'll be as man crazy as the rest of the girls."

"I will never marry," Barnabetta serenely stated, but in a tone of finality that sounded strange to her father's ears, accustomed to her unvarying acquiescence to his word.

"Such foolish talk!" he said impatiently. "What makes you conceit *that*, I'd like to know, heh?"

"I don't like menfolks. They *kreistle* [disgust] me."

"Heh? Ach, well, you'll soon get over that foolishness. You will *have* to. Fur oncet I fetch a wife here to housekeep fur me, to be sure, you'll have to soon go and git married, Barnabetta."

"Why?"

"'Why!' Do I need *two* to keep my house?"

"Do you mean," the girl asked slowly, a long, earnest gaze upon her father's face, "that you will not keep me here when you bring home a wife?"

"Well, fur a year, mebbe, till you've picked out a man. Not longer. What would you do here? There ain't work here fur two; and you're growed up—you have to work."

"There's plenty of work for two, pop."

"You do it all."

"I don't think you will find any one else that can—or will."

"Foolishness!" he scoffed.

"But, pop," she asked, a dazed look coming into her eyes, "where can I go?"

"I tole you you're to git married."

"But I said I would not do that. I will not marry."

"What else *kin* you do? You know well enough," he reproached her, "you ain't enough educated to git the lower school to teach."

"No, I ain't educated. I ain't anything," she said slowly, "but your housekeeper."

"Yes, you're too dumb to do anythin' but git married. Abel, he says, too, you're dumb."

"He says?"

"Yes, often a'ready."

"There's one thing I could do," she said hesitatingly, looking more and more dazed at this sudden and unexpected crumbling of her world from under her; "I could hire out—if you and Jacob and Emanuel wouldn't have a shamed face to leave me do that."

"That would make too much talk—with me as well fixed as what I am yet. No, there ain't nothin' you *kin* do but git married."

"I will not do that."

"Ach well," he concluded, rising abruptly, "you'll git over such a crazy notion. Anyways, the lady ain't said yes yet. Time enough when she's here oncet fur to settle your case."

He took a lamp from the mantel-

piece, lighted it, and went upstairs to his room.

Barnabetta remained long over her sewing, too stirred out of her customary orbit to think of sleeping. She was confused with the new ideas so suddenly forced upon her. What, she wondered, could be the inducement to any woman to marry her father? Why did women want to marry, anyway? The life of her native village made marriage appear to her like the gateway to a bondage far heavier and more hopeless than that under which she herself had always lived. Over and over again had she seen the bloom and brightness of a bride fade in a few years to the haggard dullness of the overworked, overprolific slave of matrimony; and, though she had never in all her life asserted her own will, yet there was, deep down in her buried soul, a smoldering force that had concentrated upon one resolve—no man should ever take her for his wife.

Barnabetta had never had any "rights"; she had never claimed any; but an unshakable conviction possessed her—born of she knew not what—that she did have an inalienable right to refuse to give her soul and body into the keeping of a man. The bare thought of it was so horrible to her that she had come to think of men as of a lower and coarser order of creation. She could work for them, serve them, but never while she had any shred of right to herself should one of them come nearer.

She felt a vague pity for her prospective stepmother.

"She'll have it harder than what I have it, for pop will be her *husband*."

To-night as she faced the realization that the three brawny men for whom for more than five years she had expended all her girlhood's vitality would, as soon as they no longer needed her, begrudge her a place in their home, her wonder at the strange selfishness of the sex only added strength to her deeply rooted resolution that never should a male creature bind her life to his in the indissoluble bonds of matrimony—for in Barnabetta's primitive world people still married for life.

CHAPTER IV.

Half past eight of the following Saturday evening found Mr. Dreary, somewhat to his consternation, stranded alone with Miss Miller, the lady who desired to "get settled"—seated beside her on a sofa in her own neat little parlor; for Abel Buchter, having brought him to the spinster's house and performed the ceremony of introduction, had immediately—and, in Mr. Dreary's opinion, ignominiously—departed, leaving him high and dry on the lady's hands, to settle his case as best he might.

So long as he had been fortified by Abel's savoir-faire in meeting the peculiar situation into which he had got himself, he had felt confident enough. But now, abandoned to his fate, his soul trembled—not, as might be supposed, in awe of the fair one herself, but in the fear that the rich prize—her income—brought thus within his reach might yet, by some inadvertency on his part, escape him.

He looked absolutely unnatural to-night in his "Sunday clothes"; he wore them too seldom to have acquired the habit of them; and the little "bouquet" of six carnations that he had stiffly carried on entering, clenched in one hand like a pistol, had lent him an air more aggressive than conciliatory. The carnations did, indeed, stand for a battle waged with Abel and the florist, for Mr. Dreary had stoutly resisted Abel's *ipse dixit* that he recklessly squander seventy-five cents on a whole dozen of them; and he had hotly protested against the florist's charge of forty cents instead of thirty-five for a half dozen. And when, on their arrival at the small two-storied brick house on the outskirts of Reading, where the lady lived, her gushing reception of him and Abel made it seem probable that he would not have needed to go to this expense to win his way with her, he felt sorely injured.

"I might have done just as good without 'em," he thought regretfully, as he watched the thin, elderly, but gayly attired, woman bustle in and out of the parlor to put the flowers in water.

Seated now on the sofa beside her, he felt far from equal to the situation. It was, however, characteristic of him that, in spite of his perturbation and suspense, his small, sharp eyes should be busy appraising every significant detail of his hostess and her surroundings. He saw quite as much to condemn as to commend. In fact, had it not been for that substantial income, he would have felt discouraged, her parlor was so luxuriously furnished in striped plush, crayon portraits framed heavily in gilt, and an upright piano draped at one end with a fringed scarf; and her tall, bony person was so superfluously decorated with lace, ribbons, bracelets, rings, a watch chain, and an ancestral portrait in a brooch on her flat bosom. If she accepted him, he would certainly persuade her to sell all this "junk" in her parlor, and let him invest the money that it would bring, for he felt that it would be too painful to him to see so much capital standing around idle in the "front room" at Reinhartz Station.

As for her extravagant apparel—well, once she was his wife, she wouldn't "have the dare to spend so much at the clo'es."

The maiden lady herself, though scrawny and, to Mr. Dreary's taste, ugly, was evidently, judging from the great friendliness of her manner, a very kind-hearted person, and would no doubt take pains to make him and the boys comfortable. Also, things looked as if she were a tidy and a capable, if not an economical, housekeeper. On the latter point he felt extremely dubious. Would such a "fancy" person be able to make money go as far as Barnabetta did?

"She'll have to *learn* to, that's all," he resolved.

"I understand, Mr. Dreary, that you are a widower—that you have loved and lost," she remarked sympathetically, with an air and accent that impressed poor Barnaby as disconcertingly high-toned.

"Yes, my wife she died fur me this good while back a'ready."

"Ah," sighed Miss Miller, "I can see that Grief has dwelt with you, that Affliction has been your companion."

"Yes," responded Mr. Dreary uncomfortably; "yes, I felt wery worse when she died fur me. But it's near eighteen years now. My first grief was over this long time a'ready."

"Eighteen years! You have been faithful to her memory that long? I fear very few of your sex have such constancy, Mr. Dreary."

"You think?" said Mr. Dreary, pleasantly flattered.

"I know the world, Mr. Dreary. None better. And I can read men. Your appearance does not deceive me—I can see that you are a diamond in the rough. The Bible says, you know, that often we entertain an angel unawares, and there oft beats in the breast of a humble servant a heart of purer gold than is e'er found in lords and ladies."

"The Bible says, does it? I ain't wery Bible read, I'm sorry to say. To be sure," he humbly admitted, "I know I ain't no pretty man; but, then, I don't make no demands in that line on *you*."

"Not to brag myself up, Mr. Dreary, I used to be pretty. That was before I, like yourself, had loved and lost. For though still unmarried, I was once engaged. He died of a bron*kit*ical cough, and I have always revered his memory. I, too, you see, have been faithful. And I do think that takes from one's looks—to live solitary, sad, and sorrowing through long, constant years. That's why, Mr. Dreary, I am no longer as pretty as I once was in days gone by. Believe me," she protested, lifting a wrinkled, jeweled hand, "I am not inviting contradiction."

"I'm sure," said Mr. Dreary, rising nobly to the occasion, "if you ain't as pretty as some, you're wery *good*. And what," he demanded, with an inspiration that astonished himself, "is beauty without goodness?"

"Well," Miss Miller responded, a bit

testily, "goodness somewhat tempered with beauty might be more acceptable to both of us. But, alas, in this life it's not what we want, Mr. Dreary, but what we can get, that has to satisfy us."

"Wery true, wery true," Mr. Dreary solemnly nodded, feeling that the tone of the discourse called for a religious mien.

"And now, Mr. Dreary," Miss Miller announced, "not to occupy the entire evening with conversation, would you like for me to entertain you with a little vocal? I've studied vocal for nearly a year with Professor Schmidt. Two lessons a week—fifty cents per."

"Fifty cents per! You mean you paid a dollar a week fur near a year fur just to learn to *sing* yet?" gasped Mr. Dreary.

"Yes," admitted Miss Miller, with pride. "Expensive—true. But, as Professor Schmidt often remarked, 'What is life without artistic expression?'"

"And," breathed Mr. Dreary, pointing to the æsthetically draped piano, "can you work it, too?"

"Oh, yes; I play several classics and all my own accompaniments."

"Let's have a sample of the wocal—at fifty cents per," Mr. Dreary feebly requested.

Miss Miller obligingly rose and went to the piano. Mr. Dreary sat rigidly on the sofa, his eyes glued to her as she gracefully and elegantly ran her jeweled fingers over the keys.

"If I ever again get engaged," she remarked, as she played, "I know what

"Then did you want to tell me this evening I could go ahead and keep company with Barnabetta?" Abel chokingly inquired.

I shall ask of my intended for a wedding present."

"A weddin' present, heh?"

"Yes. A baby grand piano."

"How much do they come at?"

"You *can* get one for nine hundred dollars."

Mr. Dreary rose.

"Miss Miller," he said sadly but firmly, "I'm sorry I took up your time. Me—I'm too common for you, I guess."

"Not at all, Mr. Dreary. Now, don't disappoint me as others have done. Sit down, and let me sing you 'A Child's Unfinished Prayer.'"

Mr. Dreary sat down. But the display of her marvelous accomplishments as she sang through her repertoire—"It's a Lonely World Without You," "That's How I Need You," "When I Marry the One I Love," and so forth—only added to his discouragement.

"Now then," she said, coming again to his side on the sofa, "tell me all about your dear children, Mr. Dreary. I'm so anxious to know them now that I have seen and admired their father. I'm sure I shall love them, and I trust they will love me."

"They're pretty well growed. Barnabetta, the youngest, is near eighteen a'ready. But," he shook his head despondently, "she would seem wonderful dumb to you, so high-toned as what *you* are yet."

"The dear child! I do love to contemplate the young girl

> "Standing with reluctant feet
> Where the brook and river meet,

don't *you*, Mr. Dreary?"

"Well," he faltered miserably, "I don't know as I do."

"I feel intuitively, Mr. Dreary, that your daughter—what was that pretty name by which you made reference to her?"

"Barnabetta—after me and her mom—Barnaby and Etta."

"How touching! I feel *instinctively*, Mr. Dreary, that dear Barnabetta and I are going to love each other tenderly."

"Barnabetta ain't never got much to say fur herself."

"Her nature is as yet latent, eh? I shall do my utmost to awaken it, to help her—as Professor Schmidt often remarks—to find herself. The one thing we must do, the professor says, is to *find ourselves*. He insists upon it."

"He does, does he? Well," said Mr. Dreary, bewildered, "that is somethin' that I never had to do yet—find myself. I can't remember ever losin' myself."

"Poetic language," Miss Miller disposed of the question. "Is Barnabetta joyful at the thought of my coming into your home, Mr. Dreary?"

Mr. Dreary clutched the arm of the sofa. This was taking him for granted!

"Whether she's 'joyful'? She didn't *make* any when I tole her."

"Make any—ah, fuss? Feelings too deep for words—at the thought of having at last a long-lost mother!"

"But," Mr. Dreary stammered, "do you feel sure, Miss Miller, that you'd suit me?"

"That's your modest way of putting it!" She tapped him playfully with a fan she held. "You are trying to get up courage to ask me if *you* suit *me*—eh?" she coyly demanded. "There, there, I won't be naughty and tease you! Mr. Dreary, if it was only *you* I might hesitate. But when I think of those three motherless children—for eighteen years without a mother's love and guidance—the call is too strong. My whole woman's nature responds. Mr. Dreary, I accept your offer!"

"But I—I couldn't afford such a grand baby or whatever."

"We'll waive that, then."

She waved her fan illustratively.

"Well," said Mr. Dreary resignedly, relaxing his clutch on the sofa, and sinking back limply among the cushions, "all right, Miss Miller."

"Juliet. You can call me Juliet."

"That's your first name, is it?"

"Not to deceive you, my name is Susan. But, being sensitive to 'the poetry of sound,' as Professor Schmidt says, I just took the name Juliet. Shakespeare, you know. You can call me Juliet."

"Yes, if I can used myself to it. I ain't familiar with that there name."

"It's very rare—true. And very soft and tender. I consider it harmonious to my character."

"Well," said Mr. Dreary, finding here something to hold by, "I always did take to soft-hearted ladies like you."

"Oh, *Barnaby!*"

"Well, I did, Miss Miller—Jool-yet!"

"Well, so far as that goes, Barnaby, I always took to men with black hair. I always told our folks: 'Don't say blond man to *me*. A black-haired man is more manly,' I said."

"You think?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, in this here business of marryin', a man kin only take his chances."

"And a woman, too," she agreed.

"Heh? Well, mebbe. I guess mebbe."

"Yes, indeed!" she asseverated. "Now, tell me, Barnaby, when will you bring dear Barnabetta into town to see me? I do so yearn to take her to my heart."

"She ain't much fur goin'."

"She is a dear little home body, is she? So devoted to her pa*pa?*"

"I never left her go on comp'ny."

"You tried so hard to shield her from the pitfalls in the way of the motherless girls? Ah, yes, I see! And now I can relieve you of that care, Barnaby. A mother's watchful eye shall now protect her. The snare of the spoiler shall not come nigh her youthful innocence."

"I tole her that till I'm oncet settled a'ready she dare keep comp'ny."

"Innocent pleasures of youth—true. She shall have me to share them with her, for my heart will ever be young."

"Yes, well, but," said Mr. Dreary dubiously, "if you'd both go gaddin', how would the work git done?"

"Oh," laughed Juliet, tapping him with her fan, "you poor, dear menfolks —*so* helpless without we women to make you comfy! You want us clustered close about you all the time, *don't* you?"

Mr. Dreary found it not unpleasant to be purred over like this by the possessor of a big income.

When, in the course of the evening, Juliet took him out to her little dining room, and treated him to delicious cake and root beer of her own making, his spirits rose even to sportiveness, and he made a joke.

"You will come again, not *later* than next Saturday evening, won't you—if you live?" she asked him.

"If I live? Well, I guess I'll anyways live till I die a'ready!" he playfully returned.

She uttered a genteel little shriek of laughter—whereupon they both laughed until the tears stood in their eyes.

The repast over, Mr. Dreary, unaccustomed to late hours, had to think about getting home.

"Your big clock there—it says only five o'clock; don't it go or whatever?" he inquired, pointing to a grandfather's clock that ornamented one corner of the dining room.

"Oh, no, it never went since I bought it." She drew her gold watch from her belt, and held it out to him. "Ten o'clock. Must you start so early?"

"It takes so long till I'm home a'ready. But what fur do you keep a clock that won't tell time yet? Better sell it, heh?"

"It's an ancestral heirloom, Barnaby. I paid sixty dollars for it."

"Sixty dollars yet—fur a clock that's not fur use, only fur fancy that way! Yi, yi, yi!"

Mr. Dreary shook his head as he rose and followed her trailing skirts into the parlor.

Juliet laughed gayly.

"Yes, I do have elegant tastes. It's very fortunate, isn't it, that I have also the wherewithal to indulge them? My tastes are very sensitive."

"You ain't used to layin' by much, I guess?" he cautiously inquired, as he picked up his hat from the marble-topped center table.

"Fortunately circumstances spare me that sordid necessity," she returned.

It was with this parting shaft piercing his soul that he left her.

On his homeward ride he felt as if he had been heavily drinking, so insecure seemed the foundations of his being. That a woman so accomplished,

so rich, so fashionable, should have consented to marry him as soon as he could be ready to take her to his home—that he, on his part, should have consented to wed a lady of such madly extravagant habits and of such "sensitive tastes"—well, look at it as you would, it was a risky plunge.

Yet he thought with a cocky pride of the wonder of his daughter and sons when he should, a few weeks hence, bring this paragon of elegance to Reinhartz Station to preside over his home.

"It's good fur her that she's a-goin' to have a husband to teach her some sense about money," he reflected. "Oncet she's Mrs. Dreary, she'll have to git over them 'sensitive tastes.'"

CHAPTER V.

Three weeks later the coy bride was brought out to Reinhartz to take her place as mistress of Barnaby Dreary's home.

It had been with scarcely less than her accustomed apathy that Barnabetta had prepared to receive her stepmother. In so far as she was stirred at all by the great event, it was with wonder at the woman that, of her own choice, she should give up her freedom to come out here to serve her father and his sons.

But from the moment that the bride entered the house the girl's astonishment over her, a woman of a sort so entirely outside of her experience—dressy, sprightly, of a wonderful manner of speech, overwhelmingly friendly—did actually at last rouse her out of herself.

Never before within Barnabetta's memory had any one kissed her. Unacquainted in her circumscribed sphere with such a thing as insincerity, she accepted with the gullibility of a child the woman's lavish endearments. From the instant of that first kiss, given as her stepmother gushingly greeted her, there awakened in Barnabetta's mind pleasure, wonder, and new-born interest. She hung upon every word "Juliet" spoke, and followed with fascinated eyes every movement that she made.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when the newly married couple arrived at the plain, comfortable frame house set back a few yards from the village street and adjoining the tin shop. Supper was served almost immediately, and to honor the occasion it was set out in the seldom used dining room.

But when, upon their gathering about the table, Mrs. Dreary saw that no place was laid for Barnabetta, who expected to wait upon them, she simply refused to sit down without her, and insisted upon a place being laid beside her own.

She overflowed with approval and delight in everything—the dear, quaint house, her dear "sons and daughter," the delicious supper.

"Ah, this is truly a home to me, a shelter from life's rude vicissitudes!" she said feelingly, as, sitting opposite her husband, she viewed his family—the heavy, silent sons, the sweet, shy young girl. "And what is life without a home?"

"And what is home without a mother?" added Mr. Dreary, with what he felt to be great aptness.

"True, Barnaby, love. And in exchange for the home you open to me, I give to you, my dearest and my dears," she said, discriminating between her husband and her adopted olive branches, "of the rich, warm motherhood so long slumbering unawakened in my being."

Barnabetta, thrilled to the heart by such beautiful words, gazed with glowing eyes upon the plain face at the head of her father's table.

"So long have I been lonely and love hungry," said the new wife. "And now to have so *many* dear ones to cherish! Such an abundance of riches!"

Her soulful glance moved about upon them all, and came back to rest graciously upon Jacob and Emanuel, who stared, open-mouthed, at such unaccustomed speech—terms of endearment and caresses being unknown among the Pennsylvania Germans.

"Especially," Juliet continued, her

jeweled hand patting Barnabetta's shoulder, *"this* dear child. Not only shall we be mother and daughter, my dear; we shall also be little playmates, shall we not?"

" 'Playmates?' " Barnabetta questioned, puzzled.

"Even so, my dear. I hope to share not only your girlish griefs, but also your youthful joys."

Jacob, looking scornful, turned his eyes to his plate, and Emanuel followed his example. But to Barnabetta, habituated to somberness in her home, this airy volubility seemed like a breath from heaven.

"Another cup o' coffee!" Jacob gruffly pronounced, shoving his cup across the table to his sister; and Barnabetta rose at once to bring the coffee from the kitchen.

Jacob received it from her without comment, but as she was returning to her own place, Mrs. Dreary, playfully tapping her stepson on the head, prompted him with "Thank you, little sister! Don't forget the pretty manners, son."

Jacob flushed and scowled and hung his head low over his plate. But when, a moment later, Emanuel wanted his cup refilled, it became manifest that the hint given to Jacob had not been lost.

"Saddy! [thank you]" he muttered awkwardly, as he received his coffee.

"Chesterfield!" delightedly exclaimed Mrs. Dreary. "Emanuel, you are a gentleman! Nothing so appeals to me as pretty manners in a man. I was born too late—with my romantic disposition, I should have lived in the days of chivalry."

"Yes, well, but us, we're wonderful common people," Mr. Dreary remarked. "I guess you could tell it at me the first time you seen me, Jool-yet, heh?"

"It was not apocryphal, my love. But at least you did not play the gay deceiver. You revealed the worst at once."

"More bread," Mr. Dreary addressed his daughter, indicating the empty bread plate with a twirl of his thumb.

"You poor *child!*" Mrs. Dreary called after the girl's departing figure.

"Yes, she could eat more comfortable if she waited till we was through all," said Mr. Dreary.

"After this," said his wife, "to avoid the interruption to our table conversation, we will have the coffee on the table, and enough bread cut to last through the repast."

But the head of the house objected to this.

"If you cut so much bread, and it ain't all eat, it wastes still."

"Better waste bread, dear husband, than waste that which is of higher worth—our table conversation, not to speak of the comfort of one of our dear circle."

Mr. Dreary did not reply.

"A body must give her a little more time," he thought, "to used herself to our common ways."

After supper he and Emanuel repaired to the tin shop, while Jacob strolled down to the *"ho*tel" to loaf and gossip; and Barnabetta was left alone with the new mistress of the house.

But just before Jacob left he managed to whisper a word of warning to his sister:

"Don't you be so dumb as to leave her take you in with all that there guff. She's just workin' you—like what she worked pop to git him to marry her—such a dried-up old raisin as what *she* is yet! A bed slat!"

Barnabetta shrank back at such irreverence toward one whom she felt to be so much above them all.

"I'm wondering," she said, her quiet gaze upon her brother's face, "how could such a lady have brang herself to marry pop."

"She's come to her time of life without ever ketchin' any other fellah, ain't she?" demanded Jacob. "You mind to what I tell you—she's *workin'* you with all that there soft soap she's spittin' at you."

Barnabetta turned away. She went back slowly to the dining room, where her stepmother, singing "In All My Dreams I Dream of You," was briskly clearing off the supper table.

Half past eight found Mr. Dreary seated alone with Miss Miller, the lady who desired to "get settled."

CHAPTER VI.

"Give me an apron, dear child, and, working conjointly, we shall soon have all this débris out of the way, and *then,* my little daughter—ah, how I love to call you my little daughter, you sweet-faced child!—you and I will sit down and have a heart-to-heart talk, shan't we?"

"I'm afraid," Barnabetta shyly answered, as she produced the apron, "that you're too fine for common work."

"Oh, my dear," rippled Mrs. Dreary, "all work is noble if executed in a spirit of helpfulness. Shakespeare did not say that, but he might *well* have. Yes, I often have thoughts not unworthy, if I do say it, of the poets. Are you fond of literature, my dear?"

"You mean readin' matter?" Barnabetta asked hesitatingly, as they worked together at the kitchen sink. "I love

to read still when I can get anythin' to read. But I can't often. Did you—did you bring a book, or such a magazine mebbe, in your trunk?" the girl asked, with timid eagerness.

"Not in my trunk, my dear. That big box that came out by the stage is packed exclusively with my books—my precious friends. Ah, I could not live without my dear literary loves!"

"That big box is full of *books!*" breathed Barnabetta. "But how did you come by *that* many?"

"My dear, you may find it incredible, but many a time I purchase a literary work in preference to an article of apparel, preferring to endow the mind rather than the *corpus.*"

"You spent the money to buy as many as that whole box full of books?" repeated Barnabetta wonderingly.

"Yes; and I expect to buy as many more before I die, daughter."

"Pop won't favor it," came involuntarily from Barnabetta. "He'll be put out when he sees how many books you brang a'ready, because he'll have so afraid *I'll* waste my time readin' them if they're around."

"Waste your time, my child? Time devoted to literary or artistic pursuits is the only time *not* wasted. *This,*" she indicated the sink with a dramatic flourish of her dish towel, "is wasted time save as it is indispensable as a foundation for the higher life."

Barnabetta paused in her rapid work to gaze upon the face of the speaker.

"You speak so beautiful!"

"You, I perceive, dear child, are going to appreciate me at my highest worth. Your dear pa*pa,* I fear, does not as yet. Few have. Now," she pronounced, taking off her apron as the last clean dish was put away, "we are free to talk as one woman to another."

"But I have to fetch in the wash yet off the lines, and feed the chickens, and hunt the eggs."

"Where's Jacob?" demanded Mrs. Dreary.

"He goes still to the *ho*tel when supper's through."

"What for?"

"Just to sit."

"And Emanuel? He and your father are not both needed at the shop at *this* hour. We'll call Emanuel to take in the wash, feed the fowls, and hunt the eggs."

"But he won't." Barnabetta was moved to one of her rare smiles at the suggestion. "The boys, they are used to me doin' it."

"It's time they got used to something else, little daughter. Call Emanuel."

Barnabetta, in great uncertainty, went forth to do her bidding. Emanuel, lounging with several men about the front of the shop, came over in astonishment in answer to Barnabetta's beckoning.

"Is the house afire or whatever?" he demanded, as he came into the kitchen.

"It's 'whatever,' Emanuel," said Mrs. Dreary. "Kindly bring in the wash, feed the chickens, and hunt the eggs. You *sit* so much in that shop that lack of exercise is impairing your complexion and making you dyspeptical. Come, dear daughter; show me over the house," she concluded, hooking her arm through Barnabetta's, and leading her away.

"Hi!" called Emanuel, when he could get his breath. "*What* did you say, anyhow?"

Mrs. Dreary paused in the doorway.

"I said get an ax and open that wooden box on the porch for me, dear son, and then bring in the laundry, hunt the eggs, and feed the live stock."

"*Me?*"

"You. Unless you'll summon Jacob from the ho-*tel*—observe my pronunciation, please—to do it."

"Is Barnabetta took sick or what?"

"I need her. Hasten, son, before it grows dark."

"I ain't doin' it," Emanuel sullenly affirmed. "I ain't doin' no woman's work."

"Please open the box of books first, dear boy," called Mrs. Dreary, as she disappeared from the room, drawing Barnabetta with her.

The latter, knowing that though curiosity might induce Emanuel to open the wooden box, he certainly would not

do his sister's chores, and feeling a concern for her chickens, eggs, and wash, went nevertheless with her stepmother.

"I see," said Mrs. Dreary, patting the girl's cheek as they stood in the severely plain "front room," "that we must awaken the dormant æsthetic instinct in our little girl. A wonderful little housekeeper she is; not a speck of dust observable; but the touch of beauty essential to my sensitive taste is lacking."

The praise of her housekeeping made Barnabetta color with a strange new sense of pleasure. Not since her schooldays, when Abel Buchter used to praise her good lessons and read her "compositions" to the whole school, had any one ever given her a word of commendation. It sounded very sweet to the child.

"This room now," Mrs. Dreary continued, "has possibilities. What a good thing that I did not yield to my dear one's importunities that I should sell my own furniture and let him invest the proceeds! I refused to consider doing it until I had first seen how his home was equipped. Well, my piano, my books, my draperies, will transform this into quite a livable apartment. As it is, I could not brook it—could not *brook* it!"

"We don't use it except sometimes on Sundays, or if there was a funeral."

"But we will use it when we've made it usable, dear child."

"A person don't have time, either, to sit much in the front room."

"It is in this room that we shall *live,* my dear—with books, music, conversation. Who are these?"

Mrs. Dreary indicated a photograph of a weird family group on the mantel.

"My mother and her parents and brothers and sisters. My mother was the first one off of that picture to die. The rest are all livin' yet. I sometimes think——" Barnabetta hesitated.

"Yes, my dear?" Mrs. Dreary encouraged her.

"That she was spared a lot. Life is so long!" sighed Barnabetta. "And so—so tiresome!"

"You need young company. And frivolity. Yes, *frivolity*—and you are going to have it. I'll take you to town to a moving-picture show."

"But pop won't leave us go."

"But he will, of course, feel perfectly safe about you when you are with *me,* daughter."

"It ain't that—that he wouldn't feel safe for me. He wouldn't leave me let the work."

"But of course we'll do up the work, love, before we go."

"Pop don't favor pleasure seeking," said Barnabetta, trying gently to convey to the poor lady that she was laboring under a wild delusion as to her spouse.

"Then he need not go with us. We will not force him to enjoy himself if he prefers not to. What room is this?"

They had come upstairs, and had entered a meagerly furnished bedroom, with bare, whitewashed walls.

"This is pop's bedroom—yours and his."

"Ah, my dear, you will see how pretty I shall make it with my pink pillow shams and lambrequins and my bureau ornaments. And you will see how a pretty environment is going to soften the somewhat rude exterior of dear pa*pa.* My love, only one towel?" she questioned, pointing to the washstand.

"Pop washes down at the pump."

"Where do you keep the towels, dear heart, so that I can help myself and not bother you?"

"There are a few more in the bureau there. I have to use them careful—they wear out so—and pop don't like it when I must buy more."

"Never mind, dear; your days for worrying over these degrading trifles are over; I'll take charge of all that now. I see you take it far too seriously."

She opened the bureau drawer as she spoke, and, taking out another towel, hung it beside its mate on the rack. "I always require two—one for the face, and one for the torso," she pronounced. "Now, then, this next room?"

"This is Jacob's room, and this one is Emanuel's," said Barnabetta, leading the way down a whitewashed hall, and

indicating two good-sized, but barren, bedrooms. "And this one is my room."

"And the guest chamber, my dear?"

"A spare room?" said Barnabetta. "We haven't one. When each one wants their own room it does take away rooms so fast, ain't?"

"Then we must persuade the two boys to occupy one room, and we'll furnish a guest chamber. I expect often to entertain my Reading friends in my suburban home. Jacob and Emanuel can have separate beds if they so desire, but not separate rooms when there is no guest chamber."

Barnabetta felt appalled at the number of things of which her stepmother seemed ignorant regarding the family into which she had come.

"Pop don't favor comp'ny," she feebly suggested, as they now returned to the lower floor. "And the boys mebbe won't feel for roomin' together."

"But since we require a guest chamber, what else *is* there for the boys to do?"

"You can ask them, then, but I'm afraid they won't do it."

"Oh, but I'm sure they're going to be dear, good sons to their new mamma. Little, gentle sister has spoiled them, I fear. Let us see, now, about the box of books, my dear."

It was as Barnabetta had foreseen —Emanuel had chopped open the wooden box and dragged it into the kitchen, but he had not touched his sister's chores; and the girl, feverishly eager to get at the books, flew to do her unfinished work that she might have, before her father returned from the shop, at least a peep into the coveted treasure that he would be sure to forbid to her the moment he laid eyes upon it.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Dreary's policy in his new venture of matrimony was to "go slow."

"I give her her head fur a while yet till she's used a little to me," he told himself. "Then *I* take the reins."

When, before their marriage, she had refused to sell her furniture, he had yielded because he had not felt it safe at that crisis to insist upon his own way; and he had even allowed the "junk" to be sent, at great expense, out to Reinhartz and set up in his own house. To be sure, she had paid the expense. But as he now looked upon her money as his own, the transaction did, after all, rob him. And, good Lord, what she had done to his house!

"A body'd think to look around this here house that he was in the five-and-ten-cent store yet. You can't stir for fear of knockin' over such an ornament or what, or gettin' tangled up in a 'port-hair,' as she calls them rags she's got hangin' to the doorways. Yi, yi, but women are awful silly when you come to think about it."

He had also yielded to her almost hysterical insistence that the front room —now a real "parlor"—be kept opened up and in use on week days, and that all meals be served in the dining room, with napkins at every meal. If she wanted to make that much extra work for herself just because she had "tony ways" that was her affair; and the napkins were part of her "junk"—he had not been called upon to supply them. There he *would* have drawn the line.

As for her bookcase full of "such novels and whatever," over which Barnabetta had during the past week since his wife's advent wasted time and coal oil—well, he privately determined that he would at no distant day pack a lot of them into a trunk, and sell them at the Reading secondhand bookstore.

Meantime, though giving in to her in these larger matters, he was taking care that, day by day, she have her little lesson in adapting herself to *his* point of view. That very first morning after her arrival, when she had stopped him as he was going over to the shop to remind him that he had not yet brought up any coal from the cellar, he had "learned" her.

"I don't do the women's work," he had firmly told her.

"No, but the *men's* work is what you are forgetting, dear love—a few buckets of coal carried up from the cellar. Of course, I know it is only the excite-

ment of our honeymoon that could make you overlook such a thing. Why, you'd never get *over* it if your bride had to carry up a bucket of coal!"

"I don't do no housework, Jool-yet. I never done any so far, and I ain't beginnin' now."

And before she could reply, he had fled.

Then there had been her high-handed proceeding one morning, while the "menfolks" were all out of the house, in putting two single beds—part of her property—into Jacob's room, and fixing up Emanuel's room for "a comp'ny room."

Emanuel, upheld by his father, had promptly carried back all his clothes to his own room, and had been sleeping there ever since. If Jool-yet had a company room she might be inviting company, which would cost money. So Mr. Dreary stoutly backed his son in his refusal to room with his brother.

She took it all very cheerfully. She didn't "have cross at him."

"To be sure, I made certain before I married her that she was nice dispositioned that way," he complacently told himself, not at all expecting her to resent his "right authority."

He received, however, a genuine shock when, on the first wash day after her arrival, he discovered in the course of the morning, as he glanced from his shop into his back yard, that a hired washwoman was hanging out the clothes.

"That's somepin' I don't do," he warmly let her know, when at noon he went over to his dinner. "Hire the washin' yet when I have a wife and a growed-up daughter at home. I don't do that there."

"Well, then, husband, we'll say *I* hired her, and let it go at that. I wouldn't ask you to act against your principles."

"Whether you hired her or me—what's the difference? I say I won't have it, Jool-yet."

"Not to argue the matter with you, Barnaby, I have been brought up much too refined for the arduous labor of the tub."

"Well, Barnabetta ain't; leave *her* do the tub part, and you hang out on the line if that's more refined!"

"Our little girl, husband, is quite as delicate-minded as I am. I fear you have never understood her beautiful nature. I cannot permit my daughter to do such coarse, humiliating labor. Rather, Barnaby," she said heroically, "would I do without jewels, art, and literary works and pay the washwoman myself."

"Well, Jool-yet," he retorted, with a dark significance, "you won't git a chanct to pay her wery often. Now," he abruptly added, "fetch in the dinner. It's gittin' late on me."

"Now, then," he addressed his daughter, as they all—except Jacob, whose stage route kept him from the noon meal—gathered about the table, "what was *you* doin' all mornin' if Jool-yet cooked dinner and Emmy Haverstick done the washin', heh?"

But before Barnabetta could speak, her stepmother answered for her.

"She did two hours' housework—and took her music lesson."

There had been wrought in Barnabetta during the past week, with its new and wonderful experiences—companionship, affection, and understanding; books and music, not to mention the easing of the heavy burden of work that she was used to carrying—a remarkable transformation. Her dull indifference and abstraction had been replaced by a gentle animation. Her movements, from being perfunctory, listless, had acquired an elasticity, a grace, that seemed the very expression of youthful hope. She was blooming—lovely.

"*Music lesson,* did you say?" exclaimed Mr. Dreary, recovering from the momentary shock of this communication.

"I am giving her instruction in the rudiments," answered Mrs. Dreary. "And already I foresee, Barnaby, a beautiful fruition of my hopes for our daughter, though, of course, her development is as yet in its incipiency. Her progress is such, however, that I shall before long have to turn her over to

"Twenty dollars yet! Huh! Do you think I'm Carnegie or who?"

Professor Schmidt at Reading. There, there, husband, don't get excited—*I'll* pay for her music lessons."

"You two foolin' time at the pianner in the *mornin'* yet—while a hired person does your work! See here, Barnabetta"—he turned roughly to the girl—"you leave that pianner be, do you hear? You haven't the dare to pound the old box till your work's done a'ready after supper. Don't you leave me ketch you!"

"Will you have some more of the noodle soup, husband?" Juliet tenderly interposed. "My chicken noodle soup," she chattered, as she refilled his plate from the china tureen in front of her, "is very palatable. So considered by my friends. Don't you find it agreeable, son?" she appealed to Emanuel, who was always too much occupied at the table to be conversational. "There is really a poetic side to cooking," she went on, not waiting for an answer that she knew would not be forthcoming. "A sensitive palate always accompanies

refinement of mind. Coarse food I cannot abide. It is the ambition of my life to take a meal at Sherry's. Barnaby, dear, I'll buy you a dress suit, and take you to New York, and we'll dine at Delmonico's."

"Not if I know it!" retorted Barnaby, noisily busy with his soup.

He had never been a man to bluster in controlling his household. It had not been necessary. And the problem now confronting him, so new in his experience of women, roused in him a cunning rather than the rage his daughter looked for.

"No use sayin' a whole lot," he mused, as he ate the good dinner cooked by his wife. "The ready cash she has on hand will soon be all; and I'll take good care when her next interest money comes it don't fall in *her* hands. And then after a bit—I'll go slow—but after she's more used to me I'll git her to put her capital in my name—so's she *can't* spend so."

After dinner, the men having gone to their work, what was Barnabetta's surprise to hear her stepmother, as she paid the washwoman, admonish her not to fail to come early the following Monday morning.

"But," Barnabetta reminded her, when Emmy Haverstick had gone, "pop said for us not to hire the wash, mamma."

"Oh, my dear, you must not take a man's peculiarities too seriously. Now, let us get these dishes out of the way, and then I've a treat for you."

The treat proved to be a yet more startling proposition than the deliberate disregard of her father's positive prohibition of a washwoman.

"Now, dearie, the work is all done, and you and I are going to have a bit of needed gayety. We are going to take a country drive."

Barnabetta's eyes shone.

"Where are we to get the team, mamma?"

"We'll use that nice little horse of Jacob's that he has bought, my dear."

Barnabetta caught her breath.

"We daresent, mamma! He won't even leave Emanuel borrow the loan of it off of him."

"Where does Jacob keep it, my love?"

"He boards it at the livery stable where he hires his stage horses."

"Exactly. We'll use Jacob's horse, and I'll hire a buggy."

"But Jacob ain't here for us to ask him dare we."

"As he necessarily never uses his horse in the daytime, *we* will use it, my dear, whenever we like. Oh, yes, we will!"

"But, mamma, not even when Emanuel offered to *pay* him yet would Jacob leave him have it. Jacob told him that he saved up to buy that horse, and no one dare use it but him. He bought it to take Suse Darmstetter buggy riding, because Suse wouldn't keep company with any one that couldn't take her on a buggy. As soon as he can save enough more, he is going to buy his own buggy, too."

"Will the female you refer to as 'Suse' be able, when *married* to Jacob, to induce him to accede to her wishes as now? *That* is the crucial question, the pivotal point. Well, well—that is neither here nor there so far as you and I are concerned, is it, dearie? Come upstairs now, and we'll dress."

"Mamma, we'd better not risk it."

"My dear, I paid for the washing of Jacob's weekly laundry, and you and I expect to iron it for him. He pays your dear papa for his board here, but what does he give you and me for all the work we do for him? We are entitled to the use of his buggy. Leave the matter to me."

Barnabetta, with a sense of excitement utterly new to her, went obediently to change her dress.

"Dear, dear!" Mrs. Dreary shook her head over the girl's poor "best" in the way of clothing. "I must take you to town this very week, and get you some things—a jacket suit and a silk blouse. You have been too neglectful of yourself, my dear, in your unselfish devotion to the comfort of your papa and big brothers. A very mistaken policy. Observe, please, that the women

whose husbands are most devoted are the peevish, exacting, selfish women. Here, daughter, let me pin this red ribbon at your throat—a bit of color against the rather gray background of this autumn day."

At the livery stable Mrs. Dreary selected the better of the two available buggies, and ordered that her "son's" horse be hitched to it at once.

The stableman, surprised, but unsuspicious, did her bidding.

Ten minutes later Emanuel Dreary, lounging in front of the tin shop, was knocked quite silly by the shock of the sight that suddenly met his eyes—a buggy coming up the village street, in which was seated his "highfellutin" stepmother and his sister, the former holding the reins—*and driving Jacob's horse!*

CHAPTER VIII.

It was at the livery stable when Jacob had unhitched his team at the end of his day's route that, going to inspect his precious possession, the pretty mare that he had lately purchased, he saw at once from her condition that she had but just returned from heated exercise; and, in angry consternation, he demanded an explanation from the owner of the stable.

"You ain't tellin' me, Jake, that it wasn't by your orders your mare was hitched up fur them two?" the liveryman inquired, in equal consternation.

"My orders? What orders? What two? What are you talkin' about, Ben Nissley?"

"Your pop's new missus and Barnabetta. To be sure, I certainly thought when they said offhand that way fur your horse to be hitched to my best buggy that they had got the dare from you."

"Barnabetta and pop's wife! They had my horse out! Where *to?* What fur?"

"Fur such a pleasure ride, Jake, so far forth as I could tell. I charged 'em fifty cents fur the buggy, and they said—the missus, *she* said—they'd be hirin' it now reg'lar twicet a week—with your horse. I never conceited they'd have the cheek to be talkin' like that unbeknownst to *you,* though it certainly did wonder me at you, fur all your mare does need more exercise than what she gits still—and your stepmother, she's a good driver, all right, and you have no need to——"

"You hadn't the dare to give 'em my horse, Ben Nissley!" Jacob, white with anger, declared chokingly. "Them two usin' *my horse* yet! I'd take her to another livery right aways this minute a'ready if I otherwise could. You ain't to be trusted with her. You ain't got no right to charge me fur keepin' her when that's the *way* you keep her—hire her out to women!"

"I didn't hire her out, Jake—they didn't pay me fur her. I tell you, I thought you sent 'em. To be sure, it wasn't anyways *like* you, but then I *had* been tellin' you that that there mare needed more exercise than what she got, and I seen your stepmom she knowed how to drive, all right——"

"Aw, dry up! Lookahere—the next time anybody comes round here fur my horse, you kin phone fur the constable and arrest 'em! See? Now, you mind to it!"

And Jacob flung himself, boiling with indignation, out of the stable, and strode toward home.

The odors of the delicious supper that was just being carried into the dining room as he entered the cozy kitchen—fried chicken, waffles, savory coffee—did not allay his just wrath.

"Say," he violently addressed his stepmother, who was at the stove, baking waffles, "what do you mean by somepin' like this, anyhow, heh? You leave my——"

"But, son, I'm about to buy a dear little buggy, since I reside in the suburbs, and you may use it to take out the person always referred to as 'Suse Darmstetter'—in exchange for my use of your horse. That will save you fifty cents a ride—the price I paid this afternoon—and——"

"I tell you, you leave my horse *be!* You ain't got no right to her! I tole Ben Nissley if ever he left you touch

her ag'in I'd leave *him* know. And I tell you right now, if——"

"Jacob, dear boy——"

She suddenly pointed her waffle ladle at him, and a drop of scalding butter fell on his hand.

"Ouch!" he bawled, rushing to the sink to wash it off—and Juliet, pushing the waffle iron to the back of the stove, ran to his assistance with a bottle of peroxide and some sanitary cotton, which by a strange coincidence she had right at hand. The burn was painful enough to make him submit to her ministrations, which she performed so capably and sympathetically that by the time they all sat down to supper the young man's fury had been reduced to a mere sulk.

Barnabetta looked on wonderingly at her stepmother's management of her brother. So *this* was why she had been sent upstairs to fetch the peroxide—"mamma" *intended* to burn Jacob, had deliberately planned to divert his rage by giving him something else to think about. What a wonderful woman!

But in the end, Barnabetta sadly reflected, the men of the family would certainly bring her, wonderful though she was, to submit in all things to them. Her father would, she knew, find *some* means to put a stop to his wife's reckless spending of money. Yet here was poor mamma planning to buy a buggy and have a bathroom put into the house.

The silence during supper was portentous. Even Juliet was a bit affected by it, and did not chatter quite so volubly as usual. Her wheedling and blandishments, she was beginning to realize, could not rouse these stolid men out of the deep rut in which they lived.

Barnabetta knew, of course, that her father would not ignore the afternoon's high-handed proceeding, but was reserving what he had to say until the boys were out of the way. His relations with his wife were still too new to admit of his admonishing her before his sons, who were not also hers. Had she been their own mother, or had she been with them longer, such delicate restraint would not have been exercised.

"You do the supper dishes by yourself this evening, Barnabetta," Mr. Dreary ordered his daughter, as soon as the boys had left the table. "I got to speak somepin' to Jool-yet. But here!"

He held up his hand to stop her a moment as she was about to carry some dishes to the kitchen. Pushing his chair back from the table, he leaned forward, planted his hands on his knees, and fixed his little, gleaming eyes upon the girlish figure before him.

"Once fur all, Barnabetta, no more galivantin' without you ast me first if you dare! I ain't leavin' you run in the daytime, when you had ought to be at home here tendin' to the work."

"But, Barnaby, the work is not neglected," spoke in Mrs. Dreary. "Name one thing, if you can, that is not done for your comfort and convenience."

"Yes—when you pay out money to hired people yet to do what *you'd* ought to do, then, to be sure, you git time aplenty to run. Mind you, Jool-yet, if that there Emmy Haverstick shows up here next Monday you'll git a shamed face in front of her, fur I'll chase her *off*. Barnabetta, you mind to what I say—you stay at home in the daytime, and tend to the work!"

He turned to Juliet, and Barnabetta proceeded to the kitchen.

"Set down oncet, Jool-yet. Barnabetta will do all."

"Oh, no, I can't think of permitting her to do it all. I can hear you as I work," she answered, bustling about to clear off the table.

"Set down!" he commanded.

"Haven't time, dearie—*tempus fugit*, as Emerson aptly says. Run along and amuse yourself until I am at leisure for conversation. Quick, quick—or I might spill some gravy on you!" she cried, holding the bowl so near his head that he dodged it precipitately.

She flew to the kitchen, and began to clatter the dishes so noisily that "conversation" was indeed impossible.

It was not until they had "retired"—Juliet never went to bed; she genteelly "retired"—that the bewildered

husband had a chance to relieve himself of what he had to say.

"It's well you got married," he began, when they were at last alone in their room.

"It's well *you* did, husband—I'm not so sure about myself," she coquettishly retorted.

"Fur the reason that you needed a man to manage your money."

"Oh, I didn't marry for that. I always have been, and always *shall* be, able to manage my worldly goods, Barnaby. Note the emphasis, please—always *shall* be."

"You don't manage 'em. You squander 'em. I was just countin' together how much you spent yet since you're here a'ready, and it mounts up somethin' awful. Yes, it's good you have now a man to take care of the money."

"But, Barnaby, I never touch my capital. Of course, I've always spent all my income."

"All! You spent a thousand dollars a year all on yourself?" he demanded. "I just suspicioned as much. Yi, yi, yi! Think how much more you'd have a'ready if you'd *saved* every year out of that thousand dollars!" he lamented.

"Oh," she laughed, in her sprightly way, "you are so humorous, Barnaby! Don't you worry, honey, about my finances," she said soothingly. "I wouldn't *think* of bothering you with the care of them, though, of course, I appreciate your chivalry, Barnaby, in desiring to save me the trouble. Only I don't regard it as a trouble, love. Why, I never had a debt in my life."

"Debt! Debts yet! I would guess anyhow not! Well, after this, when your interest money comes in, I invest it again at a good interest. You ain't to fling money round as if you was one of them Rockefellers or whoever. Yes, I tell you what I done to-day—with the interest money that come this morning in the mail."

"Oh," she cried, "it came? I was looking for it. But why didn't you tell me before? You haven't mislaid the check, have you?"

"I ain't in the habit of mislayin' checks fur three hundred and fifty dollars!"

"Well, where is it?"

"I'll tell you what I done with it: I sent it right back to the lawyer, and tole him to add it onto your capital, and leave it draw such compound interest."

Juliet turned slowly from the bureau, where she was taking down—or, more strictly, *off*—her hair, and looked at her husband earnestly.

"Unknown to me, you sent back my check to my lawyer for reinvestment?"

"That's what I done."

"But I need it. I am nearly out of money."

"Well, when you're out of money you can't anyhow waste it. You can't go takin' our Jacob's horse off with a hired buggy; you can't cut up *no* didos."

Juliet looked at him for a moment longer. Then, turning back to the bureau, and beginning softly to hum:

> "By the blue Alsatian Mountains
> Dwelt a maiden wondrous fair,"

she proceeded very deliberately and thoughtfully to take off the rest of her hair.

CHAPTER IX.

The customary sprightliness of Mrs. Dreary's demeanor was, during the week that followed, varied by periods of silent abstraction. She and Barnabetta remained quietly at home, attending so closely to their household tasks that Mr. Dreary complacently decided that his troubles were now overcome, and that he could settle down with a peaceful mind to the enjoyment of hoarding up his wife's interest.

"Now, I didn't think she'd take it that quiet the first time I held back her interest money, her bein' so used to handlin' it fur herself," he mused, as he worked in his shop. "She certainly is easy dispositioned that way. To be sure, if she wanted she could make me a lot of trouble yet. But it seems she ain't a-goin' to try to. After a while I guess I kin easy git her to sign over her capital to me to take care of fur her."

He was followed by a tender admonition from his wife not to get his feet wet in the grass if he were going out to the laundress.

It was Mr. Dreary's honest opinion that for a married woman to have control of money was next thing to indecent.

Barnabetta, too, decided as she and Mrs. Dreary worked together day by day that at last her stepmother was coming to see that she must submit to the inevitable.

Yet the two women were by no means dull. Barnabetta had never in her life been as now—cheerful, interested, happy. And Mrs. Dreary, except for those occasional long spells of abstraction, was quite as chirpy, as voluble, and as artistic as ever.

It seemed so strangely beautiful to Barnabetta to feel herself an object of constant concern, of deep interest, to one of her own household, to have any one in the world anxious to give her pleasure, to make her happy. All the unexpressed emotion and fire of her girlhood went forth in these days to her beloved stepmother.

Jacob and Emanuel, recognizing quickly their father's growing ascendency over his wife, soon began to make demands upon her very much as they had always done upon their sister.

"I feel fur eatin' cheese omelet fur my supper to-night," Jacob stated to her one morning, as he was leaving for his stage route.

"But cheese omelet, son, does not find favor with any one of the family but you and me. So, as I'm having sauerkraut for supper, I haven't time to-day to make the omelet especially for you. Some other day when I'm not so busy."

"It makes nothin' if the others *don't* favor it. I want some fur my supper. Barnabetta always made me what I ast fur."

"All right, you shall *have* your nice, palatable cheese omelet—*if*, Jacob, you'll be a good boy and bring up a bucket of coal before you go."

"That ain't my work," growled Jacob. "And I have the right to have what I ast fur at my meals. I pay my board, don't I?"

"Yes, son, you pay your papa for your food, but neither you nor he nor Emanuel pay your little sister and me for the work we do for you. So," she added gayly, "bring up a bucket of coal, and you'll get your omelet."

"You see that you make me my omelet!" Jacob retorted, as he strode out of the kitchen and went straight off to the livery stable.

It was on that very same day that Emanuel brought his stepmother a pair of trousers to be pressed.

"But, my dear boy," she protested, "take them to a tailor. That is not a woman's work."

"Barnabetta always ironed my pants fur me. Here"—he flung the trousers to his sister—"you do it if she's too weak—or mebbe too tony!"

"No, daughter," interposed Mrs. Dreary, "you can't do it unless"—she tried her blandishments also on Emanuel—"brother brings up a bucket of coal for us."

"It ain't my work to carry the coal."

"Then, dear son, it is not sister's work to iron your trousers—don't call them pants."

"You have them pants ironed till I get home a'ready," he ordered Barnabetta, "or I'll tell pop on you."

When he had gone, Barnabetta came and stood before Juliet, who was at the kitchen table, paring apples for dumplings.

"I'd better do it, mamma. It's easier to iron the trousers than to hear them scold; and pop—father," she corrected herself, "is getting restless anyhow at me not beginning to keep company with Abel Buchter now that he has you here to keep house. If he gets cross at me he might say I *have* to sit up with Abel."

"Abel Buchter is a nice young man, my dear, but not nearly nice enough for my daughter. I have far other plans for you, my child. Very well," she nodded, "it's a choice of two evils—iron the trousers and make the cheese omelet, or keep company with Abel Buchter. We'll choose the lesser evil—a merely temporary concession until——"

She closed her lips, and resumed her paring.

Barnabetta went across the kitchen to put two irons on the stove.

"*I* shall iron the trousers, dear," said Mrs. Dreary. "You shall not strain your young back with such work. Dear me, how you have *needed* a mother to look after you! Barnabetta, child, how did you ever do all this work by yourself?"

"It was very hard," Barnabetta answered, with a long breath. "I got up still at four o'clock to get out my washing Mondays. And sometimes I'd iron till ten o'clock at night. It made me feel so dumb! I never had any thoughts. It seems to me, mamma, since you come as if I'm just waking up out of sleep."

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Dreary returned, looking at the girl fondly, "my efforts are bearing a beautiful fruition."

When, that evening, Jacob and Emanuel found that their orders had been carried out, they expressed their appreciation in the days that followed by yet more aggressive demands—most of which were meekly obeyed.

It was one evening toward the end of that week of close and hard application to their household tasks that Mrs. Dreary ventured to request Mr. Dreary to give her some money.

"You tell me what you want it fur," was his ready response.

"Suffice it to say, love, that I am out of money—a circumstance quite isolated in my experiences."

She was in the kitchen mixing batter for the morrow's buckwheat cakes, and Mr. Dreary, seated near the stove, had been reading the weekly newspaper for which he subscribed. The boys were out, and Barnabetta was at the piano, laboriously practicing finger exercises.

"When you spend my money, Jool-yet, I'm to know what it's spent fur."

"But, fie, dear husband! What impertinent curiosity! My dear, for the sake of argument—merely for that—let me ask you a pivotal question—namely: Do you think you owe me nothing for the work I do here for you and your sons?"

"What you *got* to have, to be sure, that I'll buy you."

"My ideas and yours as to what my requirements are may differ, Barnaby. Certainly refined tastes like mine are not cheap."

"What do you want to buy?"

"Well, in the first place, Barnabetta sorely needs clothing."

"Leave *her* come and ast fur 'em!"

"She is shamefully shabby, Barnaby. She hasn't a thing fit to wear to town."

"She's not to go runnin' to town. That I won't have. So I guess her clothes will do yet a while."

"No, they *won't* do."

"She ain't got no refined tastes like yourn. And she ain't fancy."

"I tell you, Barnaby, she must have some clothes."

"How much would it come to?"

"Not *less* than twenty dollars."

Barnaby's feet fell with a thud from the stove where they were propped.

"Twenty dollars yet! Huh!" He gave a short, amused grunt. "Do you think I'm Carnegie or who?"

"I, too, need—let me see—well, some slippers."

"That kin wait yet a while till I go to town oncet. I'll fetch you then a pair out mebbe."

She gave a little shriek of laughter.

"Fancy my wearing slippers of *your* selection, you æsthetic creature! Well," she concluded quite cheerfully, "you refuse, then, to give me any money?"

"You ain't proved to me you have to have some."

"The proof lies in the fact that I have none."

"That suits *me*, fur if you had you'd spend."

"Naturally. What *is* money? 'A medium of exchange.' Well, well, I shan't argue with you—shan't argue with you at all, foolish man. Run away now—I need the front of the stove here to set this batter to rise."

Mr. Dreary rose obediently, and strode toward the back stairs opening from the kitchen.

"When you kin prove to me you *need* somepin'," he paused to repeat at the foot of the steps—"somepin' *I* can't git fur you some chance time I am in town—why, then, I'll *give* you what you got to have."

"*Thank* you, husband!"

"Come on up to bed then when you're through all. And tell Barnabetta to come along, too. You and her wastes too much coal oil."

For answer, Juliet broke into song, her warbling and trilling of the lines "Heart of my heart, I'm pining for you," following poor Barnaby until he had closed his bedroom door.

CHAPTER X.

It was on Saturday night that Mr. Dreary had refused his wife money, but never had he known her to be in higher spirits than during all the following day. Scarcely, indeed, could she repress herself within the bounds deemed at Reinhartz a seemly demeanor for the Sabbath; her sprightliness bordered upon desecration of the day.

"Mamma, shall we walk out to Emmy Haverstick's," Barnabetta asked on Sunday evening, "and tell her she's not to come to wash to-morrow? You know, she thinks she is to."

"Well, so she is to, dear."

"But if you have no money to pay her, mamma? And father will chase her off if she comes."

"Leave it to me, daughter. Don't worry your dear heart about it."

"But," Barnabetta pleaded, "it might drive father to make me keep company with Abel. It would go harder than ever *now* for me to get married."

"Why, lambie?"

"Because *you* are here. I couldn't live away from you, mamma!" came from Barnabetta involuntarily, while a deep color dyed her face at such unwonted expression of feeling.

A sudden light flashed in the eyes

of the elder woman, and Barnabetta saw that they glistened with quick tears, while her bosom swelled and fell with deep emotion. She could not answer the girl; she turned away abruptly, and walked out of the room.

It was with an uncomfortable misgiving that Barnabetta opened her eyes on Monday morning. That the day would bring forth trouble for her father's wife was the apprehension uppermost in her thoughts.

But Mrs. Dreary's gayety of the day before seemed in no wise diminished this morning as she and Barnabetta together got the breakfast. By the time Mr. Dreary and the boys came down to the dining room, at a quarter past six, Emmy Haverstick had nearly all the white laundry hanging out to dry.

"You and Barnabetta was smart this morning," Mr. Dreary remarked approvingly, as a glance from the dining-room window revealed the line of clothing stretched across the yard. "I didn't hear you git up so early."

"'How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour!'" chirped Mrs. Dreary. "Here's your coffee, husband."

"Say," spoke up Emanuel, "make fried chicken fur supper."

"Certainly, son, if you will kill and clean the fowls."

"*See* me!" scoffed Emanuel.

"Barnabetta or I will mind the shop for you while you do it."

"Yes, I guess!"

"I have never put to death a hapless, helpless chicken in my life, and never shall, though I'm not above eating it when another does the sanguinary deed."

"Barnabetta, she's used to it," said Jacob. "I feel fur chicken, too, fur my supper."

"Barnabetta used to it? She will tell you far otherwise, won't you, sister? Only she never speaks for herself—that's the trouble. No, she must not ever again so outrage her feelings. So, boys, if together you'll behead and denude the chickens, you shall have the desired supper."

"If there ain't Emmy Haverstick out there hangin' clothes!"

It was Emanuel who blurted it out. The shock of it to Mr. Dreary, as one look toward the window confirmed Emanuel's announcement, made his brain swim, so confident had he been that Juliet was now entirely acquiescent.

"Yes," cried Mrs. Dreary happily, "an excellent laundress. I think, daughter," she addressed Barnabetta, "she will be entirely through by ten a. m., which will enable us to get some of the ironing done this morning, and thus give us time for a refreshing little jaunt this afternoon."

"You ain't got no money," pronounced Mr. Dreary thickly, when he could get his breath to speak, as he rose heavily from the table, "to pay Emmy Haverstick with. Now I'll show you oncet, Jool-yet, if I mean it when I speak."

He strode from the room, followed by a tender admonition from his wife not to get his feet wet in the grass if he were going out to the laundress.

While he was gone, she kept up a fire of sparkling chatter in spite of the solemn silence with which all her remarks were met.

In a very few minutes Mr. Dreary returned, a look of stubborn satisfaction having replaced his apoplectic chagrin, and reseated himself at the table.

"I chased her straight home! And you two," with sharp glances toward his wife and daughter, "will git at and finish that there wash."

"Oh, but, husband," cried Juliet, "what a laugh these simple rural villagers will have at your expense!"

"At *yourn*," he corrected her. "I tole her *I* didn't hire her, and she wasn't to work here at my place unlest *I* hired her—and now she should take herself right off, fur you hadn't no money to pay her, and I wasn't payin' a person I didn't hire."

"You sent her away without any remuneration for what she has done this morning? But it is the law, you know, Barnaby, that labor must be paid."

"Well," he admitted, "I give her a

quarter fur what she done a'ready, but I put it plain that if she done any more work round this place she'd do it fur nothin'. So she ain't likely to come again, no matter how much you run after her. You see, Jool-yet, I ain't to be worked like this here. You don't know me yet. You and Barnabetta is goin' to do up the rest part of that there wash. Do you hear me, Barnabetta?" he sharply demanded of her.

"Of course she hears you, dear; and very interesting conversation it is, too. Is your coffee palatable?"

"And, Barnabetta," he commanded the girl's attention, ignoring his wife's inquiry, "I don't give you dare to go runnin' any this after. You understand? You darsent."

"Unfortunately the poor child does understand your peculiar style of speech, Barnaby, though I'm sure I wish she didn't, for it is so regrettably far from good English. 'Go runnin'!'" she repeated derisively.

"Whether it's English or whether it's Dutch, she'd better mind to it, that's all!" he commanded, as, having swallowed his coffee, he again rose.

No sooner had he and the boys gone than Mrs. Dreary flew to the door of the cellar, where, according to previous arrangement, Emmy Haverstick had betaken herself to await developments.

"Come here, Emmy," called Juliet. "Now, then," she stopped her halfway upstairs, "as to the rest of the laundry, just take out my things and Barnabetta's, carry them home with you, wash them, and bring them back this evening, when I shall adequately compensate you. Leave the men's things exactly where they are—on the cellar floor."

"Mamma," pleaded Barnabetta, "leave *me* finish all, won't you?"

"Daughter," said Juliet solemnly, "Emmy shall wash *our* clothing, and the rest shall lie where it now is until your father shall send for Emmy to come and finish it. Let us say no more about it."

The monotony of Mr. Dreary's soldering and hammering that morning in his shop was varied by constant excursions to the window overlooking the back yard, across which stretched the wash line.

He presently contemplated with satisfaction his wife's wiry figure flitting about to take from the line the "white pieces" when they were dry. But his satisfaction was turned to annoyance when, as the morning moved on, neither she nor Barnabetta came forth to hang up the "colored wash." What could they mean by being so late with this second stage of the job? Why, if a rain came up, or the sun got behind a cloud, the clothes wouldn't get dry that day!

By eleven o'clock, as there was still no sign of the work getting done, he could stand it no longer, but strode over to the house to find out what was the matter.

"Barnabetta!" he shouted, as he did not find her in the kitchen. There was no response; the house was silent. He ran down into the cellar, but no one was there, and the wash was lying where Emmy Haverstick had left it.

Going upstairs again, he at last found his wife in the dining room, setting the table for dinner.

"Where's Barnabetta at?" he demanded angrily.

"Barnabetta? Where is she? Let me see—oh, yes! She's gone to town."

"What did you say?"

"She took the—at least, I think perhaps she did—eleven-o'clock car. That is to say, I hope she caught it, though I can't affirm it positively."

"Town! Barnabetta's went to town! After what I spoke to her!"

"Don't be anxious about her—I expect to go in myself after dinner, and I shall bring her safely home again to her fond family."

"You stand up and tell me to my face she's went to town when I tole her she darsent? And the wash layin' down there! Where did she git the *money*, anyhow?"

"I advanced it to her. You can pay me back when convenient."

"You gev it to her? Where did you git it? Didn't you tell me you was out of money? Do you tell *lies* yet?"

"Under some circumstances, dear,

prevarication is sometimes resorted to on a higher moral plane than would be the truth under the same——"

"Where did you git some money if you *was* out of money?" he harshly interrupted.

"Oh, fie! You must not ask such personal questions. Run back to your shop, lambie; you hinder me.

> "Lost! The golden minutes!
> Sixty diamond seconds!

sings one of our poets. Browning, possibly, or maybe Margaret Sangster. I want to get done early to go to town."

"And leave that there wash layin' down the cellar!" gasped the infuriated man.

"Well, mine and Barnabetta's are not there; the laundress took them home with her."

Mr. Dreary sank into a chair.

"Took yourn and Barnabetta's! And mine and the boys' you left layin'! Who's a-goin' to *do* ourn, then, heh?"

"That's what I'm wondering, Barnaby, inasmuch as you sent away the only available laundress in Reinhartz Station. You'll have to settle it now as best you can."

"I'll learn Barnabetta when she gits home oncet! She's been actin' up ever since you come. Now to-day she's went *too* far. When she's livin' in my house she'll *obey* to me. Oncet fur all, when she comes home she's a-goin' to git learnt!"

" 'Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath,' saith the Scriptures. No parents ever had a more dutiful, lovely daughter than ours, Barnaby."

"Yes, till *you* come! Now she's gittin' spoilt fur me somepin' fierce. But I'll put a stop to *that!*"

"But I thought I explained to you last Monday, husband, that Barnabetta and I will not do your washing. Indeed, I may as well state to you now that I will not do any man's housekeeping for my mere board and lodging. I must have adequate compensation for my services."

"You talk like as if you was hired! Ain't it a wife's *dooty* to do the housework?"

"Not without adequate compensation justly proportionate to the husband's means."

"Aw, stop slingin' big words! What I want to know is: Where did you git some more money?"

"Not from you, dear."

Here the clock struck twelve, and Emanuel coming in from the shop, Mrs. Dreary went out to the kitchen to bring the dinner from the stove, while Mr. Dreary bitterly related to his son the heavy, tragic fact that his wife and daughter refused to "wash" for him and the boys.

"It will seem odd to you, Emanuel," smiled his stepmother, as the three of them sat down to the table, "to have to *pay* some one for doing what sister has always done for you without dreaming of receiving any compensation. All wrong, all wrong, you naughty men! You should have taken far better care of her. Now that *I* have charge of her, she's going to have her chance."

"This here ends it!" reaffirmed Mr. Dreary. "She keeps comp'ny and gits married, or either she goes to Reading and takes a job. I ain't keepin' two idle women! And you, Jool-yet, you fooled me when you sayed now your money's all. Well, wait till it *is* all oncet, and I'll take care you don't git hold of no more! It can't go *long* now till what you had is all, and then you'll *have* to quit this crazy actin'. Yes, any one kin see how bad it goes when women has the handlin' of money."

"I want my shirts washed and ironed!" Emanuel stated threateningly.

"Of course you do, Emanuel. I think Emmy Haverstick will do them for you if you carry them to her, A nice walk for you—only a mile out on the pike, I think. A very good thing, too, for you and Jacob and papa to learn the financial value of domestic labor. You will find when you come to pay others that it is worth rather more than what Barnabetta has received for it."

Meantime, while this conversation was going on, Barnabetta, hiding in her bedroom, just over the dining room, whither she had been dispatched by her

stepmother on the approach of her father, could hear through the register in the floor every word spoken in the room below. She waited in momentary dread lest her father, provoked too far, should rise up and do what she feared he would not scruple to do—use brute force in compelling obedience from his wife.

It was not for herself that she was afraid. Not since her childhood had she known the sense of fear, so stultified had she become to either pain or joy. Her nearest approach to suffering had been her sensitive shrinking from the brutality that men seemed to her to embody. But now that at the touch of kindness and affection her soul was awakening, she was learning the meaning of suffering in its keenest form—the dread, the pain, of seeing a beloved one hurt.

She marveled at her father's continued forbearance with his wife, though she could see that it was in part due to the fact that he felt her still to be a comparative stranger to him, and that her "high education," and what Jacob sneeringly called her "tony ways," kept him in awe of her. She did not realize, however, that by something other than all these things was he held in check—by that which always cows a bully—her fearlessness.

But of one thing Barnabetta was certain. Whatever considerations restrained her father in his dealings with his wife, there existed none that could withhold his hand from enforcing obedience where his daughter was concerned. His threats with regard to herself were not mere words. He would without doubt carry them out—as he had affirmed he would—that very night.

TO BE CONTINUED.

To a Luna Moth

WHEN I discovered you in ambush here
Beneath my moon-vine leaf, great moth, I knew
The same sweet pang of joy, well-nigh of fear,
I feel when those white dusk flowers spread in dew.

Green, with the precious tint that spring denies
Ev'n to young fields, to willows by a stream,
But lends some favored evening, when the skies
Melt blue in gold, beneath the crescent's gleam;

More spiritlike than other flitting things,
Beside your twilight charm the butterfly
Romps brisk and flippant—yet his saucy wings
Bear their full weight of pollen, flickering by,

Nigh useful as his bustling friend, the bee.
But you, O furtive one, the child of night,
Dying untimely in the sun, I see
No worthy mission in your dreaming flight!

I think—and if I wrong you, you shall say—
You are one of those He fashioned just to bless
His world, like thrush notes or the hawthorn spray,
Earning their right to be through loveliness.

RHEEM DOUGLAS.

THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE

By Edwin L. Sabin

THE other day I sat and listened to the narrative of a sprightly lady who had been on a walk of a mile and back, through the hills and fields. Really, she talked like a travelog. She had not quite been to the tropics, or to the poles, either of them; but nevertheless she was full of new knowledge. So many curious things she had seen, and so many interesting people she had met; all within the circuit of a mile in a staid rural district where growing the largest squashes might be presumed the most exciting pursuit.

However, the "primrose by the river's brim" was not merely "a yellow primrose," to her. Each petal had a tale, to be incorporated in her tale.

What an enviable personage she is, anyway! I suppose that many of us could cross the continent and bring back less entertainment than she from her short walk amidst everyday scenes. While listening to her, I thought of another traveler, who boarded our train when he was fresh from the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, distant two hours' ride. He had "done" the cañon in a day—one of those globe-trotters making a record, was he—and his whole report consisted of, "Very pretty; a very pretty place. Now I must get to San Francisco. Do you think the coast trip is worth taking by daylight?" No; not for him, who would dismiss as "very pretty" —and I wonder that he expatiated with "very"—a kaleidoscopic panorama a mile deep and three miles wide, before which great-souled men and women have fallen to their knees.

My sprightly lady of the walk saw more in an ordinary country road than he did from the brink of the Grand Cañon. And I know another lady, a so-called old lady, who, from a simple little trip downtown, comes back brimming with life and enthusiasm. Blessed are those who make the most of the little things of life!

To some of us workaday humans, life seems to hold little variety. We turn our dollars; we dust our houses; we go to market; we discuss endless business and politics; we play bridge or solitaire; we shovel the snow, the coal, the ashes—or we hire somebody else to do it; we mow the lawn—or ditto; we read the paper—only to vow we'll stop it because there's nothing in it—or a magazine—and wonder why the editor doesn't make it better—or a novel—borrowed; we sit upon the front porch and attend to the children—well, children, I

grant you, *are* variety—and yawn and call—or both—and go to bed, and get up again. And at forty many of us are staid, cut and dried, unable to comprehend those, our fortunate fellows, who somehow come upon

> . . . tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

They appear to us childish.

Now, I know the lady of the walk well; I know that she is just as busy and as practical and as care-ridden as any of us; and I have reason to believe that this, her faculty of seeing so many interesting sights, and squeezing so much detail into a small space, is an acquired faculty. She cultivated it because she was much shut in with an invalid mother and had to make variety for herself, or quit growing. So she made it.

Is there anybody more inspiring than such a person, who can find a pleasant undercurrent in the little things of life? For these happy individuals, there is no Osler limitation, and no retired age; for them "stone walls do not a prison make"; they are able to infuse a prosaic daily routine with zest and tingle. It is a joy to meet them; they bring new ideas into our apparently dull round, and they are a certain cure for the blues. But they are not simple, or childish; they may be braver than we know, and we ought to be ashamed to sit back and accept their hospitality without giving like, in return.

I have in mind a man who, to date, has gone through life with his spirit bound fast to only the big things occurring along the trail. Only the big things, in a business way, seemed worthy of his attention. His dollars must be accumulated in lumps, not by single coins, and the fifteen-or-twenty-dollar-a-week jobs were not worthy of his attention. He is still looking out for the big things, and he is still in debt to the corner grocery; while other men, who willingly took over the fifteen-and-twenty-dollar-a-week jobs that he disdained, are riding in paid-for automobiles. Theirs—not necessarily by token of the automobile, although a paid-for automobile tells a story—is success; his is chronic failure, and he complains of the hard luck in human existence. He doesn't appreciate the earnings of little things, and I don't suppose he ever will, now.

Life is composed of little things; not alone business life, but life in every phase. Grand Cañons are few, and few are we who may visit them. If we travel fast, seeking only these sights, when we come to them, we may even then be unappreciative. Country roads are many, and many are we who trudge them. Why not make the best of them, as we go along, so that we may be sure of that much, anyway?

Submissive Sylvia

By Margverite Putnam Bush

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN A. BAZANT

THE soft, cooing sounds that had been emanating from the music room for three hours or more, to the bedevilment of General Standish's soul, gradually gave way to the witchery of a midnight stillness. Instantly he scented a fresh danger. With brow puckered, lips snarl-twisted, fingers arrested in the act of pipe filling, he assumed the deadly silent pose of eavesdropper. A sound vastly different from the dove voices, best described, perhaps, as a *lingering chirrup,* now fell on his ready-primed ear.

"Hm! I thought so!" growled the grandfather, with the satisfied air of a discoverer. "Now, what in time am I to do? A nice job this to put upon an unequipped old man who has had three eloping daughters in his family!"

He strode across the library to the door, but halted there, undecided, for chords had been struck on the piano in the room he intended to invade, and a man's voice—strong, rich, but cloyingly sweet to the disgusted old gentleman—was singing "Good night, good night," to his "beloved." Another chirrup. Another growl from the angry listener. Again the cooing voices exchanging tender farewells at the front door. Then the pit-pat of little slippers on the hall floor, and presently Sylvia in the doorway, the curve of a love smile on her lips, its accompanying flush on her cheeks. But these Eden-old signs made no more impression on General Standish's adamantine heart than the fall of a dove's feather on a macadamized road.

"Come in, Sylvia, and shut the door," he commanded, in a battlefield voice.

She obeyed, and then stood before him with eyes downcast, her face wearing the expression of a child with a finger at the corner of its mouth.

The sight of that wandlike figure in its clinging, angel-white draperies, the small head with its saintly halo, the Madonna face and dove's eyes, uplifted now to display celestial-blue depths, exasperated General Standish to the point of madness. That he, a veteran of the Civil War, and a retired bank president, should be utterly put to rout by this fragile mite was an outrage not to be borne.

"I am going to treat you to a good, plain talk, Sylvia," he announced grimly; "and, like a good, plain dinner, it may be hard to swallow, but is excellent for the health."

"May I sit down, grandpapa, dear, or do you wish me to stand?" asked Sylvia so humbly as nearly to disarm the old soldier.

"Oh, sit down, sit down! All I want is your full attention. Do you realize the condition I made before I agreed to assume the responsibility of looking

"I am going to treat you to a good, plain talk, Sylvia."

after you this summer while your mother took the rest cure at Aix? *That the doors should be closed to all suitors.* She sailed six weeks ago, and six more trying weeks I've never passed during the entire seventy years of my life," he ruminated wrathfully. "I've done picket duty, too—fought at Gettysburg, lived through six financial panics, and faced a mob of people making a run on my bank—— What's that?"

He leaned suddenly forward, and leveled a frowning glance at the attentive face opposite him. Was it possible that a chuckle had escaped those sensitive lips?

"Has your part of the compact been kept?" demanded the old gentleman hotly. "No! I believe there have been more wounded men taken away from this house in motor cars since your arrival than were taken from the battlefield of Gettysburg in ambulances. Why, any Sunday afternoon of the past

month that rug"—pointing contemptuously toward the living room—"has had the appearance of a square of fly paper covered with writhing victims. And now—*now* a more alarming situation still has arisen. For two weeks there has been one constant visitor to this house, and but one—Osmund Blair, the *singer!*" Had the vocation been that of swineherd, it could not have been more contemptuously spoken. "This, too, in spite of my commands to you not to receive him. The first time an order of mine has been disobeyed since I reached manhood."

General Standish rose and swelled his chest till it seemed that gold eagles, buttons, and other military adornments must burst into full bloom on the plain black coat. Unhappily the majestic pose went for naught with Sylvia, whose eyes were riveted on the pink tips of her slippers. A stride carried the general to a point directly in front of her chair.

"You didn't expect me home to-night, Sylvia?"

"No, grandpapa."

"And in my absence you chose to entertain that singer man? Did you forget"—witheringly—"that I told you I never wished to see him in this house again?"

She lifted seraphic eyes.

"No, grandpapa, dear, I didn't forget. It was for that very reason I asked him to come while you were away—to spare you. So I am not at all at fault, you see."

With difficulty the general restrained himself from shaking the little pink flower of a girl.

"Sylvia," he exclaimed, so vehemently that the pretty name sounded like an oath, "it's not possible that any human being can be so innocent as you look. Now, give me your strict attention. I'm going to tell you a family secret."

"What fun!" cried the girl, rising eagerly to clasp her hands around his arm. "I adore secrets!"

"You won't adore this one," dryly, and withdrawing from her embrace. "Perhaps you know that all the money in the family comes from your grandmother's side of the house. We Standishes have always been as poor as rats—or as army men, whichever you choose. Well, my wife left her entire estate to me in trust for her granddaughters—you and your two cousins. But now mark well this clause which I quote directly from the will: 'Any granddaughter who makes a runaway match shall forfeit all claim to her share of the estate.'" He paused to note the effect produced on Sylvia. "Do you know the reason your grandmother inserted that clause, and the reason she left her own daughters entirely out of the will?"

Sylvia—a slightly wilted Sylvia—shook her head.

"For the reason that all of our daughters eloped."

Tableau!

After the passing of the dramatic moment, Sylvia rose and again clasped her grandfather's arm.

"All of them?" she asked, her voice rising to a little shriek.

"All of them," solemnly. "What do you think of that?"

"Why—why, it let you and grandmamma off very cheaply, didn't it?" she responded, shaking her head and looking very demure.

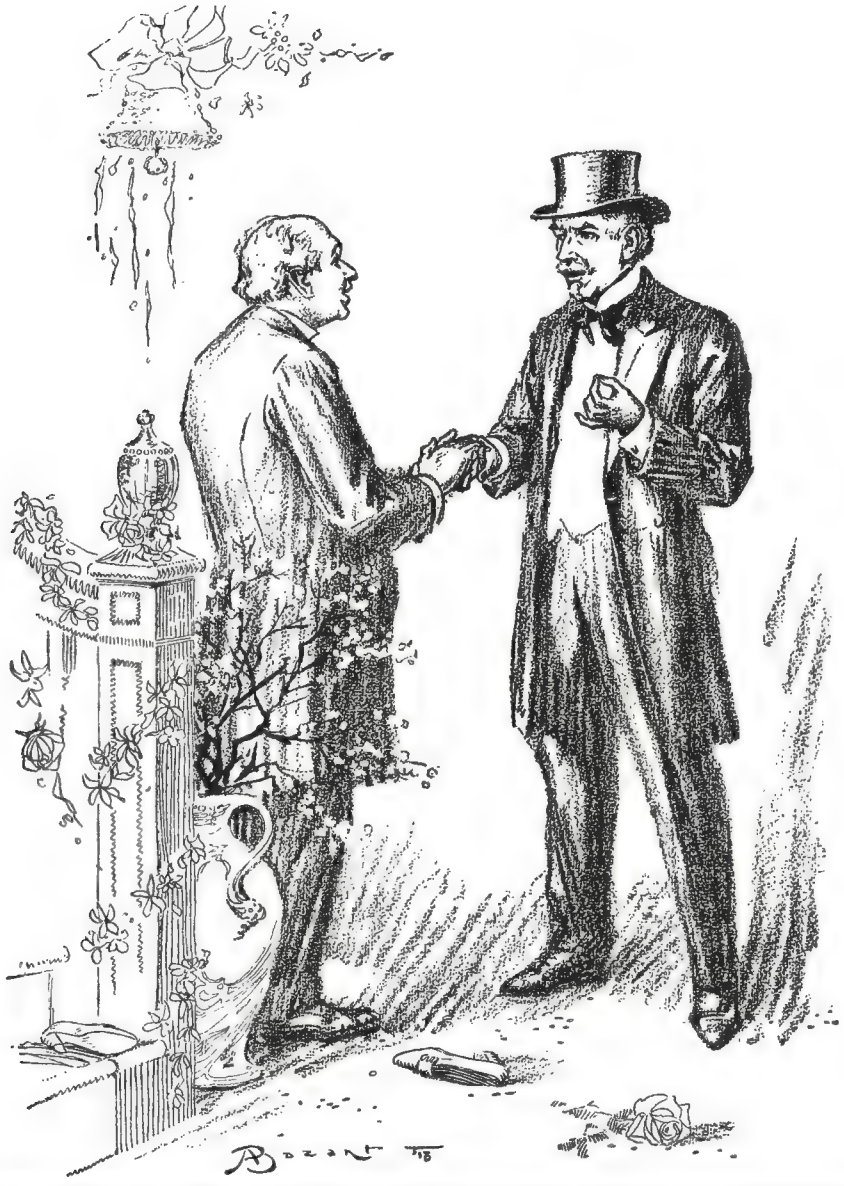
The general frowned, and for fully a moment regarded the lovely, flushed face with the puzzled eyes of one who tries to read understandingly an abstruse book. Presently he freed himself from the clinging fingers.

"I believe you are an incorrigible," he proclaimed slowly. "I am obliged to confess that I don't know what to do with you. I don't understand you."

Sylvia pointed her brows, and the eyes underneath assumed a look of luminous sympathy.

"Perhaps I can help you, grandpapa, dear. You see, I've known myself so much longer than you've known me." He snorted in derision. "What did you and grandmamma do with your own daughters when—when—they seemed a little *difficile?*" hesitatingly.

"We turned 'em over to the minister," he snarled. "The proper procedure, too."



Standing transfixed, holding that small, damning white kernel, suddenly his hand was seized and warmly shaken by old Doctor Waring.

Again she rose, and for the third time she clasped her hands around that rigid, unyielding arm.

"Grandpapa, dear——" she began.

"Don't!" thundered the irate old gentleman. "Don't address me in that endearing way again for a month."

Aggrieved, she shrank away.

"I was only going to tell you," she reproached him tearfully, "that I am anxious to do anything you think will help me to see the right. I'll even let the rector," drawing a deep sigh, "come to talk to me."

"Our handsome young rector of St. Luke's? No, no, you little enchantress.

He's engaged to a serious-minded college-settlement girl, and I don't intend to have his name entered on the wounded list. But by George!" and the flash from his eyes was as bright as the flash of a sword drawn in the sunlight, "I'll ask good *old* Doctor Waring, pastor emeritus, to come to see you. An excellent idea! Now listen to me, Sylvia, for this is a command, not a request. You are to be here in the library to receive him—let me see," consulting his notebook. "Wednesday afternoon I have an engagement in the city. An excellent day to appoint. And, now that this is settled, you may go to bed."

Though she dropped him a good-night curtsy, yet she lingered in the doorway, one hand grasping the portière.

"Well, what is it?" he inquired impatiently, for he was already seated at his desk, writing materials spread before him.

"Oh, grandpapa, please—*please* don't prejudice Doctor Waring against me! Please," appealingly, "don't tell him that I am an 'incorrigible.' For I may not be, you see. Perhaps I'm not anything definite at all yet. I'm so very, very young."

That voice—so sweet! A sigh—so plaintive! The combination brought an odd mixture of emotions into the elderly man's heart. Quite true, she was young—absurdly, foolishly young. Hardly more than a baby. Just a little, soft, white thing, with a gold head and tiny pink shoes. Note the slenderness of those fingers clutching the portières in a half-frightened, childish way. But—what a devil's dance those tiny pink shoes had led him, a veteran with a stiff knee and a gouty foot! And how coltishly she could toss that saint's head when caught off guard!

No! The temperature of his heart once more registered at zero. No! He would be eternally blessed if again he would go through the painful process of being slowly wound around one of those childlike fingers. The letter summoning the old parson to his aid should be written. One concession, and but one, he would make. In justice to Sylvia—and General Standish was ever a stickler for justice, pompously—he would allow her to see Doctor Waring alone, and to make her own representations.

The letter written, he read it aloud, to judge its merits:

"My Dear George: This witch of a granddaughter of mine is in need of your services. Grant me the everlasting favor, my dear, old friend, of coming to see her next Wednesday afternoon at four. By so doing, you will perform a twentieth-century miracle—you will lift from my back Ossa piled upon Pelion. Ever faithfully yours, Mark Standish."

The reading finished, he suddenly perceived a fragrance in the air around him, felt a light caress on his forehead, and heard an ingratiating voice say:

"Thank you, grandpapa. You have expressed it all so nicely."

Turning, he beheld Sylvia—Sylvia, whom he had supposed to be on her way to dreamland, standing behind his chair. In a flash she was gone. She fluttered up the staircase as airily as a rose petal is borne skyward on a breeze, leaving the general—indignant, yet discomforted—staring after her and vigorously rubbing the spot touched by her scarlet mouth.

Presently he turned again to his desk, drew out an envelope, and wrote thereon the minister's name in such broad, heavy strokes as to suggest an ink-dipped sword. Then rather sheepishly he reread the note approved by his granddaughter, inserted it in the envelope, which he sealed with red-hot wax, and carried the important missive himself to the post box at the foot of the avenue. He would take no chance, he muttered.

The intervening days to Wednesday were to him perhaps the most peaceful days of the summer. The knowledge that the minister was coming to his aid gave him a sense of security similar to that which he had once experienced during a desperate battle in sixty-three, when he had received news of the rapid approach of reënforcements.

He went to the city that morning, mind tranquil and pulses beating evenly.

He felt boyishly elated. He wondered why in Heaven's name he had not thought long ago of laying this uncomfortable load on those ministerial shoulders shaped by experience to carry such burdens. Then he remembered that it was Sylvia herself who had given him the idea. He emitted an amused cackle. Rather neat, the way he had turned the tables. For, of course, she had intended to try her wiles on the young rector of St. Luke's. But—with a self-satisfied smile—she had found this old fox too cunning for her.

The general transacted much business in the city, and so leisurely that he was forced to take a late train home in the afternoon. He was tired and cross in consequence, and very glad of an excuse to find fault with his chauffeur, who met him at the station in charge of a very untidy-looking car, muddy and dust-laden. He scolded about it all the way to the house, and was still muttering imprecations on the entire class of serving people when he opened the front door.

On his entrance two housemaids at work in the hall scuttled out of his way, wild-eyed and white-faced, and with trembling hands pressed to their hearts like a pair of scared squirrels. In the drawing-room a gray-visaged butler was hurriedly removing a rose bower from the bay window.

The old gentleman looked around him, and rubbed his bewildered eyes. Everywhere there were flowers—trailing down the baluster, on the newel post, on tables and mantelpieces! He sniffed at the fragrant air—a war horse sniffing at gunpowder. What in—*time* did it mean? He strode across the floor. Something hard crackled under his feet. He stooped creakily, and picked up one of the offending particles, and gazed at it with glittering, dilating eyes. Rice!

At that vital moment, while he was standing transfixed in the hall, holding that small, damning white kernel at arm's length, suddenly his hand was seized and warmly shaken by old Doctor Waring.

"I must have been having a catnap," quavered the reverend gentleman, stifling a yawn, "for I didn't hear you come in. I'm bidden to dinner by the little bride, who went off in very good humor, my dear old eccentric friend, in spite of your absence. She felt it keenly till I comforted her by telling her you were ever like this. Any talk of marriage was to you as talk of mutiny is to a commander."

The general stared at his old friend with eyes that questioned his sanity.

"I even showed her your letter, Mark, to satisfy her that all was right—where you asked me to be here at four o'clock to perform this great service for her. I assured her that, coming from you, it was a tremendous concession. It seemed to please her vastly. She was much affected by it, and she left this little note for you."

The color on Grandfather Standish's cheek deepened to purple. He breathed heavily. It was true, then? He had been outgeneraled by Sylvia! He stifled an oath, for the soldier's pride, ever strong within him, held captive every other emotion, and made it possible for him to keep his inglorious defeat a secret from all the world.

With a sufficient amount of civility to deceive his unsuspicious friend, he took the proffered note, and read its contents to himself:

GRANDPAPA, DEAR: Osmund and I were married in the drawing-room at four o'clock this afternoon. Dear old Doctor Waring performed the service for me, quite as you arranged. I know it will make you happy that I am not a runaway bride, and that I shall not lose my share of the estate.

With dearest love, I am as ever, submissively yours, SYLVIA.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. EMMETT OWEN

"SCHOOLS is scarce this year," gloomily observed Old Lady Marle, as if the crop of country schools were a variable one.

"But the Twelve Corners school isn't taken yet," said Jocelyn Mays.

"I couldn't say. Been teachin' long?"

"Five years," informed Jocelyn, who was a slight young woman of medium height, with golden-brown hair, and gray eyes that looked straight at you from under well-shaped brows.

"You don't look like you had taught that long," volunteered Mrs. Marle, who was called by everybody in her small world "Old Lady Marle." She wore a loose black wrapper, with a narrow crocheted collar about her neck that gave her the appearance of a battered doll.

"I began teaching when I was seventeen," explained Jocelyn Mays.

"Do you wear that black-and-white gingham dress 'cause you're in mournin'?"

"My father and mother both died last year."

"You don't look very stubbed yourself," remarked Mrs. Marle bluntly.

On this warm August afternoon they were seated in the front room of Mrs. Marle's cottage, where a framed portrait of her husband—a fierce-looking little man, long since dead—occupied an honored position. A bright rag carpet covered the uneven floor. All the chairs were painted white.

Mrs. Marle lived alone, and Jocelyn Mays, who wished to teach the Twelve Corners school, had hoped to find board with her; but the disagreeable manner of the old woman as she rocked slowly back and forth, the dismal folds of her black dress falling like a blight on the gay carpet, chilled Jocelyn, who soon explained her errand.

"Why ain't you goin' to teach where you taught last year?" demanded Mrs. Marle suspiciously.

"The director's daughter wanted to teach there, so I didn't apply," informed Jocelyn, who was a stranger at Twelve Corners, having come that afternoon on the train which ran within a mile of the Corners.

"I notice young ladies are ruther plenty applyin' for our school this year—on account of Fred, I reckon," observed Old Lady Marle. And although the young woman did not know to whom she referred, she flushed at the mention of the name.

"If I get the school, can you board me?" asked Jocelyn, coming directly to the purpose of her call.

"I'd ruther not board any teacher," said Mrs. Marle curtly.

"Why, Mr. Adams, the moderator, said you always boarded the teacher."

"But I'm just about through."

"Then I must inquire somewhere else," allowed Jocelyn, greatly taken aback by the old lady's behavior; and she soon left the house.

Mrs. Marle's cottage was hung with a blossoming trumpet vine, and it stood at the end of a grass-grown lane in a

pleasant hollow, hidden from the main road.

"Say," called the old woman from her front door, as Jocelyn turned into the lane, "if you should git the school, you might come back and look at my room. But there's been considerable talk about another teacher."

"Thank you," returned Jocelyn, so surprised that she scarcely knew what to say.

"I dunno but what I could stand it for one more year. Good day. Come ag'in," added Mrs. Marle, with perfunctory politeness.

Jocelyn Mays went on, alarmed at the thought of another applicant for the school, and mystified at Old Lady Marle's partial relenting. As she was not acquainted at Twelve Corners, she was wearily conscious that every step now would be difficult; and so much depended upon getting this position that she dreaded to interview Mr. Agg, the treasurer of the school board.

She could see Jonas Agg, in a wide-stretching field some distance away, following a team of plodding gray horses that were hitched to an old-fashioned drag, which was breaking the clay into little chunks and balls. A stile, green with moss and insecure with age, was the means by which she crossed from the shady lane into the hot, dusty field.

Mr. Agg was short and thin and stooped, with scanty gray hair and whiskers. His clothes were nearly dust-colored, with the exception of an old black vest that hung unbuttoned from his spare shoulders, giving him the appearance of a shabby bird with black wings. Stopping his team when he noticed Jocelyn Mays, he turned about with the utmost deliberation.

"I have come to see if the application I made last week for the Twelve Corners school has been favorably——" she was beginning.

"No, it hain't," he interrupted, in a harsh voice.

"Have you hired some one else?"

"No-o; that is, not exactly."

Then he lapsed into stony silence.

"I have taught five years, and I can give the best recommendations. I love to teach, and I understand the work."

All this she said so frankly that Jonas Agg should have been moved to straightforward speech; but he only observed shortly: "I merely represent the school deestrict. I can't say nothin' definite."

"Am I to come again?" asked Jocelyn patiently.

He then managed to inform her, with seeming reluctance, that a board meeting was to be held that afternoon at the director's house.

"You might happen along there in half an hour," he concluded impersonally. "Then's when we meet."

And he chirped dryly to his old team, and plodded away.

Mr. Agg's words, "nothing definite," accentuated Jocelyn Mays' anxiety, for it was so late in the season that failing to get this school would mean living another year with her aunt, who would not need her help after the fruit was all picked. Jocelyn shrank from this dependence as the ultimate bitterness of life, and without work there would be no money to pay her debts, which had come through the sickness and death of her parents.

She thought how fortunate the farm hands were that she saw busy in the fields, and even the old gray horses walking patiently over the lumpy ground were better off than she, for they earned their food and rest.

The week before she had seen George Washington Adams, the moderator of the board, about the school, and he had said pleasantly, but evasively: "I ain't but one, so can't say nothin' definite—best see what the others say."

The director had not been at home.

The petals of the yellow primroses that grew beside the stile, which she now crossed into the lane, were tightly folded, as if the whole world were closed against her. And the beauty of the broad fields, on whose edges the goldenrod and silvery boneset and purple ironweed made a brilliant embroidery of color, for once did not appeal to her.

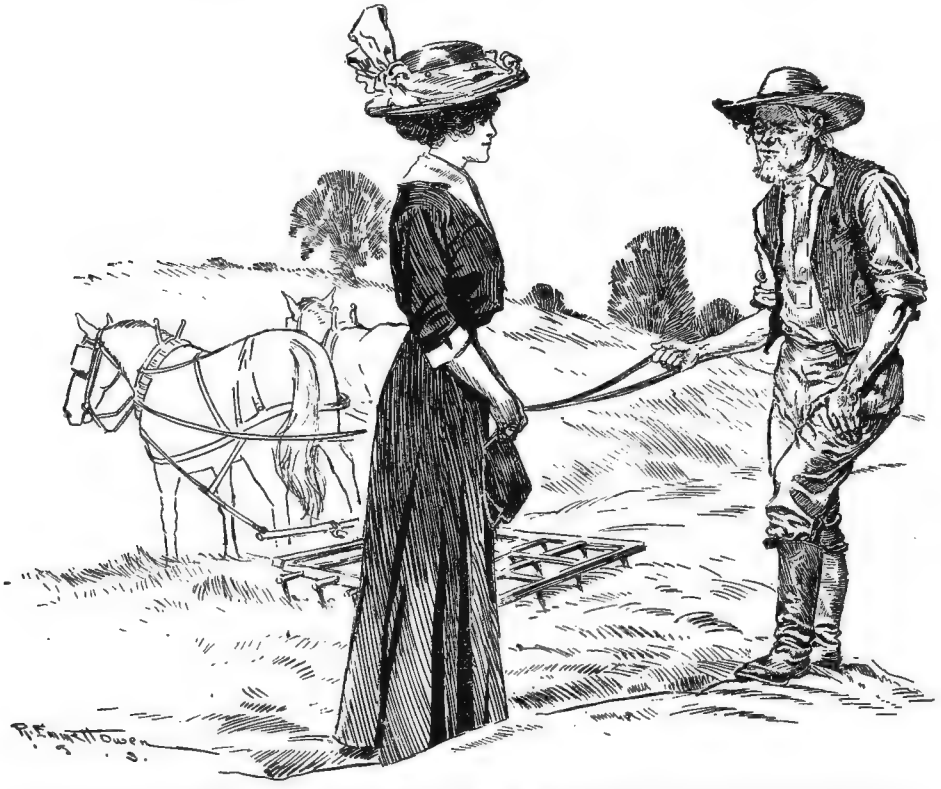
She felt with foreboding anxiety that

it was scarcely worth while to go on; yet she would not turn back. So she crossed the main road, and took a footpath between a field of stubble and a vineyard that led to the director's house, which stood on a rise of ground, its red buildings visible among the trees. Farther on were the scattered roofs of Twelve Corners.

Unexpectedly Jocelyn encountered a young man who was cultivating the near-by vineyard with a handsome young horse. His face showed generosity and strength. She knew him, but was so surprised that she did not speak as she passed quickly on.

Indignantly Jocelyn Mays recalled Old Lady Marle's words about young ladies applying for the school on account of "Fred." And she had not known then that this young man, whom she had met several years before at the old academy in a neighboring town, was the director's son.

The memory of the hours that she and Fred Crownheim had spent together there came back to her in poignant contrast with the unhappiness and the uncertainty of the present. He had not spoken; probably he did not even remember her. The path through the stubble was dusty, and the sun beat glaringly down, and she felt depressed, out of all proportion to its real significance, by this chance meeting.



"I have come to see if the application I made last week for the Twelve Corners school has been favorably——" she was beginning.

II.

As Jocelyn Mays continued her walk across the stubble field she was suddenly accosted by a shrill feminine voice crying: "Wait! Oh, Miss Mays, let's walk together!"

And, panting for breath, her cheeks

brilliantly red, a young woman daintily gowned in white, and wearing a large black hat, overtook her. Upon seeing this pretty stranger Jocelyn felt dusty and old-fashioned.

"I am Annabell Hill. I know you're Miss Mays. Vesta Bunnell told me you were here," gushed the white-gowned young lady. "Of course, you're going to the board meeting. So am I. I expect to teach at Twelve Corners this year, and I never taught before—just graduated this spring. But I've got some fine outlines for the grade work."

"But—I've applied for the Twelve Corners school, too," faltered Jocelyn.

"I'm sure to get it, though," declared Miss Hill cheerfully. "Fred Crownheim and I are such good friends, and his father's director; and, then, Jonas Agg is my uncle. You don't need to go over to the board meeting at all—it's such a long, dusty walk."

And she stopped as if expecting Jocelyn to turn back.

"But nothing will be settled definitely till the board meets," Jocelyn told her.

"The contract's not signed yet," admitted Annabell Hill. "I merely wished to save you an unnecessary walk. Besides, the way the clouds look now it's going to rain. If you'd known of my application sooner, it would have saved you so much trouble," she concluded sweetly.

"I don't mind coming," Jocelyn told her, so discouraged that she scarcely knew what she said.

"I've had such a delightful time this summer driving with Fred Crownheim. I suppose you've been enjoying your vacation?" she ended, with careless politeness.

"I've been helping with the fruit and the housework at my aunt's," returned Jocelyn.

"I simply can't work in hot weather," confided Annabell. "I haven't the strength."

But she did not look like a frail young woman.

When Jocelyn Mays and Miss Hill came to the large red barns of "the czar," as Magnus Crownheim was called by his neighbors, they followed the path around them, and were soon in the back yard, where the closely clipped sward was brightened by several beds of late-summer flowers. A windmill chugged in well-oiled content behind the house, which was of red brick, topped with a cupola, and set in the middle of a wide lawn that sloped to the road. This was the only well-kept home in Twelve Corners.

As Annabell Hill led the way to a side door, they found Jonas Agg, her uncle, just stepping onto the porch, his old horsewhip under one arm. A stout, stolid, but not uncomely, man past middle age opened the screen door. It was the czar, whose hair was still dark, and whose face was flushed with a sort of gross health. He greeted them in broken English, and then solemnly invited them into the dining room, which smelled strongly of tobacco.

The surface of the round table was polished like a mirror, and the sideboard was speckless of dust. This room was seldom used by Magnus Crownheim, who was a widower, for he and his sons—Fred and little Waldemar—took their meals with a tenant whose red cottage stood a short distance back of the house. A half-opened door revealed the crimson plush furniture and the gorgeous rug of the parlor.

A gentle tapping on the screen door announced the arrival of the moderator of the board, George Washington Adams, familiarly known as "George Wash," who was a mild-looking man. His long mustache and bushy hair were clay-colored, and his light-blue eyes looked philosophically and judicially upon the world. He took the distinction of being a member of the school board with modest but serious importance.

They all sat stiffly about the edge of the room, nobody seeming to know quite how to begin the business, till Jonas Agg remarked irritably: "Time's passing."

"That is so," responded the German director promptly; and he brought pen and ink and a contract book, which seemed to gain a double meaning as

they lay reflected in the polished surface of the table. "The question before us already was: Shall we hire Misses Mays or Misses Hill?" he gravely concluded.

"It lays betwixt the two," spoke up Jonas Agg cautiously—a remark that could not possibly commit him to either young woman.

"That's right," agreed George Wash, pulling his mustache hard in his endeavor to be noncommittal.

"On account of two abblications, nothing definite so far was said," continued the director.

"To my mind, the one that'll teach the cheapest oughter have first consideration," said Agg practically.

"So it is," prudently concurred the czar, while Annabell Hill smiled complacently.

But George Wash showed signs of uneasiness, pulling his mustache, and murmuring to himself: "I ain't but one."

"Speak out—this is a board meeting," reminded Agg grudgingly.

"A school deestrict never did save nothin' by beatin' a teacher down."

And George Wash looked mildly firm.

"But our taxpayers won't stand for any reckless expenditure of their sums," declared Agg. "And Annabell has her bid in for twenty-six dollars, but Misses Mays has applied for twenty-five dollars a month—so I'm in favor of Misses Mays."

The board said "Misses Mays" out of mistaken politeness.

George Wash then suggested: "Why not have the contract drawed up in favor of Misses Mays?" And Jocelyn saw an easy victory.

But Annabell broke in with shrill haste: "Oh, I'll teach for twenty-four dollars a month. The money ain't really anything to me, anyway."

"It 'u'd be more to you if your mother didn't make the dirt fly in that truck garden of hern," said her Uncle Jonas Agg, without looking at her.

"Shall we gonsider that Misses Hill gets the school?" questioned Crownheim, his somber face lighting with a gracious smile for Annabell.

"Not yit," cautioned Mr. Agg. "It's up to Misses Mays now to bid lower."

Cupidity narrowed his little eyes to mere slits.

"No, I couldn't underbid," decided Jocelyn swiftly.

"Mebbe another school has offered you higher wages?" insinuated Agg disagreeably.

"I have applied nowhere else—and I have taught five years."

"And the school needs an experienced teacher," supplemented George Washington Adams.

But as Jocelyn fingered the small leather bag that held her teacher's certificate, she felt that there was now no hope for her; and she sat, dully conscious of this tragedy, while the clouds overspread the summer sky, darkening the room, and the rain began to fall.

"Twenty-four dollars gits it as fur as I am concerned; and, as Mr. Crownheim is in favor of Annabell—that's all there is to it."

But Jonas Agg spoke grumpily, for he himself had not wanted Annabell.

Crownheim, with a prodigious sigh at the task before him, bent his bulky body far over the table, and was about to grapple with the contract when George Washington Adams, clearing his throat apologetically, mildly commanded the czar: "Wait a bit!"

The director of the board straightened up, and wiped his pen on the corner of his vest, as if in an inked condition it might do something to incriminate the "deestrict."

"We are not proceeding according to law," protested Adams solemnly.

"In what manner, inform me," said the czar stiffly.

"It says," related George Wash, with infinite relish, "that no teacher can be hired accordin' to law that ain't already received a stiffcut from proper authorities."

"Ach, so!" grunted the czar, as if he had known that all the time. "One little formality, Misses Hill, but we haft to see your zertificut."

Annabell colored vividly, and hastily

As Jocelyn fingered the small leather bag that held her teacher's certificate, she felt that there was now no hope for her.

explained: "Oh, Mr. Crownheim, that won't really make any difference, for I took the examination Friday, but it's too early yet to get the certificate."

"You'll find that it does make a difference if the contract's illegal," cut in George Wash, nettled.

"We ain't got no call to monkey with the law," declared Agg.

"This gomplication I could not foresee," said Crownheim helplessly.

"I'm sure to get my certificate by Saturday. Make out the contract then," Annabell told them, and rose abruptly as if to go before there were any more objections.

"You may not git no stiffcut," dissented her Uncle Jonas Agg, with the license of a near relative. "Besides, I've got work to do Saturday that can't be interrupted."

"I move," began George Wash, with brisk formality, "that as Annabell ain't got her stiffcut we'd best give the school to Misses Mays—if she can show hern."

"It'll save time to settle it now, so I second that motion," said Agg quickly.

"That motion have been made and second. All in favor signify by saying 'Aye'; otherwise, 'No,'" said Magnus Crownheim, laboriously intent on doing the business correctly.

"But, Uncle Jonas!" cried Annabell shrilly.

"The ayes have it," gloomily announced the czar, who favored Annabell Hill.

With firm hands, but a rapidly beating heart, Jocelyn produced her certificate, while Annabell Hill rushed up to her, nearly brushing Jonas Agg from his chair in her haste, and said, with gushing cordiality: "Oh, I congratulate you, Miss Mays! And you can have all my plans for the grade work."

"Twenty-four dollars gits it as fur as I am concerned," Jonas Agg spoke grumpily.

Jocelyn, bewildered at Annabell's apparent good will, decided that she had misjudged her before.

"I thought I heard Fred come into the kitchen when it began to rain. Fred," called Annabell at the door, "you've got to go home with me. It's raining."

As Fred Crownheim entered the room Jocelyn looked at him, and the long summer evenings that they had passed together came vividly back, in sharp contrast with the close, tobacco-scented room, with its glimpse of a dull sky through rain-streaked windows.

"This was my son, Misses Mays," introduced the czar, with unconcealed pride.

"I thought you were Jocelyn Mays after you passed to-day in the field, but it's been so long—since that summer ——"

He spoke eagerly, and took Jocelyn's hand so unaffectedly that for a moment the charm of the past and the magnetism of his presence blotted out the insecurity of the present.

Then Annabell Hill said abruptly, as she stepped between them: "So you know her?"

"Where is Waldemar, father?" questioned the son.

"That boy is everywhere," replied the czar irritably. "I don't see him for the last hour. We are glad when he gets in school."

"Annabell's lost the school," Jonas Agg informed Fred, with relish.

"When you and Annabell git married, Fred, she won't care so much about teaching," joked George Wash.

"Come, Fred; it's raining harder than ever; get an umbrella—I must go home," ordered Annabell, suddenly good-humored.

And they soon left the house together.

III.

Jocelyn was now left alone with the school board, and as the czar once more dipped his pen in ink Jonas Agg carefully stayed him. "We want Misses Mays to understand that all days must be taught; otherwise we don't hire her."

"I have never missed a day yet," Jocelyn assured them.

"But you don't get the broper under-

standings. All *holidays* must be taught, or made up," explained the czar.

"Our taxpayers won't stand for no loss of time," informed Mr. Agg, who himself had inaugurated this pleasing and economical feature.

Rather than lose the school, Jocelyn promised to make up all holidays. But since meeting Fred Crownheim, she felt that it would be harder for her at Twelve Corners than she had realized. And though the very thought of Annabell Hill made her uneasy, she told herself that it should not, for Annabell evidently meant to be kind.

"Now, there's another thing—I ain't got no use for grammar."

Agg announced this choice thought as if it were a credit to himself.

"But grammar will have to be taught," declared Jocelyn firmly.

"Grammar's becoming more essential every year," boldly assumed George Wash; "in fact, all print depends constitutionally on grammar."

"I've never had no grammar, and who 'u'd know the difference?" demanded Agg aggressively. "But seein' some of the children has bought grammar books, it 'u'd be a loss not to use 'em. But it's 'rithmetic that fits for life," he concluded sententiously.

"I suppose there ought really to be some repairing thought of," said George Wash.

"Not this year," vetoed Jonas Agg. "We're keeping expenses down for the deestrict, and the building was put in good repair last year."

"Then what could ail him this year?" demanded the director.

"Windows was broke," gloomily enlightened Jonas Agg.

"I can stop them breaking windows," promised Jocelyn.

"If red hair counts, mebbe you can," allowed Mr. Agg thoughtfully.

"It ought to help some," smiled the new teacher.

"Should Waldemar, that boy of mine, break a window, Misses Mays, you should lick him," said his father.

"But I don't believe in whipping if it can be avoided," declared Jocelyn.

"You gotta whip. We want govermunt—first, last, and always," stated George Washington Adams impressively.

"And you'll have to keep a sharp eye on the school properties," warned Agg. "And you must pump all the water that's had."

"That pump!" disparaged George Wash.

"That pump," interrupted Agg, "if banged up and down by forty-'leven young ones ain't got no chanct."

"And last year there wasn't no govermunt, Misses Mays," informed George Wash. "There was too much of big ones picking on little ones, and bright ones a-poking fun at dull ones, and strong ones a-knocking down weak ones."

"That's about right," acknowledged Agg gloomily. "My little girls—Cynthia and Melviny and Adelaide—was bunted over more than was good for 'em."

"If children don't mind the teacher, they should git licked at school, and then git one at home," counseled Adams, with warmth.

"Right!" agreed the czar heartily. "That's the talk my Waldemar gets. Should he do the least thing wrong, Misses Mays, you should lick him."

Jocelyn sighed, for she did not relish such a program. But she hastened to inquire: "Who makes the fires and does the——"

"You make the fires and do the sweeping," put in Agg hastily. "It's really a lady teacher's job, anyway."

"Now that the rain's stopped, let's sign the contract, and consider the meeting adjourned," proposed George Wash.

"I second that motion. We've lost enough time," spoke up Agg, with alacrity.

This bit of parliamentary procedure was interrupted by a clear, piping voice suddenly inquiring: "When will school begin, teacher?" And Waldemar Crownheim darted into the room and stood beside his father, the grime of honest country tasks on his brown hands and bare feet, but a face as angelically sweet in expression as if he

and mischief were not boon companions.

"Teacher don't know yet," explained his father; "but it will be late on account of fruit pickings."

Waldemar looked shyly at the bright softness of his new teacher's golden-brown braids, and it was evident that he already liked her, as he stood rubbing one bare foot over another.

"This is the boy, Misses Mays, that you should lick the first day—should he need it," said the czar, with solemn emphasis, while Waldemar smiled gravely, and Jocelyn wondered how any one could punish so beautiful a child.

Jocelyn signed the contract, and as she left the house of the czar she saw the brown belfry of the Twelve Corners schoolhouse among the trees. She did not mind that this was difficult and poorly paid work that she had pledged herself to do, but rejoiced because she would be able to earn her own living and pay her small debts—veritable riches to Jocelyn. And as she turned into the lane toward Mrs. Marle's cottage the primroses were opening for her their yellow cups, and the fence corners were bright with quiet hope.

"I thought you 'u'd git the school," was the surprising remark of Old Lady Marle, when Jocelyn returned, "'cause George Wash was bound to hire you, havin' heard about your good govermunt up country. And Jonas Agg, he didn't have no faith in Annabell's knowin' enough to teach—she bein' his niece. And George Wash, he's turrible up on law, and he figured out that p'int about the stiffcut, which I suppose he made."

"But they didn't seem to be much in favor of me at first."

"A school board is always shut-mouthed," explained Mrs. Marle. "They dassent say nothin' definite afore board meetin' or they 'u'd git theirselves into trouble—like as not. I suppose you saw Fred?" she ended bluntly.

Jocelyn told her that she had, and then quickly asked about room and board.

"They say," began Mrs. Marle, ignoring Jocelyn's inquiry, "that Fred uster be turrible thick with a pretty girl when he was goin' to school away from here several years ago; but I dunno what happened—somethin' come up. But now Annabell's after him, and no power on earth can keep her from marryin' Fred—and she hates the boy."

"What—Waldemar, that beautiful child?" asked Jocelyn, so unhappy again that she wished that she had never heard of the Twelve Corners school.

"Pesky imp, you mean," said Mrs. Marle shortly. "Now, Fred, he's different——"

"And why is Mr. Crownheim called 'the czar'?" Jocelyn found herself saying to prevent further talk about Fred.

"You'll find out quick enough when you git to livin' at Twelve Corners," promised the old lady mysteriously. "And now come up and see your room. It's fifty cents less for a woman teacher. 'cause they eat less than a man. I took a likin' to you from the start 'cause you don't 'pear to be the talkin' kind."

IV.

It was October, and the low gray roofs of Twelve Corners showed modestly among the crimson maples and golden beeches. The Corners extended a quarter of a mile, formed by the crossing of several angling roads and one that ran straight with the compass. A small brown schoolhouse on the main corner, almost hidden by beeches, was the rude center of learning whose bell had called over three generations to school.

Jocelyn Mays, the new teacher at Twelve Corners, was just turning into the lane from Old Lady Marle's cottage on her way to school when she saw a young man crossing the fields toward her.

The rail fences of the lane were gay with scarlet breadths of woodbine and ivy; summer's inconspicuous bushes were now hung with bright-hued finery, and the fields were mellow spaces, with here and there a solitary shimmering tree.

"Are you going somewhere?" de-

"Aw, Fred, don't be so innocent!" jeered the fat girl. "Wasn't you riding round with Annabell in the summer?"

manded Jocelyn pointedly, as the young man entered the lane.

"To school with you," answered Fred Crownheim, as he turned and walked beside her.

"But not to stay," she instructed him, her white dress fluttering in the south wind, her hair red golden in the sun. In the month that she had been at Twelve Corners they had met several times. And Jocelyn, after reviewing the past with what she considered an impartial survey, had decided that she could not afford to think of Fred Crownheim at all. She did not even know why he had never written her since they had parted so reluctantly the last week of school, for she had given him no opportunity to explain.

"And how is everything—the school in particular?" he asked.

"I suppose I shouldn't expect too much in a few weeks," she answered; "but there's such a queer atmosphere among the children."

"An atmosphere—at Twelve Corners!" he laughed.

His frank, vigorous speech, faintly suggestive of German, was pleasing to her, though she would not admit it.

"The atmosphere is nothing to laugh at," Jocelyn ruefully told him. "There's such an unfriendly feeling among them. A public school ought to be like a big family—during school hours."

"And I am surprised to learn that the whole school is writing," he continued, ignoring her formal manner.

"Yes, but they hate to do it. They don't like discipline in anything, for that matter."

She thought of Fred's Brother Wal-

demar, who in countless little ways had asserted himself to her discomfiture. "There's a sort of hidden discord there all the time—I don't seem to have won them yet—except a few," she sighed.

"The trouble is—it's been a school only in name for years. And all that's been done has been done by whipping; the board always expects it. I suppose my Brother Waldy is at the head of most of the mischief."

"They all follow him," she admitted.

"And I suppose father's advised you to whip him; he always does."

"But I don't believe in that kind of discipline if it can be helped."

This was a prosaic conversation, but a subtle feeling pervaded it that seemed due partly to the magic of the October day, and partly to the sense of renewed intimacy.

"Anyway, I hope you'll like Twelve Corners," he continued. "It's the best farming land anywhere about. And we boys that are growing up now will change the Corners. It's going to wake up. Why, if a man is willing to ***work*** —— Father came here a poor man, and now he's well to do. Where there's soil like ours—there isn't a better place in the State to make a home——"

"Say, Fred—Miss Mays!"

And Vesta Bunnell came puffing along the road behind them. She was a fat girl, and wore a neat blue gingham dress, and panted as she talked.

Without appearing overjoyed at this interruption, Fred Crownheim and Jocelyn Mays waited for Vesta.

"Annabell Hill didn't get her certificate at all," informed Vesta; "but she's coming over to school to visit to-day. Huh, Fred?"

"Well, I'm not particularly interested in your news," said the young man.

"Aw, Fred, don't be so innocent!" jeered the fat girl. "Wasn't you riding round with Annabell in the summer?"

And with this home thrust the fat girl bobbed into the school yard.

But Fred Crownheim did not seem to mind Vesta's teasing as he bade Jocelyn good-by at the schoolhouse steps.

The golden beeches in the school yard were already carpeting the ground with a tapestry of fading brightness. And the battered brown building stood shabby and silent under the falling leaves, for the children were all out of doors. Racing up from the near-by creek came two half-grown boys carrying bunches of willow whips.

"For you, teacher," explained Waldemar Crownheim, politely presenting his whips. He was straight and well formed, and dressed neatly in "store clothes"—a failing on Waldemar's part that his barefooted chum, Wooley, the son of George Wash Adams, dared not deride.

"To whip the little kids with," explained Waldemar for the benefit of "Little Wash" Adams, who stood near; while Wooley, tongue-tied before his teacher, bashfully gave her his whips.

"If you fetch a whip to teacher you'll git whipped with it yourself," prophesied Wooley's brother, Little Wash, a member of the first-reader class. He was named after his father, the moderator of the board. Little Wash's hair was silvery, and he had large, mild blue eyes, and he was never far from his teacher.

"I'm not 'fraid of a licking," boasted Wooley, whose white hair curled tightly about his round head.

"Nobody's 'fraid of a licking," added Waldemar for the benefit of playmates who were listening.

"Waldemar was teacher's pet last year," Little Wash confided to Jocelyn, as she started into the schoolhouse, "and he never got a licking at school yet; other teachers didn't dast. But I guess you dast whip the hull bunch of us—if you was mad enough," he declared admiringly.

"And, teacher, you can whip my Brother Wooley any time," he continued. "Pa don't care. T'other teacher whipped him every day. And pa kept a strap in the woodshed; it's there yet," he concluded suggestively.

As Jocelyn entered the schoolroom the sense of her responsibility and a curious physical feeling of strife in little things came over her, and she sighed when she thought of what the day's work might involve. But on her desk

she found a huge bouquet of dahlias, "fall roses" the Twelve Corners children called them; and this gift seemed for a moment to make up for all her small anxieties.

V.

At nine, after the children had decorously taken their places, the front door was burst noisily open, and a loud, flat voice spoke, saying: "Teacher—Misses Mays—good morning."

"Good morning, Theresa," returned Jocelyn kindly. "Now, take your seat quietly."

But Theresa Ketzner, a queer little figure at which the other pupils grinned derisively, came in front of Jocelyn's desk, and began: "Say, teacher, Waldemar, he all the time makes 'em laugh at me. He calls me 'fools,' and lots of other kids, too. My pa says I should say to you, and you should say to the kids, I ain't no fool."

Jocelyn Mays sent Theresa to her seat, and then turned to the school, explaining, as she had explained many times before, that as Theresa could not learn as quickly as they, she must be treated with extra kindness, for she was unfortunate. And Jocelyn concluded by threatening to punish any pupil that bothered Theresa.

The morning's work progressed unevenly, and there was an intangible feeling in the room that Theresa Ketzner was not free from teasing yet.

Recess came at last—fifteen golden minutes snatched from endless lessons, when the real things of life, such as tag, and marbles, and drop the handkerchief, might be legitimately pursued.

The day was so warm that the whole school, including even Theresa, was collected under the beeches on the girls' side to play drop the handkerchief. This game, as played by the little Twelve Cornerites, was the very acme of aristocracy; for though all might stand in the ring, the handkerchief was dropped only to a chosen few, while the others eternally longed for it.

When Waldemar Crownheim dropped the handkerchief to Jocelyn she looked carefully about the ring, for she had often noticed the one-sidedness of this game. And the handkerchief fell fluttering behind Theresa Ketzner, who, bobbing about to see if by any chance the greatly desired had fallen to her share, pounced greedily upon it. But Waldemar Crownheim left the ring.

"Aw, come back, Waldy," urged Wooley Adams.

"I don't play with fools!" retorted Waldemar.

But Jocelyn did not hear him, and the game went on—or, rather, Theresa went on, going around and around till everybody's patience was exhausted, for she could not bear to part with the precious handkerchief.

But after an interminable time Theresa dropped the handkerchief to Little Wash Adams. And then, encouraged by the teacher, it became quite the fashion to drop the handkerchief to everybody, and Theresa Ketzner was honored three times.

"I never had such fun in my hull life!" exulted Theresa.

But at noon drop the handkerchief languished as a popular game, except with the younger children, for Waldemar would not play; though Little Wash and Theresa and sundry others who had generally been ignored were very happy, their childish trebles rising shrilly as they scampered about the magic ring.

Still a cloud hung over the school that the best efforts of Jocelyn could not dispel. And during the afternoon recess, when she was preparing for the trying writing period by placing a copy on the blackboard—"Be faithful in well doing"—there was a commotion in the school yard, and above all the unmistakable voice of Theresa wailing with characteristic abandon.

Like a flash, Jocelyn Mays was out of the schoolhouse and among the taunting Twelve Corners infants. Theresa, seeing her teacher, burst into voluble complaints, holding up her ragged school bag: "Waldemar, he says there's a snake in there—and there

Smiling defiantly, the handsome boy straightened his shoulders. Even yet he did not believe that the teacher would dare to whip him.

ain't; it's nothing but my old hair ribbon."

"Nothing to cry about," declared Vesta Bunnell, who stood near with a group of older pupils.

"But at first I thinks it is a snake," explained Theresa, with a subsiding sniff.

"Nothing to get scared over," remarked Waldemar airily.

"Then why did you do it?" demanded Jocelyn.

The children all knew why, even down to freckled Adelaide Agg and Little Wash Adams, for when other interests failed they had always teased Theresa.

"You understand why you should be kind to Theresa, and if there is any more trouble I shall whip you," desperately threatened Jocelyn, remembering the advice of Waldemar's father.

"Waldy, he's fixin' for a whipping," grinned Little Wash Adams, as he followed the teacher into the schoolhouse.

"I hope not," said Jocelyn.

"He brung the whips," reminded the small boy.

She had just finished the blackboard copy when, clear and shrill, there floated in at the window: "Fool, fool! Theresa Ketzner is a fool!"

The voice was Waldemar Crownheim's; then the cry was echoed by Wooley Adams.

Snatching a switch from the bundle

that the boys had brought her that morning, Jocelyn Mays swiftly sought the children, and, confronting Waldemar, announced that she was going to whip him.

Smiling defiantly, the handsome boy straightened his shoulders. Even yet he did not believe that the teacher would dare to whip him.

But Jocelyn, righteously indignant, struck the boy several times with the light willow switch over the shoulders. Waldemar wore a coat, and she did not hurt him; but it was none the less an awful spectacle to the other children.

The boy looked at her appealingly, quick tears came to his eyes, and Jocelyn knew that he had not realized how much trouble he was making her, and that he was sorry now, and silently questioned why she had humbled him before the whole school. Then she sent him into the house, and punished Wooley as she had punished Waldemar, though she knew that Wooley had probably been incited by the other boy.

"Tall happenings!" observed Little Wash Adams, with a satisfied grin.

And Jocelyn, glancing toward the road, saw Annabell Hill passing, and felt sure that she must have seen her punish Fred Crownheim's little brother. Annabell waved her hand, and called gayly: "I was coming to visit this afternoon, Miss Mays, but find I won't have time to stop to-day."

"Annabell Hill, she uster ride down to the river most every night when Fred Crownheim took his fruit. She jest piled on, no matter how high his load was," confided Little Wash.

When Wooley Adams reached his seat after the whipping, he hid his face on his desk, and sobbed unrestrainedly, for he had been proud of his record of not being whipped for a whole month by the new teacher. But Waldemar sat with an open book before him, not even crying.

"Oh, Miss Mays, I'm sure Waldemar didn't mean to be naughty, and you know he hasn't any mother," excused Vesta Bunnell. "Theresa made all the trouble. Other teachers used to whip her."

But the ringing of the bell brought recess to a close.

The children slipped silently into their seats in the awful hush that followed the public chastisement of Waldemar and Wooley. As one man, they produced writing materials, and went diligently to work. No child dropped a ruler, no pencil shrieked on its path across a smudgy slate, no foot scuffed carelessly on the floor; all the unpleasant noises of the schoolroom gave way to a studious calm in which the voice of the clock ticked importantly.

As they wrote, "Be faithful in well doing," all except Waldemar and Wooley felt that they had been faithful, for even if any had surreptitiously disobeyed they had not been found out.

The tonic of the whippings had so invigorated the pupils that the writing period was one of industrious achievement. But Jocelyn was not sorry when school was out; and as the children filed silently past her desk, many glanced at her with furtive admiration. Wooley Adams gave her a sheepish, repentant grin; but Waldemar looked proudly ahead.

VI.

Soon the subdued voices of the Twelve Corners children had died away, and Jocelyn was alone in the schoolhouse. She had nearly finished sweeping when there was a violent opening of the door, and a man burst into the room, his heavy face red with anger.

"I am Crownheim," he announced, introducing himself to the astonished young woman in a voice of thunder, as if they had never met before.

"What for you whip my Waldemar?" he shouted. And before she could reply he answered his own question. "For nothing you whip him—that I won't have!"

Though Jocelyn Mays tried to explain, the angry man would not listen, but poured out a torrent of mixed German and English, from which it appeared that he meant to put her out of the school if he could; but she looked steadily at him, too proud to remind

him that he had advised her to whip the boy.

Then he said as a last, awful arraignment: "You whip my boy—whose mother is dead! And you whip him in front of everybodys—that was mean."

"But his offense was public—before everybody," Jocelyn defended herself. "Besides, I did not hurt Waldemar."

"Nod another day goes my boy by this school—while you teach! Boint out his desk!" the czar grandly commanded her.

As he left the room with his son's books, he observed impressively: "I am sorry the day I hire you."

Jocelyn understood at last why Magnus Crownheim was called "the czar." And as she started home down the angling clay road she thought of the debts that had come through the death of her parents that this year's work would clear away, and felt that she must keep her position at any cost.

When she rounded a bend in the road she saw hurrying toward her across a field of shocked corn the moderator of the board, George Washington Adams, the father of Wooley and Little Wash. She waited for him to come up, painfully apprehensive that he, too, might be angry.

George Wash, as he was familiarly called, extended a tanned hand, which he had first carefully dusted on his faded overalls, in cheerful greeting.

"Tall happenings!" he grinned, looking like an older edition of Little Wash himself; then continued: "Well, Misses Mays, I'm surprised that you didn't whip Wooley long afore this. He's heard enough at home about treating poor Theresa white; but a half-grown boy is jest naturally ornery. As I said when you was hired—govermunt first, last, and always. And you're certainly getting the school into shape."

When Jocelyn told him of the czar's visit, he said significantly: "He ain't but one. And Jonas Agg, he's on your side. He likes the way you handle that there school pump—no repairs yit. And his little girls ain't scart to death this year if they happen to chance on the playground.

"Well, I must hurry back, for I want plenty of time to tend to Wooley afore supper. Good day."

He spoke jocularly of Wooley's coming whipping, as if it were a sort of movable feast over which he would be glad to preside.

Jocelyn, finding that she had forgotten her dinner pail in the excitement of closing the schoolhouse after the czar's visit, started back, well knowing how intolerantly Old Lady Marle would regard a dinner-pailless return.

She was glad of George Wash's championship, but she could not help wondering if Fred Crownheim would blame her as his father had. And she feared that Annabell Hill might circulate an exaggerated report of the whipping.

The roadside elms cast deep shadows, for the short day was over, and the moon was rising. An insistent breeze fluttered the pale beeches about the deserted schoolhouse, and as she crossed the yard she was drawn to look in at one of the unshuttered windows.

At sight of the moonlight falling so softly on the empty desks in the silent room a sense of the needs of the school and her responsibility came over Jocelyn, and she pictured the children in an atmosphere of good will and courtesy to each other and obedience to her, till everything she had ever desired for this crude little school seemed sure of attainment.

It was as if she had come face to face with her ideal—that beautiful, abstract thing from which the real is so laboriously transmuted. And a serenity possessed her after the troubled anxiety of the past few hours. For teaching this school was her work, without which she would be dependent on others; and, with all its perplexing details and responsibilities, she loved the work.

Jocelyn Mays was about to turn from the window when she was startled to see some one enter the schoolroom. It was Fred Crownheim. He had forced the worn lock, and was putting a pile of books on the teacher's desk. And suddenly it seemed to her that the most

necessary thing in life was to explain to him about the whipping.

"I had to do it!" cried Jocelyn, without any other greeting, as she entered the schoolroom; and then she told him briefly about Theresa and the boys.

"I know—they needed it," responded Fred Crownheim; "but I'm sorry about father. I've just brought back Waldy's books. I saw you in the yard as I came down. Father'll feel better about it to-morrow."

"But Waldemar?"

"We couldn't get a word out of him. He's coming to school, of course, and he asked me to bring back the books; he's sorry. Annabell Hill told father, making it ten times worse than it really was."

Then Fred Crownheim closed the schoolhouse, and started home with Jocelyn down the angling country road, while the moon, slowly mounting, moved in silvery silence above them, and the October wind whispered mysteriously through the shocked corn that stood in dusky groups like dancers on a dim, vast dancing floor, tremulous with anticipation. And they went on, scarcely speaking, in that matchless intimacy of the young who find in each other's presence such perfect companionship.

"You need not go any farther with me; I'm not afraid," Jocelyn told Fred, when they came to Old Lady Marle's lane.

"Jocelyn, have you forgotten—when we used to be together?"

"No; but in all the time that has passed you have never once tried to see me—or even written—till I came here."

"But I have thought of you—always. I have been working for you. And I did start several letters. Then I thought you might not care—as I did—and I wasn't ready yet to make a home."

"But if it hadn't been for my happening to come to Twelve Corners, we might never have met again."

"Yes, we would. When I had land of my own I should have found you. And you didn't come here to teach by chance—it was meant to be this way."

"But Annabell—everybody says——"

"Oh, Annabell!" protested Fred Crownheim. "She just planned to marry me, as she planned to teach the Twelve Corners school. She's always doing things like that."

"I was happy with you that summer," relented Jocelyn; "but I have thought it all out. If you had really cared for me, you would have written, or made some effort to see me, long before I came here. But, anyway, I do appreciate your being so kind about your brother. But you needn't go any farther."

"But, Jocelyn, I want you for my wife! You will learn to care for me again. You're all alone——"

"I have decided," said Jocelyn. "Good-by."

And she left him, and went on down the lane, feeling as if she had refused life itself.

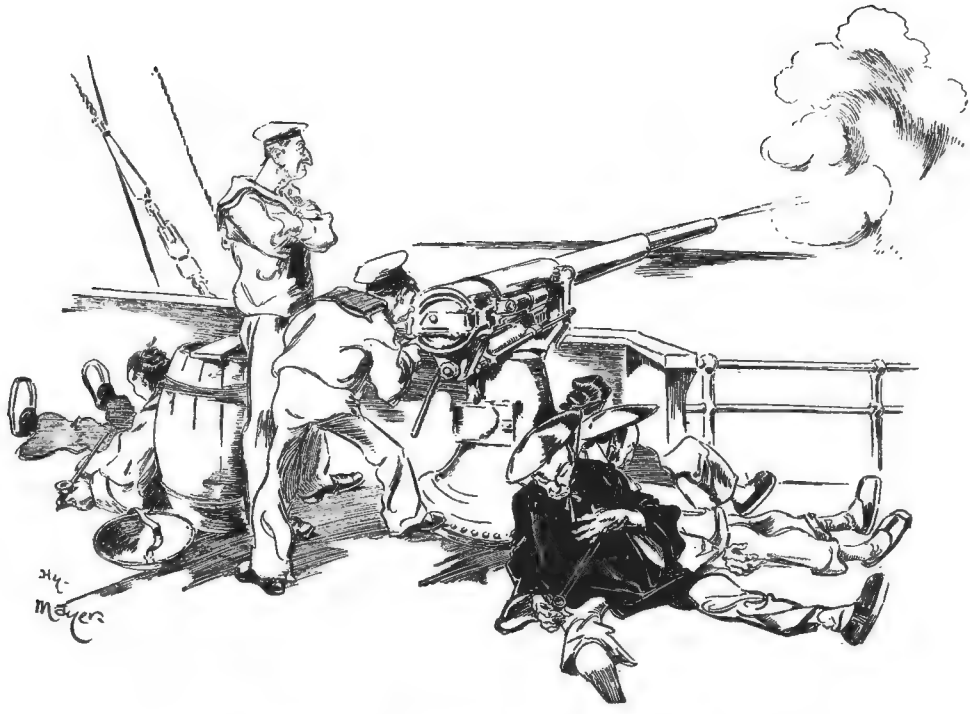
When she reached Mrs. Marle's cottage, Jocelyn could not bring herself to go in; but, overcome by a feeling that she did not entirely understand, she turned and ran swiftly back up the lane. Coming toward her through the fluttering mosaic of moonlight and leaves, she met Fred Crownheim.

"Jocelyn, we do belong to each other," he told her.

And as they walked on together, the night was as no other night had ever been before for them.

As they left the enchanted lane the door of Old Lady Marle's cottage opened, and a shrill voice accosted them: "If that's Fred Crownheim with you, Jocelyn, fetch him right in. Supper's been waitin' for hours."

But when Mrs. Marle saw their faces a smile of real benevolence softened her grim features, and she said heartily: "I knowed Jocelyn 'u'd suit you, Fred, but I never said nothin' about it. Forgot that dinner pail ag'in! Well, never mind for this once."



Perfidious China!

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. MAYER

WE was out of a job in far Shanghai,
Me and me Cousin Davy;
We was that flat bruck that we went and struck
For a berth in the Chinee navy.

'Twas the armored cruiser *Long Tom Pop*
On which we took indentures,
And we sailed under Admiral Whee Sing Wop
On our sordid sea adventures.

Now they all smoked *hop* on the *Long Tom Pop*
From morn till the set o' sun, sir;
So Dave and me was the only ones free
To fire off the sunset gun, sir.

We was good and tired o' the day we was hired;
For our wrongs did need avengin'—
It was us two whites had to fight all the fights,
Box compass, and run the engine.

When the admiral woke from his dream o' smoke,
He'd call up his crew so gooey
For a regular thrill of a chopstick drill
Round a barrel o' hot chop suey.

Now it chanced one day ('twas the fourth o' May)
We seen, by the West Arbutus,
The Japan fleet, all steady and neat,
A-pointin' ther guns to shoot us.

Cried Admiral Wop, "O ching li chop!"
(That meanin', "All hands to the cannon!")
But the crew lay drunk with smoke in ther bunk,
And the deck had nary a man on.

But me an' Dave, bein' sober and brave,
We says to that Chinee poodle,
"Just give *us* charge o' this darned old barge
And we'll wallop the whole keboodle!"

So the admiral said, "Ah li! go 'head!"
An order which made us glad, sir,
As we turned full steam on the porthole beam
And loaded the guns like mad, sir.

Ye'd be bored, no doubt, by a long-drawn-out
Tale o' how me an' Davy
Behaved that day—it suffices to say
That we licked that Japan navy.

Then them dopey chinks awoke with blinks,
Beholdin' the foe defeated.
They cried, "Tin tate!" (Which means, "We're great!")
Say, maybe they ain't conceited!

We touched next day in South Cathay
Where the populace waved glad mittens
And feasted the crew and the admiral, too,
At a banquet o' rice and kittens.

But to me and Dave they only gave
Such scraps as they was able.
Bein' quite forsook, we helped the cook
And et at second table.

They all got jags and waved bright flags
And yelled to the whole creation,
"Let the white man flee from the bold Chinee—
For we sure are some little old nation!"

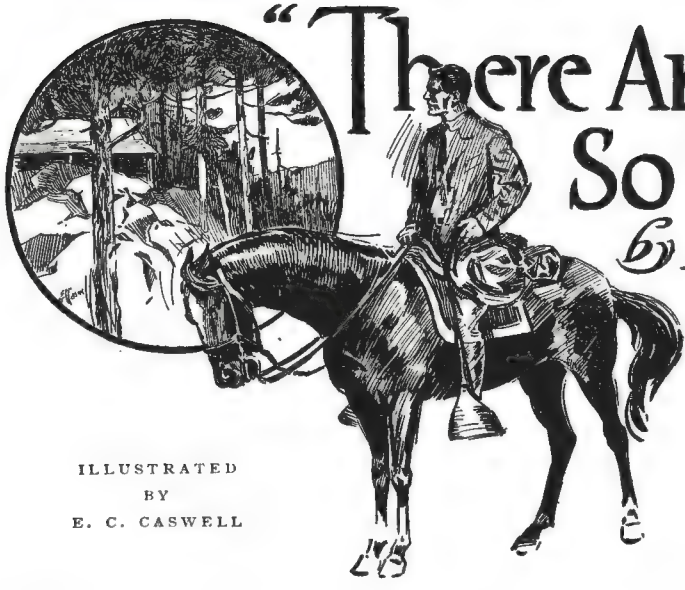
Then me an' Dave begun to rave
Like eagles losin' a feather;
And we grabbed each queue o' that yaller crew
And tied 'em all together.

Then we took the train for Portland, Maine,
Where we vowed, though the hard Fates bust us,
We'd work fer our pay in the U. S. A.,
And we've stuck to our vow, dad gust us!

"There Are None So Blind"—

By Alma Martin Estabrook

Author of "The Cure Time Sent," etc.



ILLUSTRATED BY E. C. CASWELL

POUF! Pouf! Pouf!" breathed one of the sleepers through loosely pursed lips; and the other, in the unceiled bedchamber, echoed with a fluctuant breath. A clock ticked from the wall, and a watch on a table near the bed replied fretfully, somewhat as the lighter slumberer echoed the fuller breath of the other.

An infinitude of isolation wrapped the place about. Gray dawn crept over the hulk of the Rockies, showing the cabin in its substantiality of honest foundation and hewn logs, the Frying Pan River slipping along at its feet.

"Pouf! Pouf! Pouf!" blew the loose lips. The half-petulant breath of the second sleeper made answer, while the clock ticked its staccato, and the watch seemed hurrying to catch up with it. Waves of silence lapped about the house. Poppies and moonshade, henbane and hemlock, might have been in the air, so soporific was it.

Then, without apparent reason, the second sleeper—a fine white bull terrier—came awake with a quivering breath, while his mistress slept on, a kimono, bizarre and incongruous there in the hills, swinging from a chair near the bed.

An instant later the reason for the dog's vigilance was plain; a horse's feet rang out sharply on the road! What traveler came by this unfrequented way at so unearthly an hour in the morning?

Scruff standing, the old terrier advanced toward the closed outer door of the chamber, while a great "pouf" brought to a startled finale the mistress' slumberous solo, and she sat up among her pillows, a blue-eyed woman, aged, and tight-skinned, and ruddy.

"Something wrong, Boss?" she demanded, and was out of bed on the instant, gathering her kimono about her and hurrying to the window.

The dog, his paws on the sill, fell into furious barking. And the traveler, looking back, saw them there, whereupon he swept off his hat as he rode on.

He was lean and gracile, with youth in the set of his shoulders and in the carriage of his head, and in the brown eyes that, meeting the morning merrily, held yet a certain grimness.

To have seen him you must have thought him just the man to set out with the day on any errand that he deemed of importance. Adventuring you would *not* have thought him, for an adventure is a thing of uncertain

issue, and that he could be in the slightest doubt as to the ultimate outcome of his journeying, you would not have believed, seeing his eyes and the squareness of his likable, ugly face.

"How *has* he found us?" gasped the little old woman at the window, and started at an impassioned trot toward the stairs, but changed her mind and came slowly back, like one too bewildered to take sane action, and began to dress, her keen old face quivering, and her hand shaking as she drew the comb through her hair.

"For Heaven's sake, Boss, what *is* the matter?" she demanded impatiently, as the dog continued to growl, and she crossed again to the window.

At the foot of the hill on which the cabin stood, the traveler had lifted down his pack. From it he took a spike of iron which he thrust deep into the earth; then he brought forth an immense umbrella with red-and-white stripes, which he set in the iron holder, and, buttoning down the sides, converted into the snuggest of tents. From the pack he produced a hammock, which he swung, and, after rigging up a sort of table for domestic uses, stood off to view the effect, when he evidently bethought him of the last accessory—a spick-and-span American flag, which he fastened to the tent pole.

At that the little old woman went tumbling up the stairs and made a tempestuous entrance into a room that might have been a slipper bazaar, and dropped, shaking with excitement, into a chair.

"Todd Rogers has followed us! *He has pitched his tent at the foot of the hill!*" she cried, with a tragic gesture toward the window.

A girl who was adjusting a crimson tie beneath the sailor collar of a wood-brown gown, turned from the mirror with a start, her eyes narrowing. Blue eyes they were, with a queer, veiled look that was like the gray-blue smoke of olive cuttings. The pink came into her cheeks and deepened to scarlet.

"For all the sense of nearness he'll feel, he might as well be on the other side of the Rockies," she said quietly, and, turning back to the glass, finished tying the crimson ribbon.

"He won't be so easy to dispose of," groaned her aunt miserably. "He isn't the kind of man to curl up catwise at the gates of his dreams. He wants to marry you, and he'll probably end in doing it."

"After what I saw?"

"He doesn't know you saw it. That's precisely the point. Besides, it's possible—as I've told you all along—that he can explain it. There may have been a reason——"

"Oh, nonsense, auntie! Is there *ever* but one reason why a man takes a woman in his arms—that he loves her?"

"That he's sorry for her," suggested old Frances Dittemore. "There has evidently been *something* between them. But, really, Elizabeth, Adam was probably the only man who had but one heart affair."

"Do you mean that all men make love with the nonchalance of animals?" the girl cried, eyes full of scorn.

"The average man's easy facility for fancying himself in love must, of necessity, land him in a good many awkward situations."

"If he *must* have affairs, the least he can do is to be honest about them."

"The least he can do is to hold them inviolate, my dear. There is some consideration due the other girl. I'm not saying he was right to keep it from you, I'm only saying——"

"You must write him at once and forbid him to set foot on the place. Tell him that I have nothing to say to him, and that nothing *he* can ever say again will be of the slightest interest to me," Elizabeth Harrowby declared, little russet-brown head high, blue eyes steady.

She had been betrothed to this traveler who thus impudently pitched his tent beneath their noses. They had been on the eve of marriage, when, entering the library of a friend at twilight, she had come upon him with another girl in his arms, a girl who was about to marry a man of wealth, much older than herself, to whom her

mother's ambition had plainly driven her. They were clinging to each other in what seemed to be the bitterness of renunciation, and Elizabeth had slipped away unobserved, and, going back to the hotel where she and her aunt were staying, had gathered that protesting little lady up and rushed her off with her to this isolate place in the hills, leaving behind an incoherent epistle that hinted at many things and revealed nothing, but that left no room for doubt as to her emphatic decision in regard to the future.

"Mm, and then?" queried her aunt.

"He'll go away, and we shall have peace."

"But—*shall* we, I wonder? They say it's easy enough to forget when you are young. I hope you'll find it so. I didn't."

"It's all so different, dear," the girl cried. "There was only a misunderstanding with you. There wasn't deceit. Deceit kills love outright. Love's gone, as completely as if it were buried like any dead thing. Let's go to breakfast."

"As if it were buried like any dead thing," Miss Dittemore repeated to herself, sealing the note to Todd Rogers an hour later. "The trouble is, we don't bury their belongings with the dead. We're always coming upon something that belonged to them—an open book, a walking stick in the corner, a bit of cigar ash in a vase. Something to bring them back. I wonder if she thought of that."

She went onto the porch and called to a young negress at work in the shed-like kitchen: "Send Galahad to me, Viney."

The negress came to the door and threw back her head, and the sound that left her throat was like a bird call. Head cocked, she waited, then called again, and this time a fainter bird call answered.

"He dun be right along," she said.

Drinking a cup of coffee made over a brisk camp fire, the freshness of the morning about him, the pines marching up the hill back of him, the river chuckling, the flag fluttering, Todd Rogers waited until a decent hour when he might present himself at the cabin up the trail.

As he waited, there crawled out of the thicket a curious object that looked like a great scarred-backed turtle. When, by cautious stages, it had reached him, however, removing the straw covering that had seemed to be its back, it appeared a modified edition of an astrakhan muff mounted on inadequate legs. Then he caught the gleam of the whites of solemn, childish eyes.

"By George, see who's here!" he laughed.

A large lump of embarrassment seemed to slip down the throat of the little darky and drop with a plump into cavernous regions below; one grubby hand thrust out a sadly crumpled envelope, and the ragged body revolved slowly to rightabouts, the big eyes remaining fixed on Rogers. And so, staring at him over his shoulder, and dragging the hat that had seemed to be his back, the child moved toward a rock against which he squatted on sun-baked heels.

As Rogers read Miss Dittemore's note, lines that had been scarcely noticeable in his face began to dominate it sharply. He glanced toward the cabin, and his eyes said: "You, too! I thought I had a friend in you!"

"Sorry to seem inhospitable, young man," he said to Galahad, tossing him a coin, "but I've got to be off."

Whereupon he took the trail in leaps that brought him to the cabin door, and to Miss Dittemore.

Considering the fact that at their last meeting he had kissed her forehead, and she had called him her "dear boy," it was natural that a painful constraint should show itself in the manner of each.

"What on earth's all this rumpus about, anyhow?" he cried bewilderedly. "Where's Elizabeth?"

"Gone to gather sumac."

"By which trail? You won't tell me? Then I'll find it," he defied her, turning at the foot of the steps to look back at

"How have things got into such a thundering mess?"

her, his boyish face full of injury. "D'ye call this playing fair, Miss Dittemore?"

"The tangle is of your own making, Todd," she answered, shaken by a little gust of anger at him—anger tempered by her unquestionable liking for him.

He came upon Elizabeth in a thicket of sumac, the old dog stretched in the shade near by. She stood for an instant, stiffening, her sunburned face going white, then she whistled to the dog, and moved swiftly toward the trail, but he scrambled up over the rocks and blocked the way.

"Now see here, what's the matter?" he asked, his voice breaking in spite of him. "How have things got into such a thundering mess?"

"They always get that way when they're founded on deception," she replied stingingly, and tried to pass, but he blocked the way so solidly that,

realizing anew how large was his combativeness and all his ways of direction, she stood quite still, the sumac quivering in her arms.

"It's no good talking," she said. "Words don't fit the case at all."

"As if anything could be beyond words between you and me," he cried, his lips losing their sharpened edge, and smiling with almost their old charm; "anything but our love itself—which never can be told."

"Oh, love!" she breathed, a little wildly, and stood back from him, wide-eyed and mutinous, lest his arms should clasp her, the arms in whose shelter she had rested with such security.

"Would I have followed you halfway across the continent, after that letter, if I hadn't loved you?"

"You're like a retriever—you want to bring back what you go after. It's your habit."

The color singed his face from chin to line of close-cropped hair.

"You *know* I love you. You're furious with me about something I can't understand. This talk of another girl—of Robina Vaughn—is *that* what's wrong? The fact it, I—er—I've been wanting to tell you something, but it didn't seem quite the square thing to do—the right thing to her, you understand."

"You needn't outrage your conscience now," she interrupted, in the most lifeless little voice in the world. "It's entirely too late."

"You don't think I—love——"

"I don't think anything at all, because I don't care anything at all."

"I've become as hateful as that to you?"

"You've become of no concern to me," she answered, and signaled to the dog.

"By the Lord Harry, it's a queer sort of love you had for me!" he breathed profoundly. "To go out like a candle at the first mischievous breeze. It's not my kind of love, I can tell you. My kind thrives on resistance. You can't kill it. *There's no die to it.* Just remember that, will you? It lasts as long as the breath in the body—longer, I've always liked to think."

"And it can spend itself as easily on one girl as on another." Her eyes flashed.

"As for giving you up," he went on, with a stubborn tightening of the muscles of his jaw, "I've no more notion of doing that than that rock over there has of giving up the pine that's growing in its cleft. It's begun to grow there, and there it's got to go on growing, no matter how scrabbly it finds the handful of transplanted earth. D'ye see?"

Old tendernesses, old stubbornnesses, old whimsical understandings came rushing over her at his tone. She remembered the whirlwind of his wooing, and the perfection of their betrothal days, and all the queer, dear ways of him, and her little sunburned face, so made for happiness, went whiter, and the hammering of her heart shook her. But on the instant she saw him again with Robina Vaughn in his arms, and all the old tendernesses and the old stubbornnesses, and the queer, dear ways of him were forgotten.

"The *ineluctable* Mr. Rogers!" she mocked.

"Heaven meant you for me, and I'm going to have you!" he cried.

"You've mistaken your Echo, Narcissus," she exclaimed dryly; and went down the trail, leaving him standing bareheaded in the sweep of morning sunshine.

II.

A curious sound wakened her the next morning—a cicadalike mumble, the mechanical repetition of an uncomprehending voice. She sat up quickly, listening.

"Mistah Rogers, he say he *nevah* lub but one girl. Say he nevah 'tend to lub but one girl, an' he gwine lub her till she jess 'bleeged to lub him."

She slipped from bed and threw wide the door into the hall, but the hall was empty. Neither was there any one visible from her window—no one except Todd Rogers, cooking his breakfast and whistling as he worked.

For an hour the afternoon before, he and Galahad had sat side by side on the river bank, shying stones into the water, and becoming very good friends, but that he should have taught the child this doggerel seemed unthinkable.

"He say he ain't *nevah* lub but one girl. Say he nevah——"

She made a dash for the window, and, leaning far out, discovered Galahad sitting in the low eaves of the porch, his legs cautiously wrapping the waterspout, the tails of his solemn eyes trained on the window. He disappeared the instant she looked out.

"You won't let Todd come near you, so he has to employ what means he can to remind you of his fidelity," chuckled Miss Dittemore, when she heard. "It gets plainer and plainer to me that he once thought himself enamored of this Vaughn girl, but discovered when you came, perhaps, that it wasn't love. Then he got out of it with what credit he could to himself, but naturally his self-respect wasn't heightened, and that fact, and his sense of what was due her, kept him from telling you about it. He adores you, Bettie darling, and you may as well stop fighting and give in." And having thus delivered herself, she went off for a walk with the dog.

"The wind blew this against my skirts," she explained excitedly, returning an hour later. "It's as if fate had carried it straight to me. It's—it's about Robina Vaughn. I mean it's *to* her—the copy of a night letter Todd Rogers evidently sent her. It was all crumpled up as if he'd discarded it, you see. It tells her that she must break her engagement, and have an uncle who has been against it all along, it seems, bring her here—*here!* He says the way is open to happiness now, and begs her to leave everything to him! And I—I'd have sworn by him to the end of time!"

Elizabeth did not speak. She was lying in a hammock at the end of the porch, reading. The book lifted like a rampart between her and the rest of the world.

That afternoon Miss Dittemore, who had been restless and irritable all day, wandered between the sheer walls of a cañon whose ribbon of water joined the Frying Pan River below Rogers' tent. It was almost another world there, a world that suggested an exquisite miniature of the one she had left. Here verdure was refined from scrub oak to moss, bowlders to pebbles, dazzling sunlight to a mauve veil, the persistent smell of mountain woods to the evanescent odors of lichens sprayed by ice-cold water.

She stopped at last and, sitting down, leaned her head against the rock back of her, and began to think how she had been deceived in Todd Rogers. Presently the quiet and the coolness soothed her into temporary calm, and she fell asleep.

She must have slept an hour or more, for although the sun was still shining against the top of the cañon walls when she awoke, there was a foreign sort of chill in the air that she could explain in no other way than as the chill of evening. Then, sudden dim rumblings arrested her attention. They ceased after a moment, and into the accentuated hush there crept a sound that was all-pervasive, as if it were brewing at the bottom of each separate pore of the earth.

She started at a dogtrot down the cañon. Halfway to the mouth, she met Todd Rogers, running like a deer.

"Cloudburst," he shouted. "Knew you were here. Give me your hand, and we'll run for it."

"I can get along very well without help," she declared coldly.

He caught sharply at her arm, "That's the talk of a child," he said impatiently. "Every second counts."

A tremor seemed to traverse the granite walls of the cañon. The all-pervading roar had gained a living, personal ominousness. Her heart began to do strange things in her breast, and she stopped and faced him with a quivering little laugh:

"I can't make it. I'm not what I once was for speed. Go on without me."

He stooped and was just gathering her into his arms when a wedge of water suddenly shot out behind them against the opposite wall, was thrown

back on itself in a whirl of spray, reeled an instant from the force of its own blow, then came hurtling down toward them, a white, woolly wall, with a dirty brown one of débris superimposed upon it. She felt him seize her and toss her into the air, and instinctively her hands caught at the granite gargoyle above, a ledge jutting from the sheer wall against which she pressed. She grasped it, and, drawing herself up, turned to reach down to him.

At just that instant the water caught him.

When the first terrific impact of the flood was over, she uncovered her eyes with a moan and looked below; but she did not see that for which she so poignantly searched. Heaven only knew how she pulled herself up over the rocks. As fast as her strength would let her, she sped toward the spot where the cañon opened to the Frying Pan.

Instinctively her hands caught at the granite gargoyle above.

On the rough edge of an erosion where the flood had flung him, Todd Rogers was just picking himself dazedly up.

"I'm all right," he gasped, when she reached him. "Winded. That's all."

"Don't try to talk," she said, her arm about his shoulders; and they stood for a moment in silence, the water dripping from them. Then arm in arm, and still silent, they went home together.

"You'll come in with me and let Viney take care of you," she said with decision, as they approached the cabin.

"No, thanks. I'm all right. I don't need anything," he replied.

A poignant embarrassment was upon her.

"I didn't deserve to be saved, I'm afraid," she said, her teeth chattering. "Don't think I undervalue the risk you took."

He pushed her gently through the gate.

"Get them to put you straight to bed," he urged.

"How am I to show him that I'm really grateful?" she groaned, toward twilight, as she lay, warm, and soothed, and quiet, Elizabeth sitting beside her. "He saved my life, you know."

"You might have Viney make the wedding cake," Elizabeth suggested steadily enough.

"You don't think they expect to be married up here, do you?" in startled surprise.

"Why should he have sent for her otherwise?"

"At that tent down there—*under our noses?*"

"Or at the Rustic."

The Rustic was a lodge three miles up the mountain.

Miss Dittemore turned her hand on the coverlet and studied it in silence for some seconds. When she spoke, it was with apparent irrelevance: "I noticed a branch of frost-touched kinnikinnick to-day. I don't want the cold weather to catch us here. What would you say to going down Saturday?"

"As well one day as another."

"Then we'll say Saturday," the little old woman declared, her keen eyes trying desperately to read beneath the bravado of her niece's face.

That was on Wednesday. On Thursday Todd Rogers took Galahad to a circus at a neighboring town. On Thursday night Viney came and beat softly on Elizabeth's door.

"Mistah Rogers he 'fraid Galahad's gwine hab de tom-and poison," she announced miserably.

"The *what?*" Elizabeth cried.

"De tom-and, but he knows jess what to do fuh him, he says."

"If it's as serious as ptomaine poisoning, we'll need a doctor. I'll come right down," Elizabeth said.

Rogers came out to her, and they talked together in the soft dark outside the shack.

"Viney oughtn't to have called you," he exclaimed, in annoyance. "Poor little devil! It's tough luck, finishing off such a bully day like this. No, there's nothing you can do. I'm going to send Viney to bed. Oh, no, we don't need a doctor. He's better now. A lot. If anything should come up, I'll have Viney call you."

"He belongs to us," she said, the same acute embarrassment over her that had weighed on her aunt the day before. "Why should we let you take over the care of him like this?"

"Because it's my fault. I ought to have taken better care of him. Run along to bed and to sleep, and don't you worry about us."

She went reluctantly. To sleep is not always easy, however. The lights of the servants' shack tantalized her as they danced like faint stars at her window, and even after she had sprung up and drawn the blinds, she could still see them, with her mind's eye, and Todd Rogers, moving quietly back and forth, doing things for the child with a skill and gentleness that had amazed her.

Some time toward morning, after a fitful nap, she wakened and could not sleep again. Was Galahad worse? Had a sense of his danger wakened her? She got out of bed and put on a kimono, and a long coat and slippers, and went down through the house, moving softly not to waken her aunt, who still suffered from the nervous shock of the cloudburst.

When she came to the living room, the dog insisted on accompanying her, but she shut him in, fearing that he might disturb Galahad. Outside the shack she paused for an instant, looking in. Only one candle now burned, its flame bending in the breeze. Rogers sat beside the bed, his eyes closed, one hand covering the child's. A big-faced clock near the candle said four o'clock. As she stood, hesitant, Galahad stirred and began to mutter, and Rogers' eyes came open on the second, and he bent over the little boy soothingly.

She had thought that she knew the familiar voice in all its intonations, jaunty, and buoyant, and confident, and appealing, but this tender, patient softness, this quality in it that stirred her unaccountably, this was new to her, a revelation that troubled her vaguely and without reason.

She turned and went hastily to the house, but she did not enter. Merely she opened the front door and said softly: "Come out, and be quiet."

And the old dog, yawning, came and stood beside her as she sat down on the porch steps.

She knew the night world of the hills —had known it from childhood—but this preludium of morning was strange to her, and she looked upon it as upon something unreal. She felt its awe and thrill, and unconsciously pressed closer to her side the warm, breathing body of the dog; and the two, in their motionlessness, became a part of the night itself.

Her heart was like a stretch of coast against which the sea of the hour's charm broke and pounded. Yet she realized that the sea was not made alone of the beauty of the morning, but also of a sense of the fineness of Todd Rogers' bravery, and of his tenderness.

The dog stood patient beneath her arm. After a while he dropped to his haunches, and, tiring at last even of that, and seeing that she still sat, wide-eyed and motionless, he lay flat beside her, his nose touching her knee.

Suddenly he felt something that made him lift his nose to the sky, thinking that it rained. The stars blinked at him, and over the rim of the world the red light of the sun began to creep. Puzzled, he turned to his companion.

As he did so, she threw out her arms, and stretched herself along the step, like a child, lying face buried, and very still. He put his soft muzzle against her shoulders, and found them shaking. He whined, but she did not notice him.

So he stood, waiting, keeping guard.

III.

Miss Dittemore, rocking somnolently at the corner of the porch the next morning, the sunlight on her knitting needles, and on the silver beads of the little bag she was making, saw the station hack come slowly up the road and stop a moment at the tent, then proceed slowly up the hill toward her gate.

An instant later a pugnacious little man in a dust coat came briskly up the path. In the hack a dark-haired girl, vivid and glowing like a bright-petaled flower, leaned eagerly forward and followed him with her anxious gaze.

"Can you tell me if Mr. Todd Rogers lives in the tent below?" he inquired, and went on to explain that it was most important that they find him as soon as possible. They had arrived in response to his summons, and their plans must remain in abeyance until they had seen him.

"You are very welcome to my porch, or to my house, if you wish to wait for him," Miss Dittemore said politely, conscious of the grim irony of the situation.

"Oh, no, thank you," the bellicose little gentleman returned. "We will get along to the Rustic. But if I might venture to ask so large a favor of a stranger——"

"A message? I will deliver it myself," she said.

After further polite protestations, it was thus arranged; and the hack went on up the hill, the disturbed quiet of that vast land of quiet settling again about the cabin. Into it there presently crept:

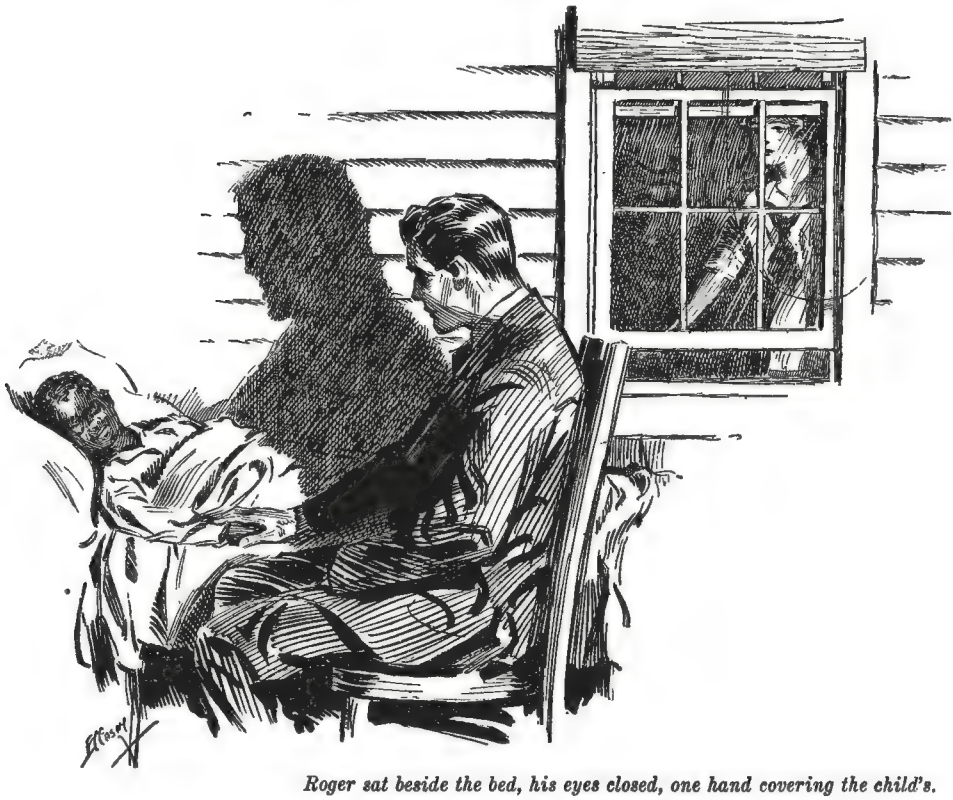
"Mistah Rogers, he say he *nevah* lub but one girl. Say he nevah *'tend*——"

Miss Dittemore leaned swiftly forward, and, catching up a much-chewed ball, tossed it with indifferent aim at the small black figure squatting in the shack door.

"Stop that this instant!" she commanded. "And don't let me ever hear it again, at the risk of your wretched little neck. Oh, leave the ball alone, Boss. Nobody's playing *this* morning."

Ten minutes later, she saw Rogers return to the tent, and, rising, she went resolutely down the trail.

"You will be glad to know that Miss



Roger sat beside the bed, his eyes closed, one hand covering the child's.

Vaughn and her uncle are here," she said. "They intrusted me with the announcement of the news. You are to find them at the Rustic."

She was looking straight into his brown eyes, and she saw them gladden exultantly, while a flush of excitement ran over his face.

"They've come!" he shouted, and clapped the saddle back on his horse. Every movement told her how feverish he was to be off.

"I'm pretty keen to get up there," he apologized. "You'll excuse me, I guess," and he was off like a streak up the white road.

At noon a clerical-looking person rode by on a calico pony.

"The minister!" gasped Miss Dittemore. "I must say they're losing no time."

Just after lunch Rogers came down the hill at full gallop, threw himself out of the saddle, and rushed off into the pines, only to return with arms full of boughs and branches.

"They are going to be married right there!" Miss Dittemore groaned. "It's the most impudent thing I ever heard of in all my life! The diabolical cruelty of a man to a girl who has rejected him! Only a really devilish mind could have planned it. But at least she shan't be here to witness the thing."

"My dear," she suggested a moment later, putting her head in at Elizabeth's door. "Do let Viney finish the packing, and you run up the trail and get me some pine needles. I've just remembered that I promised some for a pillow."

Elizabeth, emerging from a trunk in which she was half buried, sat back on her heels and brushed a tendril of disordered hair from her eyes.

"I'm tired of packing," she admitted. "I think I will go."

"You brave, gallant little thing!" her

aunt's eyes said passionately. Aloud she merely observed: "You needn't hurry back. We won't have dinner till late."

All the little flags fluttered merrily among the green boughs of the tent, and the red pillow bloomed like a scarlet poppy in the sun, and the hammock shook its gay fringes, and out of the tent, projected as if by his own ardency, came Todd Rogers, freshly shaven, and in the clothes of civilization, and took the trail to the cabin, in boyish leaps.

Miss Dittemore, making a fussy excursion to the window, saw him and fled, leaving the empty porch and hall to echo to his summons.

Presently, at his imperative knocking, Viney appeared.

"Where is Miss Harrowby?" he jerked out eagerly; "or Miss Dittemore? I must see one of them at once."

"Miss Dittemore was heah a while ago," Viney explained, unaware of that excited little lady's nose at the slit in the dressing-room door. "Miss Bettie she dun gwine up de trail back ob de house."

He waited for nothing more. Up the trail back of the house he also went.

Elizabeth was sitting at the crest of a far-away hill, her back to him. The wind was wheeling about her in a kind of drunken orgy, doing wild things to her hair, and stirring up all kinds of noises—the crackle of yellow grasses, and the sighing of dead branches in the lean, half-starved trees, and the shrill of a bird with ruffled feathers; so that she did not hear him until he was there in front of her, breathless, but with something in his face that made her gasp a little inwardly.

"Dead spent," he groaned smilingly. "Get my breath and then we'll talk, or, rather, I'll do a little talking on my own account."

"Do you expect me to listen to anything you have to say?" she cried, springing up.

"I expect you to listen to *all* I have to say. Sit down. It will take time."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. I wonder you can even look at me——"

"Why, my dear, I can look at no one else!" he exclaimed, his eyes caressing her.

"You can say this to me, after——" She fairly choked with indignation.

"I'll say it to you as long as I've the breath to say it."

"What are you trying to do?"

"I'm trying to marry you, darling. Isn't that what I've been trying to do for weeks? Sit down—for Heaven's sake, *sit down!*—and listen."

"What is there to hear, after all I've *seen?*"

"Seen? You've seen nothing, you precious little bat. That's the point exactly—you wouldn't see. Of course, Robina Vaughn didn't care for the man she was engaged to marry, but equally of course——"

"What on earth do you think I am that I have to be told this?" she cut in furiously.

"I think you're a plain fool, Elizabeth, a blessed, adorable little idiot. That's what I think you are, or you'd have known—— My lord, imagine me caring for any other girl in the world when you had given me the right to care for you! There, that's right," as she sank limply to a rock, her hands in her lap. "Now I'll tell you everything as calmly as I can for wanting to kiss you. Robina was utterly miserable over this engagement of hers, because she happened to be head over heels in love with another fellow—— Now, now, *not* me, I tell you! Art Rogers was the man. You don't know Art, I guess. He's a cousin of mine, and a minister, and as poor as they usually are in the beginning. He didn't suit Robina's mother at all. But he suited Robina to a T. One day in the Atherton library she broke down and cried on my shoulder—we've been friends ever since we were kids together—and told me she thought she'd die if she had to give Art up. And I told her if I could help, she wouldn't have to. I wanted to tell you about it right then, but it wasn't my story, you see, and she made me swear I'd never tell a soul on earth. So I kept still, and got busy. See?"

"Go on."

"You bet! The rest is the part I'm

tickled to tell. When I got up here, who should I find but Art, on a hunting trip with two or three other fellows. We talked things over, and I made him see 'em as they are. Finally he let me take things in my own hands, and I sent a night message to her that night, asking her to come, and I guess you know she's here! They're to be married at my place at six-thirty, and leave by the Eastern train an hour later. They don't know how nearly their happiness came to costing me mine."

Elizabeth did not speak.

"So now," he continued briskly, "we'd better go down and get ready. You'll need a little time, I suppose."

"Ready for what?" she asked.

"The wedding—Art's wedding. *Your* wedding. *My* wedding." For all its gay banter, his voice shook a little.

"What nonsense! You seem to have forgotten——"

"I don't think I've forgotten anything," he interrupted modestly, touching his pocket. "If it's a license you mean, I brought that with me when I came into the hills. I expected to find use for it. Bettie, darling, look at me."

She continued to sit gazing out over the cañon below. A final flood of color was over her alluring little tanned face.

"Smile!" he begged. "Smile at me, dear!"

She did not smile—the soft, red lips were too wildly quivering. She stood up, slim, and straight, and sweet, and held out her hands to him.

"A plain fool," she whispered. "You're right!"

He took her in his arms and held her close, and the wind, wheeling about them, blew her hair in shadows across his eyes, and fluttered her skirt about his knees, and the yellow grasses crackled, and the lean trees sighed, and autumn was over the hills, but the May of youth and of love was in their hearts, and he laughed his old, teasing, caressing laugh, and tipped her face, and looked deep into the gray-blue eyes with that veiled look that made one think of the smoke of olive cuttings, and said:

"After all, we needn't be in such a devil of a hurry. It's a long time till six-thirty."

When they went home together, the western sky had gathered all the light of the heavens and held it, rose, and apricot, and gold. Dusk was in the pines. Under the shadows of the mountains the river slipped, silvery and rapid. A long, white trail of smoke arose from a camp fire off down the road. Birds were flying home, and the wind was still.

So, also, were they, walking home together, walking close. The twisting, gray road lay before them. To the crest of the hill the cabin clung. On the pole of the tent the flag hung like a shred of color caught from the western sky. The minister walked beside the river with Miss Dittemore and Robina Vaughn's uncle. A little apart Robina stood with the man she loved. Against the striped canvas of the tent Galahad squatted.

"Listen!" Todd Rogers laughed, looking into the eyes that laughed back at him.

"*He* says he ain't *nevah* lub but one girl. Say he ain't nevah *'tend* to lub but one girl. An' he gwine lub her till she jess *'bleeged* to lub him!" chanted the child unconsciously, his piping voice, already touched with the mellow softness of his race, giving the message forth melodiously to the gathering twilight.

DEEP UNTO DEEP

by Anne O'Hagan

Author of
"The Awakening of Romola," "Honoria's Reward," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. A. FURMAN

LOST in the mists of the beginning of things was the memory of Cornelius O'Dowd's settlement of the plot that was once O'Dowd's Hill, but that a more grandiose generation knew as Edgemere Heights. Doubtless in the local registry of deeds the terms of the transaction lay yellowing, but none of the world that whirled past O'Dowd's old cottage in the trolley cars, or glimpsed it from the macadam road over which the automobiles tore, or looked up to it from the noisy motor boats on the river, knew anything of them. It only wondered, according to its kind, that so humble a dwelling was allowed to spoil the fresh-varnished appearance of the prosperous suburb, or that so finely mellowed a bit of the ancient order of things had been spared to the garish new.

Perhaps Nora O'Dowd still remembered the days, more than forty years gone, when she and Cornelius were young and lately wed, and when the cottage arose, stone by stone, shingle by shingle, on the hillside; when the cow was pastured where now the boys and girls of Edgemere Heights played tennis on bright afternoons; and when the grunting of her pig and the clacking of her chickens kept her company while "himself" was away at work. Certainly she sometimes harked back in her recollections far enough to say to Neill, her youngest son, that if only his father had been guided by her advice in land dealings twenty-five years past, he—Neill—would now be as rich "as the best of thim." But, as it was, there remained to the O'Dowds only the cottage and two small patches of land—a front yard where, against the silvery shingles, the swift seasons were marked off by a few gnarled lilac bushes, an ancient cherry tree, and Nora's crocuses, her cinnamon roses, her hollyhocks, and her ragged chrysanthemums; and a back yard, the size of a tablecloth, where her vegetables mysteriously managed to survive her chickens—and it was impossible to regard Neill as in any worldly sense the peer of the dwellers in the varnished villas.

Neill was twenty-two, youngest of them all, last of them all, the late-come baby whom middle-aged Nora had spoiled as she had not spoiled the children of her youth. Last of them all! Cornelius had died while the boy was still a handsome, trouble-seeking, trouble-brewing urchin in knickerbockers; and the other boy and the girl who had once tumbled among the hollyhocks had gone the way of children—one to be forever remembered as a bright blossom laid tenderly away in the dark, and one grown to womanhood and making

Lizzie Kiley, bent over with rheumatism, hobbled out of her granddaughter's house, and joined Nora.

a new, distant, even hostile, world for herself. And for many years now Nora and Neill had dwelt alone in the silvery-shingled cottage, upon which the imposing colonial and Tudor and Spanish houses of Edgemere Heights stared superciliously from their windows.

Nora took little heed of the quality of any stares except in so far as they were bent upon Neill. Sturdily she maintained to herself that the only difference between him and the young men—dapper and prosperous—who lorded it in the various architectural examples of the Heights, was that their sires had not made shortsighted bargains in land twenty-five years before. Her boy, but for his father's folly, would be driving his own automobile, like young Mr. Parry, from the cream-colored stucco with the red-tiled roof; or would be a white-flanneled elegant on the tennis courts Saturday afternoons, like young Mr. Lewis, from the late-Georgian red brick; or would be president of the golf club, like Mr. Bowser, from the hybrid stone-and-timber mansion among the scrub oaks.

Neill, in the meantime, seemed profoundly unaware of the existence of any other social circle than his own. It fretted his mother that he should be so blind, and even more that such society as he kept was not so high as that which his father before him had had. Old Cornelius had consorted with the masons and the carpenters, the blacksmiths and the small grocers of the Hollow—the village that had existed before the era of the suburb, but that had taken on a new prosperity, an unexpected enlargement, though no new distinction, with the growth of Edgemere Heights. Neill affiliated by choice with the Hollow's young idlers, loungers, semirowdies. His mother, intuitively wise with the wisdom of women, knew it; intuitively foolish with the folly of mothers, protested constantly, futilely—"naggin' the life out of a feller," as Neill put it.

From Edgemere Heights the favored inhabitants may see the mighty city across the mighty river, may mark the progress of great steamers, may watch the homeward-bound ferries swing out of their New York slips and churn their

way toward the home docks, hidden beneath the cliffs on whose crest the suburb stands. From the O'Dowd cottage the view is, perhaps, the finest of all.

Old Nora, moving about her tasks in the yard and the vegetable garden, used often to straighten her bent, shapeless figure and look across the water. It was the habit of a lifetime—she had been wont to do it nearly half a century ago, when, instead of the glare of stone and brick walls beyond the dividing stream, her eyes had encountered rough cliffs to match her own, and beyond them stretches green or bare; and at evening, in the old times, she had been wont to watch the red and green lights of the ferry that brought Cornelius home, rough and tired and grimy, with his empty lunch pail in his hand.

Sometimes now, if she "let herself go" for an instant, she had the confused sense that she was still waiting for Cornelius; but, rousing, she would remember that it was for Neill—Neill, her baby, the only one left her; Neill, her handsome, swaggering son, from whom she adoringly bore neglect such as she would never have borne from her husband had that kind, easy-going soul ever dreamed of inflicting it upon her.

Cornelius had never kept her eyes straining into the darkness, or the supper "cookin' to flinders" on the range; never for Cornelius had she watched, unrewarded, the daylight leave the opposite shore, and the soft, enveloping dusk wrap the river, fold on fold, and the moon ride slowly up from the horizon to whiten all the scene. Not for him had she risen between broken snatches of sleep to look from her window at the spangle and glitter of night lights across the water, and at the sky, pale with the upcast reflection of all the city's white garishness. But for Neill her vigils were many and their recompense slight, unless she counted as recompense the sudden loosening of her heartstrings at first sight of him swaggering loose-jointedly in through the little wicket gate, the cessation of gnawing fear, the jubilation that he was still hers, still "came home" to her and to the cottage.

She questioned him and scolded him, of course, and he answered surlily or violently as his mood might be. But her old heart always sang as she made her creaking way back to bed—he was still hers! Wherever he had been, whatever he had been doing, no other woman had taken him from her yet. No matter if each week he spent less and less time at home, gave her less and less of his wages—he was still hers.

And then, one late winter Sunday morning, as she went to mass at the old church in the Hollow, a lifelong crony struck at the frail bubble of her happiness. Lizzie Riley, bent over with rheumatism, hobbled out of her granddaughter's house, and joined Nora. They gave each other greeting after the old-country formula they had been wont to hear sixty years before. "God save you," said Nora. "God save you kindly," answered Lizzie. And they fell into slow step together, and exchanged their bits of news.

Suddenly there flashed across their path a figure unfamiliar to Nora—a girl bold and lissome, black-browed, with tiny waist and swaying hips, with a red, mocking smile and daring eyes. Nora, the virtuous matron, was outraged.

"An' where did that throllop come from, to be insultin' the eyes of dacint people of a Sunda' mornin'?" she demanded of her friend.

Lizzie, living in the Hollow, would know more of its inhabitants than she up on the Heights. Her manner rather implied a rebuke to Lizzie for such a presence within a few rods of the church on the bright, mild February morning.

Lizzie laughed unpleasantly. The sound warned Nora at once to be on the defensive.

"She's a daughter of that Eyetalian girrul that Pat Desmond married, goin' on twinty years back; ye'll remember old Tony that kept the fruit stand on Masonic Block?" answered Lizzie. "'Twas his girrul Pat married; an', be the same token, this limb is their daughter."

"But Pat's dead this long time gone,"

said Nora stupidly, struggling against a sense of impending disaster.

"Sure an' he is, God rist him! Fifteen years come Christmas Day. If he had lived it's a diff'rint bringin' up the girrul would have had, an' she'd not be what she is to-day. But he died, as ye say, an' the mother married again—another Eyetalian this time. He was bad to the girrul as a little thing—sure, 'twas himsilf likely knew what diviltry was in her betther than those that did be makin' outcry about the way he treated her. Though thrue it was that he give her the terrible b'atin's—an' her little more than a baby, ye might say. Och, he was an ould divil wid the child, an' that's the truth of it, especially afther the mother died. Till at last she run away from it all—to what, ye can see for yersilf. But, Nora, woman"—Lizzie's tone became maliciously conversational—"do I have to be tellin' ye all this, an' her an' Neill the talk of the Hollow?"

St. Michel's bell struck an imperative final summons. They were at the church gate. Nora stopped short, suddenly stricken.

"What's that ye're tellin' me?" she demanded belligerently; but there was fright in her defiant voice, as the keen ears of old Lizzie noted. Lizzie had an ancient grudge against her friend—had not Cornelius preferred her nearly fifty years ago? The smoldering, half-understood, half-forgotten resentment of a lifetime was paid off as she answered:

"It's not the story to be tellin' at the church door. But—well, ye've seen her. An', though ye're his mother, ye must know Neill. What would ye say of thim two together? But don't ye be worryin', Nora, woman. He'll niver bring her home to ye for yer daughter! She'll have naught to do wid marryin'—not she! Naught to do wid cl'anin' an' cookin' an' carin' for a man an' his childer! She'll only spind his money an' ruin his soul, an' look for the nixt young fool when all's over wid wan."

In the voice of the bent, crippled, old dame was the rancor of the whole race of men's patient wives toward men's light of loves, of all Penelopes against all Circes. But Nora heard only what concerned herself and her son.

"I'll not belave ye!" she cried, half clinging to an iron post of the fence. Late comers, hurrying to reach mass before the end of the first gospel had robbed their coming of its worth, looked curiously at the two old women, so absorbed in their talk that they had no glance for friends. "I'll not belave ye!" cried old Nora again.

"Sure, an' ye can pl'ase yersilf about that," answered Lizzie, elaborately light. "But come, woman, come! It's time we were in an' on our knees."

Mechanically Nora went through the form of her devotions. Deaf, she turned an attentive face toward the sermon. All her soul, all her faculties were swamped in heartbreaking jealousy, in the proudly decent woman's hot resentment of outrage. This, then, was where his time, his money, his consideration were all spent—upon the village wanton. And all the way back to the Heights the bold, bright figure seemed to flash and sway before her, deriding her, defying her.

The gift of silence was not Nora's. As she sat alone in the Sunday spotlessness of the cottage, awaiting her son, a bitter torrent of reproaches, of commands, swelled behind her tight-pressed lips. She sat there through the lonely twilight, on into the darkness, through half the night. With each hour of her vigil the dammed-up flood grew, and when, long after midnight, she unbarred the door to the slouching figure of the boy, there was a fierce relief in the storm of abuse and scorn she poured upon him.

He started at the first mention of the girl—the "Eyetalian hussy" his mother named her, ignoring Pat Desmond's part in her. And the look in his eyes was menacing.

"Aw, shut yer mouth!" he said brutally.

He brushed by her, and went to the refrigerator, cursing the darkness that caused him to collide with a door. She followed, still abusive, but whipping her anger now rather than dominated by it.

"See here," he said, with an ugly oath, "you let up on that, or it'll be worse for you!"

He towered above her in the dim-lit pantry, threatening her with lifted hand. Even in the half darkness she could see the flash in his eyes. But there was no coward's blood in her veins.

"Ye would, would ye?" she cried bitterly, tauntingly. "Ye'd sthrike yer mother for the like of that——"

"Get you away from here before I do you harm!"

He seized her by the shoulders, and swung her around. He pushed her, struggling, before him into the dining room; he closed the door upon her and her breathless tempest of words, and before she could regain panting strength to assail him again, she heard the kitchen door slam upon his departure.

That night was the beginning of a new period for Nora. The utter failure of her attack to help her own cause taught her no wisdom. She could not school her lips to silence, her heart to patience. Though she might tell herself, in the long hours when Neill was away from her, that she had only to wait quietly, and time would toss him back to her, that prospect did not satisfy her craving or her pride. No sooner did he appear at home than the foolish, futile words would come. Usually they were abusive; usually they flayed the girl with coarse epithets. They threatened Neill with punishment as if he were still a child. Only once had she broken into entreaty, only once had she instanced her love, her loneliness, her long life of devotion, as reason for his obedience.

"It's not so long I'll be wid ye now, Neill, lad," she had cried that time. "An' for the little while I'm here ye might let me have me peace an' me pride."

But Neill's answer to that, though couched in less abusive language than usual, was no more to his mother's liking. It was a mere sullen, half-ashamed, half-resentful rumble, and he had fled the house to escape her prayers as he fled it to escape her vituperation.

She tried neglect upon him. The meals for which he had such hearty appetite were not always awaiting him when he came home; the ice chest was not full of his favorite meats, for his midnight assaults. But he could not be starved into submission.

A girl bold and lissome, black-browed, with a red, mocking smile and daring eyes.

"You'll give me enough to eat," he told her darkly, when she had pursued these tactics for a week, "or you'll see me no more. There are other boardin' houses in the world—aye, an' in Edgemere. You feed me right, or you'll see me no more."

"Sure, an' it would be the small loss," she told him, though her blood turned cold at the very sound of the words. "Small loss at all not to be seein' the play toy of an Eyetalian hussy. An' thim boordin' houses ye're so keen to try—see how much of yer wages they'll l'ave ye to be spindin' on that throllop! Ah, it would be the small loss, indade, not to be seein' the lad that has brought disgrace on his ould mother, an' on the bones of his father, God rist him! An', mind ye this, me lad!" She worked herself up into a grim fury; she advanced toward him, her wrinkled face thrust forward, her old blue eyes bright and challenging. "Mind ye this! It's not a stick nor a sliver of this place that yer father lift to me that I'll be l'avin' ye to spind on sin! It's not a rid cint of its worth that ye'll iver see. Father Burke, at St. Michel's, will be knowin' how to take betther care than iver ye'd take of what yer father an' yer mother worruked so hard to get. To St. Michel's I'll l'ave it, ivry inch, ivry stone an' sod, if ye don't give up that Eyetalian——"

"Out of my way!" he cried angrily. "I'm goin' out, away from the sound of your clatterin' tongue. An' talk more about leavin' my father's property away from me an' my sister, an' we'll put you where you belong!"

"Ochone, ochone!" she wailed. "It's glad enough that I'd be to be crazy, for thin maybe I'd not know the black wickedness of me son's heart. But, mind ye this!" She stretched forth her wrinkled, dry, brown hand; her bright eyes transfixed him. "Mind ye this: I'm not mad, though I have a mad son! An' I mane what I say."

She went on to denounce him and the girl in the plain, coarse terms that she knew. Her voice rose, her body swayed in the intensity of her invective. He looked down on her, his face darkening more and more. At each crude epithet that she hurled, the light in his eyes grew more murderous, the snarl on his lips more and more the snarl of hatred.

"I'll teach you to talk like that!" he cried, and his fist shot out. It caught the bitter, evil words upon her lips. It sent her trembling old body, shaken with excitement, with wrath, with the breathless fear of utter desolation, reeling against the door. The door swung, and she fell.

"Now maybe you'll learn to keep a decent tongue in your head!" he cried, and stamped out of the house.

The shriveled lips were still slightly puffed from the blow, the withered cheek still showed a faint purplish bruise, when—a week later—Nora O'Dowd dressed herself for an interview with the girl. She had not seen Neill since he struck her, since the unbelievable blow had fallen upon her. That fact was more terrible to her than the blow itself—that he should not have come to learn how grievous was her hurt.

After the first dazed horror had passed, she remembered how all her dominant life long she had despised the women who submitted to such indignities from their husbands. She had known plenty such—poor cravens, uttering badly invented lies to account for discolorations, bruises—poor, shrinking cravens! And now she herself had submitted to it from her son—not from her husband, not from an equal, but from her son, her ward, her subordinate! And he had not even stayed to see if she would ever rise from the floor, or if the blow had stilled the beating of her heart.

She could not know that in the darkened night he had watched for the light in the cottage that should declare her again upon her feet; that he had stood, frightened and undone by his own violence, beneath the bare lilac bush to watch for the first sight of her moving across the windows. She only knew that he had struck her and left her. To this murderous impiety had the wan-

ton brought him. Therefore there was no crime that he might not commit for the wanton. Therefore more than ever he must be saved. And it had penetrated dimly to her mind that only the girl herself could release him from his bondage.

She dressed herself with great care for the interview. Her cashmere shawl was fastened with a brooch made of a great piece of Irish agate. The black silk she had had for twenty years stood out, full and lustrous, beneath the dull red and orange of the wrap. The purple flowers of her best bonnet nodded over her forehead. She felt that she must represent authority and power to the unregenerate creature. She trusted to her dress to awe, as she herself had sometimes been awed by the splendid vestments of those who ministered at the altar.

He started at the first mention of the girl—the "Eyetalian hussy," his mother named her—and the look in his eyes was menacing.

It was easy enough to find the girl—too easy! There was no child in the Hollow who did not know where "Eyetalian Maggie" lived, who could not pilot the old woman to it. And so piloted, Nora O'Dowd advanced, courageous despite the failures behind her, courageous despite the shaking of her heart, despite the appalling vision of defeat ahead. Surely, she told herself, Heaven must be upon its own side. And her gloved fingers tightened upon the crucifix of her brown sandalwood rosary beneath her shawl.

Neill had given her that rosary when he was twelve; he had bought it at St. Michel's fair with money earned shoveling snow in front of one of the beautiful homes of the budding Edgemere Heights. And she had scolded him for "demeanin' himself to be worrukin' for thim no betther than himsilf, if ivry wan had their rights." Yet the rosary was dearer to her than anything else that she possessed.

Eyetalian Maggie Desmond, whom her mother had called Margueritha eighteen years before, did not have to open the door that led to the tenement in the hive where she dwelt. It was open. From the narrow, reeking hall Mrs. O'Dowd could see the whole interior—the paper flowers in the fly-blown

vases, the garlands of tiny red peppers festooning the mantel draperies, the pink mosquito-netting frills on the cheap furniture, the lamp with a red sash tied dangerously about its middle, and a red paper shade poised tipsily over its chimney. Between the windows, hung with much-ruffled, soiled muslin, there was, incongruously enough, a great, blue-clad chromo of the Blessed Virgin.

In the midst of the cheap gaudiness sat Maggie, more vivid than the scarlet geranium blooming on her window sill, more vivid than the cheap, flowered wrapper that sought to dull her color by its noisy contrasts. When she saw the solid, respectable old figure in her doorway, the swift dart of antipathy flashed for a second in her dark eyes; Circe hates Penelope no less than Penelope Circe. But Eyetalian Maggie banished the malevolent look. After all, Circe, radiant and young, can afford not to hate Penelope, bent and gray.

Nora O'Dowd's eyes took note of the whole room. Her old heart was pounding; her limbs were suddenly as weak as water before the greatness of her task. She had come to win back her son—but how? The mocking eyes that measured her, the derisive voice that bade her enter—these did not promise well.

She had never learned the habit of begging. Even on her knees, she addressed her Maker with almost the proud sense of equality; what had she ever done amiss "to be whinin' before Heaven"? she asked. And she could not abase herself now. She cleared her throat.

"I wonder," she said abruptly, "at the impidence of ye—the brazen impidence of ye!—darin' to keep the Blissid Virgin's pitcher on yer wall, ye throllop, ye!"

Eyetalian Maggie was moved only to long, sibilant laughter by this. Nora O'Dowd waited for the mocking outburst to cease; the cruel color of mortification crept into her shriveled face, but her dauntless blue eyes did not lower themselves.

"Aye," she said, as the melodious insolence rippled into silence, "laugh while ye may! It's so the divils in hell will be laughin' at ye time ye will be beggin' thim for a drop of wather to quinch the fire in yer heart. But there'll be none for ye—no, not the Blissid Mother hersilf, for all she's tender even to the damned, will be givin' ye wan, because of the blasphemy ye've done, kapin' her howly picther in this room!"

Something of the authority of the prophet seemed for the second to clothe her. The sneering smile died from the girl's face; her brown eyes widened almost with the look of fear. She stole a quick glance toward the crudely colored print upon the wall, but the bland vapidity of the artist's work negatived the power of Nora O'Dowd's promise.

"Bah!" cried Eyetalian Maggie, shrugging her shoulders comfortably. "You can't frighten me, old woman. What d'you mean, comin' to my house an' tryin' to make trouble? Who are you? What d'you want?"

"Ye know well enough who I am. I'm Neill O'Dowd's mother—him that ye've been foolin' to the top of his bent, him that ye're tryin' to drag down to hell wid ye——"

"So-ho!" With her hands upon her swaying hips, her head cocked impudently to one side, the young woman surveyed the old. "An' do you think Neill O'Dowd will come home the faster to you when I tell him you've been here usin' low languidge to me?"

Nora moistened her lips. It suddenly recurred to her that she had come to beg, not to threaten, not to abuse. She had meant to be diplomatic. She essayed to correct her fault.

"I spoke a bit too hasty, maybe. Sure, an' from all I can hear, it isn't yer fault entirely that ye're what ye are. Ye'd not the bringin' up to make ye anny bether. An' the Blissid Mother's not wan to forget that. An' no more ought I to be. But, ye know—well, ye know what ye are! Ye're no fit wife for a dacint man, an' they tell me ye're not for marryin', annyhow. An' my boy—he's all I've got left. Always good to me before he tuk up wid ye. An' now—— Let him go!"

She broke off. The scene was weakening her. Her heart was fluttering; there were dancing spots before her eyes; the room reeled. She caught the back of a chair with a cold hand, and waited.

Eyetalian Maggie's reply was pertly pertinent.

"I'll tell him you've been here," she promised, in the tone of one granting a favor. "I'll tell him all that you say. I'm surprised you never thought of speakin' about it to him himself—tellin' him what you wanted an' all. But I'll save you the trouble. I'll tell him that his mother has been around here astin' me to send him home nights!"

Her laughter rang out again, clear, cruel, scarcely concerned to be defiant. Her bright eyes watched the old woman curiously.

Nora stood holding the chair for a second. Then she loosened her clutch.

"I might have known," she said heavily, "that it w'u'd be idle to come to ye. What pity w'u'd the likes of ye feel in yer heart for a lonely ould woman? What w'u'd a crathur like ye care for the times I nursed him, an' him as innocent as the Infant Jesus in His Mother's arms? The times I tended him, an' him a little feller, feverish wid colds, or bruised wid fightin' big boys, or laid up wid mumps an' measles? What should ye, that'll have no child, care at all for things like that? Ye—who don't care that ye've turned him from a peaceable lad that cared for his ould mother to a brute that 'u'd sthrike the wan that bore him, that 'u'd sthrike her—sthrike——"

She could not go on. The long-repressed sobs shook her from head to foot. The slow, painful tears of old age trickled down her cheeks. Defeated, ashamed, she turned blindly toward the door.

"What's that you say? Struck you? *Struck* you!"

Maggie's voice rang peremptory, vibrant. Her hand fell arrestingly on the cashmere-shawled shoulder. Nora looked up, astonished, into a face aflame, transfigured.

"I told ye," she said dully.

"Tell me more!" The girl forced her down upon the sofa. "There—sit there. Struck you!" She stared at the wrinkled old face. "Ah!" she cried. She touched the bruised lip and cheek with a gentle finger. "Ah! He did that?"

"No, no!" cried Nora, hurrying to defend her son. "No! I fell. I fell against the door——"

"But he struck you? He knocked you down?"

"Sure, I don't belave he mint to. He might have been pushin' me out of the way. I was in his way. I was a bit hard wid him. I——"

"Listen!" cried the girl. "Don't make up lies. He hit you—he hit you, like all men hit an' hurt all women when they dare to! Look at me!" Dramatically she beat her bosom with her palm; the color poured, rich and angry, into her face. "My stepfather—he beat me so. Oh, every day, every night, he beat me. I am in the way, I eat too much, I doan work, I lazy, I bad, I lie, I run away from school, I quarrel with the children—oh, anything, anything he say about me to make it right to beat me. Oh, yes, yes, I do wrong, always, always! Always he beat me! For—do you see?—he no like dat my mother love me." She had relapsed into the dialect of her earlier days. "He hate me—ah, he hate me! An' always he beat me, an' always he work me hard. An' I hate heem, an' I wait an' wait. Some day, I say, I pay heem back—every beatin' he give me I geeve heem back. But—bah! He beeg, he strong, he strong an' beeg forever. I cannot wait. I run away. I say nobody shall beat me any more. No man shall spik cross to me; I work for no man—mans, dey work for me; dey to come to me, easy, soft words, kind—dey to please me forever—spend de money, make de picnic, do de work. No man shall hit me any more!"

The torrential story of her life, the torrential justification of herself, had poured from her. She leaned back, white, weak with emotion, weak with the very sense of triumphant power

that she had evoked in herself. Nora looked at her dumbly, a little frightened; and from her to the blue chromo on the wall.

"Ah!" The girl shivered back to the present. She turned her dark glance from the brutal past that had seared and spoiled her in the making, and she saw the little old woman on the sofa by her side, the little old woman with the bruised cheek and swollen lip.

"I'll send him back to you, the damned skunk!" she said grimly, coming back to the dialect of her present. "Struck you, did he? I'll send him back!"

She shook her clenched fist in promise of Neill's home-coming.

"But I don't want ye should——"

"I'll send him back!" the girl interrupted shortly. "That's what you came here for, ain't it? That's what you want, ain't it? Well, you'll get him back—the beast!"

She bundled the little old woman unceremoniously out into the hall, and closed the door upon her. She sat down again, and looked into some long vista of brutality.

"Strike us, will they?" she cried at last. "Oh, I'll teach them! I'll teach them!"

"I—I knew you weren't—bad hurted—that night," said Neill to his mother.

He had come home early from his work—in time for his supper. He had laid a packet of radish seeds casually on the table. The March day was mild and beguiling, and full of garden promises. His face was gray and seamed, but not so sullen as it had been of late.

"I—I—stayed around. I looked in at the window. I saw you movin' about. I knew you weren't bad hurted." He swallowed hard. "I done wrong. I know that. But you'd put me out by your talkin'. An' you were in the right of it. A—a shameless hussy she was, an' is, an' will be. I'm done with her an' her likes. To hell with them all!"

Mrs. O'Dowd looked into the bitter, moody face of her son.

"Oh, I dunno," she said weakly. "I—ye can't tell what has made her as she is—what has made anny of us what we are. I—I w'u'dn't be too hard on her in me thoughts, Neill, lad. I w'u'dn't be too hard on anny of us, God help us all!"

Mother's Room

FRAGRANCE that is not of flowers,
Beauty tenderer than form,
Holier than twilight hours,
Calm beyond the reach of storm,

Mystery of tender tears,
Dreams that link with golden ropes,
Sweetness of the vanished years,
Memories too pure for hopes,

Feeling too refined for thought,
Love too great to be revealed,
Pain—God heal the pain, that naught
May intrude where Thou hast healed!

Here no littleness can come.
"Mother!" and all pride is dead.
Here all vanities are dumb,
Bowed the heart, and bowed the head.

GEORGE FOXHALL.

"O. K."

By Edith Summers Updegraff

Author of "The Veiled Lady," "The School Bully," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. PUGSLEY

THE most characteristic thing about her was the number of unrequited loves that she was capable of. She was the fattest girl in St. Agatha's; although Maud ran her a close second. But perhaps you haven't read what I wrote about Maud's adventures. No matter; you didn't miss much. And anyway, Maud has nothing to do with this story.

The very fattest girl's name was Jacqueline. But she didn't look the part. No. Besides being fat, she was a lot of other things. She was soft, and mushy, and sentimental, and pop-eyed, and she hadn't any chin worth mentioning, and her clothes seemed to wilt down like wet tissue paper as soon as they came in contact with that ponderous mass of flabby inertia that was her person. She was a "great reader" of cheap, sentimental, sensational novels, and the most good-natured thing that ever breathed. As I have already mentioned, her strong point was unrequited loves. The reason they went always unrequited seems scarcely to require explanation.

Besides being always in love, Jacqueline was as dependent on society as a pet poodle dog. If her roommate happened to be away for an hour or so, would she sit in her own room alone? Not she! She would take the thriller that happened to be engaging her languid attention at the moment, and toddle precariously on those little bits of feet of hers—did you ever notice how fat people nearly always have tiny feet? —to the nearest occupied room, and fall ponderously into the largest chair, which creaked in impotent protest, happy as long as she had "company" around her. Most of us used to dread those visitations because she would always get tired of reading after a very short time and start in to tell all the details of her latest affair. And when a girl has as many love affairs as Jacqueline, even her fellow sufferers in boarding school begin to find them a bore.

It was on a Friday, the thirteenth of April, unlucky day for Theo and me, that Jacqueline's roommate went home to attend the wedding of an elder sister. She was to be gone two weeks. Everybody, especially those of us who roomed near her, wondered what Jacqueline would do. She didn't keep us long in suspense. The old village bus that carried away the roommate and her trunk had scarcely disappeared down the carriage drive when there came a knock at our door. Immediately after, it opened and disclosed the ample form of Jacqueline blocking the aperture.

"Do let me come in and sit with you a

She came puffing and blowing into my room. "Just look at this, Betty," she gurgled.

while," she puffed. "I'll read my book and be as quiet as a mouse if you're busy. It's so lonely and dismal over there, now that Mildred's gone."

To see the pathetic droop of her mouth, one would think that Mildred had departed this life, or eloped with the janitor, or disappeared in some equally tragic manner.

We made her welcome with as good grace as we could muster up—Theodosia is better at the good-grace business than I because she's naturally more kind-hearted—and she sat down by one of the windows with her novel in her lap.

Pretty soon she stirred uneasily.

"I—I wonder if I couldn't arrange to sleep here while Mildred's away!" she hazarded at last. "I know I'll die if I

have to sleep in a room all by myself. I'm terribly afraid of the dark."

"You ought to be ashamed to say so," I snapped unsympathetically. "A girl your age—and size!"

"I can't help my size," wailed Jacqueline helplessly. "It runs in the family—on both sides. I *know* I never can sleep alone in that room."

"Where would you sleep here?" I inquired. "On the bookcase, or the bureau top, or the closet shelf?"

"You've got such a big room—we—we could have the bed moved in," hesitated Jacqueline; "just for the two weeks."

"Only over my dead body," I exclaimed, "does that bed come in here. What do you think this place is—a slum tenement, or a lumber camp, or a——"

I broke off suddenly, for I had encountered Theo's large, mild eyes fixed upon me in hurt reproof.

"You shouldn't be so hard on other people's weaknesses, Betty," she admonished. "Jacqueline is so afraid of the dark that she might lose a whole fortnight's sleep, and——"

"And a lot of superfluous fat," I supplemented. "Take it from me, Jacqueline, it would do you good."

"Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't," mourned Jacqueline. "I never slept in a room all by myself in my life."

"So much the more——" I began; but Theo cut me off.

"Well," she volunteered magnanimously, "Betty doesn't mind being left alone. So I might come and take Mildred's place while she's gone. How would that do?"

"Oh, Theo, that's perfectly lovely of you; you're an angel!"

And Jacqueline thereupon fell heavily upon Theo's neck and almost smothered her with gratitude and avoirdupois.

So it came about that Theo moved herself and her possessions into Jacqueline's room, and Jacqueline was at peace.

But it wasn't for long. On the third morning after Theodosia had gone to stay with her, she came puffing and blowing into my room just after the rising bell had rung, dressed in a purple kimono, with green chrysanthemums on it, and with one side of her hair still up in kids, and the other hanging in corkscrews about her ears. She was followed less excitedly by Theodosia.

"Just look at this, Betty!" she gurgled, sinking upon a chair and thrusting into my hands a piece of folded white note paper, which, upon unfolding, I found to be perfectly blank.

"Jacqueline, my love, you've made a mistake in your dates; this is the sixteenth, not the first of April," I said severely, as I handed it back to her and went on buttoning my shoes.

"No, no, no, I'm not trying to play any joke. Ask Theo if you don't believe me. Miranda brought the laundry up just now, and she handed me this paper along with one of those funny winks out of her left eye, and said a young man told her to give it to the girl with the blue eyes who lived in the room that had the fourth and fifth windows from the north end. Of course, you know Mildred's eyes are as black as coal. Well, I opened the paper, thinking it was a note, and that's all there was to it. Maybe he made a mistake, and gave her the wrong paper. Or maybe she got the papers mixed herself. Suppose it should be a love letter, and she should give it to Doctor Higgs, or one of the other teachers as her laundry list!"

"Never fear, Jacqueline," I said meanly. "But let's make a microscopic examination of this. Perhaps it's a Black Hand threat. You can't expect to have a millionaire for a dad without risking complications."

I got out my little botany microscope, took it and the paper to the window, and began to go over the sheet inch by inch, with Jacqueline's head sticking over one shoulder and Theo's over the other.

"Ah, ha!" I exclaimed suddenly, "we are upon a clew!"

The heads of Theo and Jacqueline pressed in closer at these thrilling words. Down in one corner, traced very lightly as if with an extremely hard pencil, the following words were

just barely visible. I read them aloud: "'If you would read me, scorch me.'"

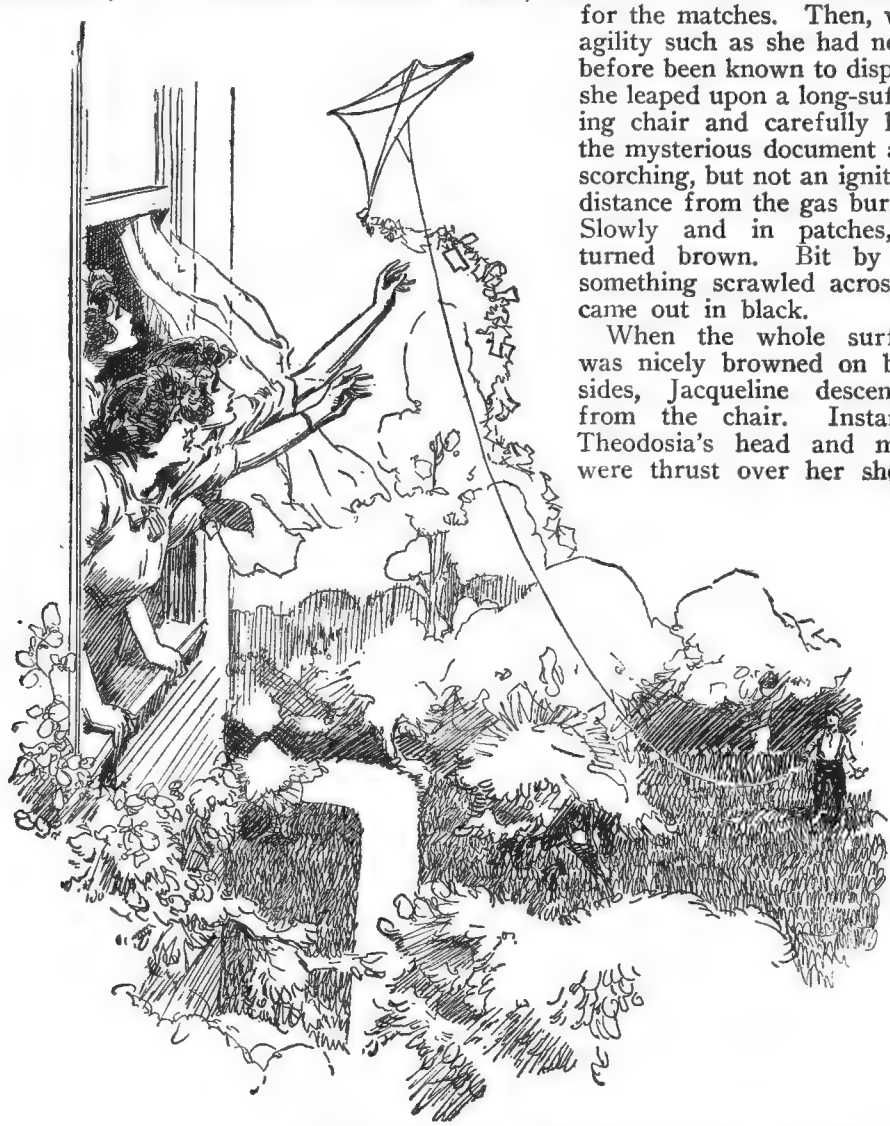
Jacqueline's fat, white fingers snatched the paper and the microscope out of my hands; and, after her, Theodosia had to have a look and verify the faintly traced message.

"What in the world does it *mean?*" gasped the excited and mystified Jacqueline.

"Jumping Jehoshaphat, Jacqueline!" I exclaimed, with unintended alliteration. "Do you mean to tell me that after pouring all those tons of novels into your system you don't know that there are certain fluids with which you can trace invisible writing on paper? And when you scorch the paper or treat it chemically, the writing comes out. Why, you can do it with ordinary milk."

Jacqueline lost no time. She reached for her precious sheet of paper with one hand, and with the other she reached for the matches. Then, with agility such as she had never before been known to display, she leaped upon a long-suffering chair and carefully held the mysterious document at a scorching, but not an igniting, distance from the gas burner. Slowly and in patches, it turned brown. Bit by bit something scrawled across it came out in black.

When the whole surface was nicely browned on both sides, Jacqueline descended from the chair. Instantly Theodosia's head and mine were thrust over her shoul-



A sudden, friendly gust of wind blew the kite almost into the room.

ders, and our eyes ate up the words that the baking had brought out. They were to the following effect:

I can't help writing you, because I like your looks better than those of any girl I've ever seen. I shall pass your window this afternoon at four-forty-seven. If you don't hate me and think me presumptuous, stretch two handkerchiefs on your windowpane to dry, a plain one and a lace one. If I see them, I'll know that I may write again.

O. K.

"Well, well; there's no accounting for tastes," I opined, still scrutinizing the bit of scorched paper. "As a matter of fact, however, your looks really aren't half bad, Jacqueline—front view. You've got a dandy complexion, and your eyes are a nice color, and your hair's fluffy and pretty. But take my sage advice, whatever you do, never let 'O. K.' get a glim of that profile of yours. And never bulk large in the window, and display your ample proportions. If he once gets a good view of that waistline and the place where that chin ought to be, it's all up with love's young dream. Not even your dad's millions would be able to stay its flight."

"How do you know?" inquired Jacqueline, bridling up for once. "People have been known to love each other for something besides looks—or money, either. I'd hate to be you; you haven't got a single bit of sentiment in you. Besides that, you're just jealous."

"But how about 'The Gibson Chin'? Aren't you in love with him any more?" asked Theodosia innocently.

Now, "The Gibson Chin" was a brand-new drug clerk at Marshall & Adams'; and twenty-four hours had not passed over our heads since Jacqueline, seated in the very chair that now encompassed her, and oozing sentimentality from every pore, had vowed unending devotion to that Apollolike dispenser of sodas. Theodosia's question, then, seemed to be something of a staggerer. But it did not stagger Jacqueline.

"Oh, he's not such a muchness," she said disparagingly. "I noticed this afternoon, when we passed the store on our walk, that he had a gold tooth—right near the front, too. Gold teeth are horribly vulgar."

"Four-forty-seven," I commented, like Jacqueline, more interested in the new than in the old. "One would think he was the Sunset Limited or the Overland Express. Oh, gee, I have it! He's a street-car conductor!"

I felt sorry the minute the words were out of my mouth, for poor Jacqueline seemed to take them so hard. Her soft, red mouth began to droop at the corners, and tears gathered in her big, blue eyes. Theodosia, too, looked at me reproachfully.

"Aw, you ought to know better than to mind anything I say, Jacqueline," I said contritely. "I'm just a nateral-born scoffer, anyway. Don't notice me."

You probably don't need to be told that that afternoon, as the minute of four-forty-seven approached, there was excitement in Jacqueline's room. Conspicuously displayed in one of the windows were two handkerchiefs, a plain one and Jacqueline's best Irish-lace one, and behind the curtain of that same window lurked Jacqueline herself. Well screened by the curtain of the other window, Theo and I crouched on the floor, with Theo's watch, carefully set that afternoon by the town-hall clock, laid open between us on the sill.

Jacqueline's room looked out upon the street, with about fifty yards of school grounds between. One trolley car, and perhaps five or ten people on foot, passed every quarter of an hour. By the time the hands of Theo's watch pointed to a quarter of five, suspense had grown almost unbearable. The next minute seemed like an æon. Then, when the hands were within thirty seconds of the fateful four-forty-seven, the gong of a trolley car fairly galvanized all three of us. The street was empty. What if my mean surmise should turn out to be correct!

Since the introduction of the electric trolley, no passing car was ever so closely scrutinized as that one. But it was with mingled disappointment and relief that we realized that there was nothing extraordinary about it. It was

an open car, empty except for a woman with two children. Neither the motorman nor the conductor sent as much as a sixteenth of a glance our way.

"Here he comes! Here he comes!"

At this breathless exclamation from Jacqueline, our eyes nearly popped through the holes in the curtains. We had been so busy watching the trolley car that we had not noticed, walking slowly along the far side of the street, with his eyes glued to those two handkerchiefs, one of the finest set-up young men that I've ever seen in my life. It wasn't that he was so especially nobby or dashing. His clothes, although they were all right, didn't hit you in the eye and say: "Look here, I'm the very latest thing in male haberdashery!" It was the man you noticed, not the clothes.

He was a good length and a good width, and he moved as if every inch of him was alive—and glad of it. And his face, in addition to fine, clean-cut features and an expression of manly frankness, and kindliness, and general "decency," had that clear, reddish glow that one sees only in people of absolutely radiant health. Some girls like a pasty complexion in a man; they think it's more romantic. Well, they can have that kind, for all of me.

But what struck us about Jacqueline's admirer more than anything else was not so much his good looks as the fact that they were perfectly familiar to all three of us. He was, indeed, none other than the brand-new drug clerk at Marshall & Adams', "The Gibson Chin."

"What's your opinion of gold teeth this p. m.?" I called across the room to Jacqueline.

As I did so, I turned my head and caught her just in the act of pulling aside the curtain to let "The Gibson Chin," alias "O. K.," see that she was there. With one mighty bound, I reached her and restrained her all-too-impulsive hand.

"For Heaven's sake, Jacqueline, don't let him go away with the idea that you've nothing to do but sit here and watch for him! You've given him plenty of encouragement for one day. Your cue now is to sit tight and see what he'll do."

When I turned around after giving Jacqueline this advice, I found that Theodosia had disappeared. Theodosia never did take more than a cambric-tea interest in even the most exciting love affair.

Well, of course the news that Jacqueline at last had an attachment that was not wholly one-sided went through the school like wildfire, and we all started in to help her manage it. When you go to boarding school, you soon learn that you've got to share your sentimental attachments as well as your candy and fruit cake; and poor Jacqueline was not exempt. It was a good thing for her, though, because if she had been left to herself she would have killed her goose after the first egg. As it was, she got the benefit of the best professional guidance to be had in the school, and the results were all that the most romantic could expect. Under the stimulation of just enough encouragement, and not too much, the cunning, and ingenuity, and resourcefulness that that brand-new drug clerk displayed were worthy of a better cause.

You know they keep an awfully close watch on us at St. Agatha's. They're particularly vigilant about male interference of any kind. Every letter that comes to a girl has to pass under the eagle eye of Doctor Higgs, and if it isn't from an immediate member of her family or a girl friend, pop it goes into the official wastebasket, and the unhappy recipient never so much as sees the handwriting on the envelope. She hears about it, though, you can bet a real, tortoise-shell, rhinestone-studded barrette on that; and she probably loses two marks in correct deportment, and two more in observance of rules. And as for visitors, no male creature under sixty who couldn't furnish proof positive that he was either a father or a legal guardian was ever known to get past the drawing-room door. But all these precautions only serve to put young-blooded ingenuity and enterprise on its mettle, as you will see by the

"I—I'm in love," gulped Theodosia, between two sobs.

singular display of these qualities that was made by "The Gibson Chin," alias "O. K."

As far as the notes themselves went, I don't see how he could have improved on his first idea. Those notes, written in milk, or whatever it was that he used, seemed to me about the last word in secret missives. They were the safest ever. If by any chance one of them should happen to fall into the hands of a teacher, she would see in it nothing but an innocent bit of blank paper, and drop it into her wastebasket, sweetly unsuspicious. The note idea was a bright flash of genius in itself; but it was by his manner, or, rather, his various manners of getting the notes to their destination, that he proved conclusively that he had the brain of a Napoleon.

He might safely have trusted all his missives to Miranda, our cheerful, and obliging, and discreet colored washlady. But not he; he was out for variety, and he got it. He found out Jacqueline's name from Miranda, and the second note, which was to the effect that he had seen the handkerchiefs, that he had been unable to sleep all the following night for joy, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, was conveyed to Jacqueline in a small, square package which came by registered mail, and which passed unopened by Doctor Higgs on account of its innocent appearance. She might have opened it, however, and welcome; for the small bit of wedding cake inside wasn't large enough to cause uncomfortable sensations in the stomach of a dyspeptic octogenarian, and the paper it was wrapped in was of virgin whiteness. But when Jacqueline bit into the cake—after dreaming on it three nights—her teeth unexpectedly struck a snag, and the snag turned out to be the most delicate, quaint, beautiful little cameo brooch that I have ever

seen. It must have been very old and precious, something that had been handed down in his family for generations.

One of the notes, by agreement made in a previous communication, was left in the hollow of a certain big tree that grew near the entrance gate. One was concealed in a flower bed among some newly set-out pansies. One, folded into the shape of a child's toy boat, was set adrift on the little stream that crossed a corner of the school grounds, and was intercepted by Jacqueline with difficulty and the crook end of an umbrella handle.

It was an exciting business, believe me, for we never knew what he was going to do next. One afternoon I popped into Jacqueline's room, to speak to Theo about something or other, and found the two of them side by side, leaning out of the window so far that they were in immediate danger of toppling over and falling two stories to the lawn beneath.

"I can get it myself," Jacqueline was saying petulantly. "It's my note."

"But my arms are longer than yours," argued Theo. "I'll reach it for you and give it right up. I don't want to see your old note."

I leaned out of the other window, to find out what was going on. In the street just outside the grounds, a red-headed youth, aged about twelve, was flying a kite. Evidently he was an expert kite flyer, and the wind was in his favor, for he had cleverly manipulated his kite so that from time to time it came to within a yard or so of the window from which Theo and Jacqueline were leaning. So far, however, their efforts to grasp it had been vain. But only a few seconds after I came upon the scene, a sudden, friendly gust of wind blew the kite almost into the room. Theo, the quicker and longer-armed, grabbed it, detached a piece of folded paper, and, true to her word, handed it at once to Jacqueline and turned to leave the room.

"Don't go," said Jacqueline, good-naturedly repentant of her moment's petulance. "Wait and see what's in it."

"Yes, wait a jiffy, Theo," I added. "I want you to help me with this equation."

That particular missive turned out to be a momentous one. It read as follows:

DEAR JACQUELINE: I've made up my mind that I simply *must* see you and talk to you, if only for a few minutes. I will arrange everything—to-morrow if all goes well. Do just as you always do, and I will fix up some way of seeing you without your running any risk of getting into hot water. O. K.

As soon as Theo heard this note, she got up and left the room without a word. Her action seemed to me rather strange at the moment, but I didn't give it a second thought. Theo was always a queer kid. From the beginning she had shown little, if any, interest in the affair. She had never cared a straw about young men, or love intrigues, or anything of the sort, so I concluded that she had gone away because, being for the time Jacqueline's roommate, she was overdosed with romance and nauseated by it.

When I returned to my own room a few minutes later, I found her there, studying her geometry. She glanced up as I opened the door, but immediately relapsed into her proposition.

"I wonder how he'll manage to get to see Jacqueline," I said, sitting down by the window with a hat that I was trying to trim.

"I don't know—and I don't care," snapped Theodosia.

"I bet a hairpin he'll be disillusioned," I went on. "I don't believe he's ever seen anything more of her than a glimpse of her face between the curtains. Anyway, there's something phony to me about the whole thing. If he didn't look so thoroughly manly and decent, I'd say it was her father's money. But a fellow who looks as good as he does, and can think out as many romantic ways of delivering a letter, can't be after money alone. It's a mysterious business, Theo."

Theodosia said nothing.

"I'd give a whole Christmas cake to be stowed away somewhere and see and hear what goes on when they meet."

The colored washlady was speaking. Her voice was strangely free from negro accent, extremely well modulated, and a rich, deep baritone.

"I wouldn't," said Theodosia.

"Well, Theo, of course we all realize that you're far above such frivolities," I said, nettled by her lack of interest. "But not all of us are fortunate enough to be made of ice and marble."

What was that? A sob? And from Theo's direction? Yes, the inconceivable had happened! It was a sob, and it was from Theo, and it was only the first of many! Even as I looked, Theodosia thrust her geometry from her, dropped her head on the table, and cried like a six-year-old.

A national calamity happening under my very eyes could not have astounded and impressed me more. I had a vague and wild notion that something drastic should be done, such as calling up the police or the fire department, or Doctor Higgs. But what I did was to continue sitting right where I was. I can't rush up and sob with the afflicted, and embrace them, and

get mushy and hysterical along with them. It simply isn't in me.

"Theodosia," I said severely, "for the love of Mike, don't act like a blithering idiot! Speak up like a reasonable human creature, and say what's the matter with you. Have you got nervous prostration, or are you in love?"

"I—I'm in love," gulped Theodosia, between two sobs.

If she had said that she was a pug-nosed unicorn just descended from the sixth ring of Saturn, she couldn't have surprised me more. For the space of several seconds I was dumb. Then I gasped:

"With whom?"

"Wi-wi-with 'O. K.'"

This confession, blurted out with reluctant impetuosity, was the last straw. I began to wonder whether it was a dream, or whether the worst was really true, and my reason—or Theodosia's—had, for some strange cause, suddenly been shattered.

"I—I've been in love with him ever since the first time I saw him," continued Theodosia, in the manner of a long pent-up stream bursting a dam. "It seems as if I'd lived years and years since then. I'm not the same person any more. Maybe I look the same, but—— If I were only a Catholic, I'd go into a nunnery and stay there the rest of my life. At night I lie awake and look across the room at Jacqueline sleeping as peacefully as a child, and think how little she has ever known of real sorrow. Oh, Betty, an unrequited love is *awful!*"

Now I sincerely felt for Theo, because I had once or twice suffered from unrequited love myself, and I knew that it was no joke. But I had lived through it, so I didn't see why she shouldn't.

"Cheer up, Theo," I said encouragingly. "You're not the only one who has suffered them painful pangs. Why, look at Jacqueline herself; she's been known to have as many as five attacks a month, and I don't see that she's lost much flesh."

"B-b-but it's quite different," sobbed Theo. "I'm the kind who can love only once."

And the worst of it was I was afraid that what she said was the solemn truth.

"Well, Theo," I suggested brightly, "I don't see any reason why you shouldn't cut Jacqueline out—after he once sees her. I don't think you'd have any trouble whatever."

"Betty!" exclaimed Theo, her face turning the color of the cerise bow that I was adjusting on my hat. "I'm astonished that you could think of such a thing! Why, I'd *die* before I'd do such a dishonorable act."

And she flounced out of the room and indignantly slammed the door. Poor Theo, I knew she had it bad!

I didn't get a chance to speak to her all the rest of that day or the next morning. She carefully kept out of my way, and I knew better than to force my advice or company on her. In the afternoon, however, when I looked for my German grammar on my bookshelf, I remembered having left it in Jacqueline's room the day before, so I ran down the hall to get it.

Theo and Jacqueline were both there, Jacqueline reading a new novel, and Theo working out an algebra equation. I explained why I had come, found my grammar, and was about to return to my own room when there came a knock at the door, and Miranda—no, on second view not Miranda—came in with a basket of clothes.

"Mirandy she's pow'ful sick dis afternoon wid de grippe," explained the strange washlady. "She ain't no ways feelin' well; an' so she tol' me to bring de clo's to de young ladies. I'll jes' leave 'em here on de couch. An' I'd like to speak to you a minute, miss, if you ain't too busy. I'se got a little message Mirandy sent you."

She beckoned to Theo, who, annoyed but compliant, got up and followed her out of the room. It was a common custom with "Mirandy," who seemed to be something of a spender, to extort payment for laundry in advance whenever she could manage to do so. And Theodosia, who found it hard to refuse anybody anything, was one of her regular victims.

I stayed for a minute or two after

they had left the room, to ask Jacqueline whether "O. K." had yet put in an appearance. He had not.

On my way back to my room I stopped suddenly in my tracks and pricked up my ears. I had caught a low murmur of subdued voices, one of which I recognized as Theo's. I catfooted it along in the direction of the voices until I came close to a window that was set in a very deep embrasure. From this embrasure the voices came. By leaning over until I nearly lost my balance, and craning my neck almost past its limit of elasticity, I managed to get one good peek into the embrasure without being seen. The sight that met my gaze, as the storybooks neatly put it, was one of the strangest that I have ever seen.

It was Theodosia and the colored washlady who were in the embrasure. They were standing with their profiles outlined against the window. Theo's two hands were held in those of the colored washlady, and she was looking up into that homely, black countenance with an extremely pink face that expressed unbounded admiration, devotion, and beatitude.

The colored washlady was speaking. Her voice was strangely free from negro accent, extremely well modulated, and a rich, deep baritone.

"Well, of all the crazy mix-ups!" she was saying.

"But when did you first see me—and how?" asked Theo.

"It must have been the first or second day that you were in that room," answered the colored washlady. "I saw you standing in the window watching some of the girls who were playing tennis in the grounds just below. I didn't see the other—the fat one—but I've seen her several times since. However, it never occurred to me that a fellow could fall in love with a human combination of jellyfish and feather pillow."

I didn't wait to hear more. I was afraid I would be caught; and, besides, I had found out all I needed to know. So I tiptoed out of sight along a side hall and got to my room from the other direction.

When Theo told me all about it an hour or so later, the burden of her song was: "But poor Jacqueline must never know."

And she never did. "O. K.," whose real name was Oliver Kirkwood, went back to medical school from his Easter vacation two days after that meeting with Theo. To this day, Jacqueline maintains that some mysterious fatality overtook her admirer when he was on the eve of consummating his cherished plan of meeting her face to face. And in spite of the fact that she has loved—without return—some three dozen times since then, she always grows sentimental and reminiscent when any one mentions him. And well she may, for she knows, though she won't admit it, that he was the only one of them all who returned her affection.

Little does she dream that he is at this minute hale and hearty—and engaged to Theodosia.

Culture In the Capital

HIS dinner companion seemed at a loss for conversational topics. Except for an occasional "yes" or "no," she made the oyster look like a noisy old thing.

He had tried politics, switched off to football, taken a chance at history, and failed to interest her in music. He decided, as a final attempt, to discuss literature.

"You know," he said engagingly, "my favorite above all other works is 'Ivanhoe'."

She made no answer, but later she asked an acquaintance what an ivanhoe was.

"Oh, my dear," replied her friend, "that is a Russian garden implement."

The Little Seraph

By Marion Short

Author of
"The Famous Cochran Children,"
"The Unknown Quantity,"
etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. C. CASWELL

HELEN LEVINGSTON, gray-eyed, slender, was so wistfully appealing both in face and voice that Mrs. Cochran found it difficult to resist her.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Mis' Levingston," she said, "and that you've had your trouble in callin' here all for nothin'; but the professor and me ain't carin' to have Verdant make money out of anythin' except her profession."

Young Mrs. Levingston smiled ingratiatingly, and extended a questioning hand.

"Then why not let her come to us as a favor—a very great favor?"

The look Mrs. Cochran bestowed upon her tastefully gowned visitor was kind, but unyielding.

"I'd like to oblige you, Mis' Levingston, but I'd rather you'd pick out somebody else than Verdant, if it's all the same to you. There must be plenty of other children who'd be willin' to pose for a painter. Why, every once in a while I see a lot of artists' models pictured in some magazine or other, with the most flatterin' accounts of how good lookin' they are."

"Oh, as to that, there's no scarcity of pretty models," Mrs. Levingston informed her. "My husband has just dismissed one who is a beauty. The trouble was that she lacked intelligence—musical intelligence, I mean."

Mrs. Cochran picked up a sofa pillow, plumped it, and set it back in place again.

"Excuse me for bein' so ignorant on the subject, but what on earth has musical intelligence got to do with lookin' nice in a picture?"

"In this case it has quite a little to do," said Mrs. Levingston. "In the big church scene my husband has chosen for a setting he plans to have the figure of a child seraph in a stained-glass window—a seraph playing a violin. And though it's only a background detail, he insists on a model who knows how to hold the violin correctly, as if accustomed to the instrument and loving it."

"That's Verdant, all right," acknowledged Mrs. Cochran; "but what with the child's days taken up goin' to high school, and her bein' so busy with concert playin' of evenin's, I don't see how she could ever find extry time for posin'."

Mrs. Levingston leaned forward eagerly.

"But my husband works very quickly as a rule, Mrs. Cochran. There would be but two or three sittings at most—just sketches, you know."

"Same time, it might take Verdant's mind off her studies," demurred Verdant's mother. "But I'm willin' to help you all I can. I know a Lyceum agent who can give you the names and addresses of a dozen violinists, and——"

But Mrs. Levingston shook her fair head determinedly.

"No, no, Mrs. Cochran! My heart is set on having your little girl, and none other, for the seraph in that window, just as it was that first night I saw her at the Ole Club concert."

"But I can't see why you're so set on just Verdant, bein' as you say it's only for a background she's needed, anyhow."

"Everything that may help in the least degree is important, Mrs. Cochran—I can't tell you how important. This is not just an ordinary picture my husband is at work on; it was designed as his masterpiece. The bigger the idea, the greater the catastrophe if it goes wrong, you know, and Alfred believes he's on the brink of failure."

Mrs. Cochran's generous heart warmed to immediate sympathy.

"Failure? His picture ain't turnin' out to suit him, you mean?"

"That's exactly what I mean. He's so discouraged he's ready to let go, and drop back where he was before he became a painter. Alfred drudged along in a lithographing house for years and years, waiting to take up his real profession, and it would be a shame to have misfortune get the better of him now."

"What seems to be the matter with the picture—the church one—if you don't mind tellin' me?"

"I can't see that there's anything the matter, but my husband declares that it has gone flat, lacks inspiration, is merely an example of clever technique, when he meant it to tell a human, moving story. I'm afraid that without a fresh inspiration of some kind he'll never try to complete it. That's why I want to make the experiment of bringing him an ideal model; a mere change of mood might carry him over the bad place in the road, you know."

"That's true," said Mrs. Cochran, "for when the professor and me first moved from Ohio to New York, and it seemed like he never would get started with his music pupils——"

She paused, listening.

There was the sound of an outer door closing, a little snatch of song, and then a young voice calling: "Mamma, mamma, where are you?"

"That's Verdant now, just gettin' in from school," announced Mrs. Cochran. "I reckon I'll let her decide about that posin', Mis' Levingston; then I shan't feel responsible one way or the other for how it turns out."

The next moment the young violinist, in scarlet coat and hat, and with a bundle of schoolbooks swinging from a strap, darted into the room like a bright-plumaged bird. Mrs. Cochran gazed at her with ill-concealed pride.

"Mis' Levingston, this is my eldest little girl. You saw her at a distance playin' on a concert platform, but here she is at near view."

"I didn't know mother had company," said Verdant shyly, as she came forward to give Mrs. Levingston her hand, "or I wouldn't have bounced in on you the way I did."

"But I'm glad you bounced in," came the quick reply, "and that it happened to be right now. Your mother is going to put a question to you, and I want you to answer it in my favor."

Mrs. Cochran had said but a few sentences in explanation when Verdant became ablaze with young enthusiasm.

"Oh, please let me go, mamma!" she cried, throwing her arms about Mrs. Cochran's neck and kissing her plump cheek. "I'd just love to have a picture painted of me with my violin; it would be such fun!"

"How about your studies—your algebry and all?"

"I'll work hard to make up for the time it takes from them. Please, mamma!"

"Well, if your pa don't object when he gets in this evenin', I reckon you can

"I didn't know mother had company," said Verdant shyly, "or I wouldn't have bounced in on you the way I did."

do as you like. But, of course, we'll have to wait and see. I'll phone you the answer some time to-night, Mis' Levingston, if you'll leave your address —and I think mebbe it'll be the one you're wantin'."

Because of the somewhat grim cast of his strong features, the natural reserve of his manner, and the fact that his dark eyes seldom smiled, Verdant stood quite in awe of Alfred Levingston. Although this was her third visit to the studio, she had not as yet dared to ask for even a glimpse of the big, shrouded canvas for which she knew

the seraph figure was intended, but had contented herself with admiring the numerous preliminary sketches of herself made by the artist with such amazing skill and rapidity.

"Mrs. Levingston will be down directly," announced the maid who admitted her for her final sitting. "She said to tell you that Mr. Levingston was out, but she'd like for you to get ready for your posing as usual."

Verdant obediently entered the small screened-off dressing room, released her midnight masses of hair, and fastened the simple violet robe with a gold wing clasp at the shoulder. Then, carrying her violin, she wandered out into the cold north light of the studio.

The only studios with which she had previously become familiar were the picture-adorned and tapestry-hung apartments where she had played at fashionable musicales, retaining thereafter a conglomerate impression of chattering society, shaded lights, stuffy corner nooks, suits of armor, mysterious lanterns, Oriental draperies stabbed into place by barbaric weapons, and a smell of stale incense.

She found the daytime disorder of a busy painter's workshop much more to her liking. Everything that bespoke the profession and revealed the artistic tastes of the owner stamped itself indelibly on her mind, from the sheaf of brushes in a dusty copper holder to the Italian plaque showing in bright relief against the putty-colored wall. A huge rack at one side of the studio was filled with half-finished studies in oil. In the middle of the floor was a large mahogany worktable. Against it leaned a portfolio of sketches. On a cabinet of drawers rested a brilliantly daubed palette and heaped-up tubes of paint. A bracket between the windows held a plaster of The Unknown Woman, and on the table stood a small bronze head of Dante. In one corner there was an old oak chair. Carved heads peered fascinatingly at Verdant from its tall back. Across the arms were flung pieces of rare brocade, fragments of richly wrought stuffs, and an ivory-hued altar cloth of rare old embroidery.

As Verdant's eyes traveled longingly toward the drab draperies that veiled the mysterious painting at the far end of the room, Mrs. Levingston spoke from the doorway:

"You may not be needed to-day, Verdant, but I'm hoping that Mr. Levingston may remember his appointment with you and return to keep it."

Always ethereal in appearance, the artist's wife looked almost ghostly as she advanced into the room, the light striking upon her pale hair and lilac gown and features colorless and tear-stained.

"Oh, Mrs. Levingston," cried Verdant, her warm fingers closing about the other's cold, trembling ones, "you've been crying!"

"Yes, dear—because I'm so troubled about Alfred."

"Is he—ill?"

"Not ill—no. Oh, I know it's wrong to throw my anxieties on your young heart, but—you came into our lives at such a crucial time, and—somehow—you seem such a part of it all." She paused, biting her lips to keep back the tears. "My husband took a fresh hold on his work that first day you came," she continued, "and I had hoped—he would go on."

Verdant's cheeks reddened.

"You mean that my posing hasn't been right somehow?" she inquired anxiously. The young violinist had been drawn instinctively to Mrs. Levingston at their initial meeting in her mother's parlor, and she could not bear to think that in any way she had disappointed her.

"You have been all I hoped for, and more," Mrs. Levingston said reassuringly. "That's why I wanted you to prepare for your posing as usual to-day, hoping that he would come back, and that the sight of you would wake his interest again."

She moved swiftly toward the canvas Verdant had so yearned to see, and stopped by the side of it, her hand grasping a fold of the concealing drapery.

"My husband suddenly threw down his brushes yesterday," she said tremu-

lously, "declaring this big picture hopeless. This morning he would not come near the studio, but rushed out of the house, vowing that he would never touch the picture again except to destroy it. That would mean—that his work as an artist is ended."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Levingston."

Unperceived, a caller had entered the studio. He was a scholarly-looking Israelite, with prominent eyes and an enormous, half-bald head.

"I told the maid I would announce myself as usual," he said, "although she told me that Mr. Levingston was out."

"Be seated, Mr. Kestner. What can I do for you?"

"You can tell me whether your husband really means to give up his art career now, after the fine start he has made. I phoned to him yesterday about that big canvas he promised for exhibition in my galleries, and I did not like the way he answered me."

The eyes of the picture dealer glowered indignantly as he spoke.

"I'm afraid the situation is not very hopeful, Mr. Kestner," replied Mrs. Levingston, with a sad smile. "Alfred seems entirely persuaded in his own mind that as a serious painter he is a failure."

"Yet the first canvas he placed with me was bought almost immediately by one of my most critical patrons. I'm not prepared to believe that he has wound up so badly as he makes out. Will you not permit me to examine the painting, Mrs. Levingston, and judge for myself as to its merits?"

"Certainly, Mr. Kestner. But I fear the most favorable thing you could say about it would fail to influence Alfred one way or the other."

"These painters are both stubborn and impractical," growled the visitor.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Levingston; "yet somehow one loves them for sticking to their ideals."

As she spoke, she drew the heavy curtain aside. Verdant gave an involuntary cry of wonder as the splendid spread of canvas met her view. The scene represented the interior of a church. In the middle of a magnificent stained-glass window the seraph figure for which Verdant had been posing was lightly sketched. Below, in the foreground, were grouped a clergyman in his vestments, a young bride, her face gleaming like a white flower against the soft mist of her veil, and the bridegroom—an elderly nobleman wearing the decorations of his rank. The rainbow rays from the great window struck upon them and upon the bridal attendants, and, fading away in the dim distance, were visible the forms of ultra-fashionable spectators between flower-bedecked aisles.

Within the studio there fell a silence as complete as if the three standing before the canvas were themselves inside the church, listening to the solemn words of the wedding ceremony.

When at last the picture dealer turned toward Mrs. Levingston, his voice was subdued, almost reverent.

"I expected much," he said; "but he has gone far beyond the bounds I set for him."

"Yet he pronounces the picture merely an exhibition of trained technique," said Mrs. Levingston.

"A marvel of color and form!" continued Kestner.

"Color and form? Alfred flouts the words. It is the dramatic side of his art that interests him, the emotional appeal of a picture. If it fails to convey his message, the rest counts for nothing."

There was an exclamation of impatience from the Israelite, an irritated shrug of the shoulders.

"Why can't these eccentric genuises be satisfied to turn out their pictures, and leave the men who know to judge of them? If I take the full responsibility of exhibiting him, why should he deny me the privilege?"

"My husband is utterly unworldly, Mr. Kestner. No thought of gain can influence him if his work falls below the standard he has set for himself."

"It would be a crime not to complete that painting when it needs but a few strokes of the brush."

Again the haunting melody arose in answer to the drawing of her bow.

"He will not permit a work to live that he does not think in every way worthy of him. I fear that he will not only fail to complete it, but will paint it out at the first opportunity. I feel quite certain that you will never see this picture again."

Mr. Kestner's expression was at once dazed and downcast. He had dealt with many varieties of the artistic temperament, but Alfred Levingston's case was so extreme as to baffle him entirely.

"At least, Mrs. Levingston, you will give him my message—that I believe in his work and am anxious to exhibit it."

"I will; and I thank you, Mr. Kestner. You are very kind."

Mrs. Levingston excused herself to attend to some household matters after Mr. Kestner had taken his leave, and Verdant was left alone. For a long time she remained in absorbed contemplation of the ambitious painting, her interest increased tenfold now that she

knew its fate lay trembling in the balance.

The countenance of the fair young bride held her with a curious fascination. In the wide, staring eyes there was an infinitely sad isolation, a remoteness that seemed to separate her as completely from the gay throng about her as if leagues of desert sand lay between. A strange, quivering response awoke in the soul of Verdant. Almost unconsciously she raised her violin, and, standing there in the seraph robe, her hair falling in a hazy cloud about her shoulders, she began to play.

As the strain of desolate melancholy rose and fell, for the first time the young violinist began to realize dimly the wonderful correlation of all the arts, for the picture was translating itself to her in terms of music. It was not some well-remembered air from an old and great composer that she was playing, but something emanating from her own young consciousness.

While she was still in the half dream of that creative ecstasy, some one touched her lightly on the shoulder. It was Alfred Levingston, his grim face grimmer, his dark eyes deeper with shadow than she had ever seen them before.

"I have been listening at the door for some time," he said. "Tell me what that was you were playing."

"It hasn't any name," said Verdant, simply and without embarrassment, as she lowered her violin. "Something in the face, the eyes, of that bride in the picture sang itself, and made me hear —that's all."

He looked at her incredulously.

"You—were improvising, then?"

"I—I suppose I was," said Verdant, her brow becoming thoughtful, "though it wasn't the least bit like what I thought improvising must be. I seemed to know just how that little bride felt somehow, and I was so sorry for her I had to play it all out or cry."

He stepped back, a harsh note coming into his voice.

"Nonsense! The picture could not give its meaning to you—a mere child!"

"You—you're not angry with me?" Verdant faltered.

Seeing that he had startled her, he spoke more gently:

"What did you see in the bride's face, her eyes, that made you pity her? Tell me—I want to know."

Verdant shook her head.

"Oh, I didn't put it into words—only into music."

"Into music—yes," he replied, his manner curiously intense; "but try now, try—to put it into words. I have a reason for asking it. Your answer may decide a matter of some importance."

"But I don't believe I can put it into words." And the child picked nervously at the strings of her violin.

"Very well, then."

With a disappointed shrug of his shoulders, he turned away.

"But maybe I could if I played it again," Verdant added, with an accent of hope.

"Then play," he said quickly.

She looked once more at the innocent countenance haloed by the bridal veil, raised her violin, and again the haunting melody arose in answer to the drawing of her bow.

"I think I can tell you now," she informed the artist, with a little satisfied sigh, "for if mamma—or any one—should tell me that I had to find a name for what I was playing, I know I should call it 'Loneliness.' The little bride *is* lonely, isn't she?"

Levingston grasped her by the wrist, and swung her about, facing him.

"You got that idea from the title of my picture," he accused, almost fiercely.

Verdant's answering look was direct and truthful.

"I did not know it had a title."

"I have called the picture 'Alone,'" he said. "Child, you don't know what you have done for me."

Abruptly he left her, and strode over to the door.

"Helen! Helen!" he shouted.

"Coming, dear," Mrs. Levingston answered from above.

As he arranged the window shades to admit more light, and flung off his hat

"This little se.aph of the vio.in," he said.

and coat, Verdant watched him, bewildered, anxious. He snatched up a palette, raveled over it some bright threads of paint, lifted a brush from the copper holder, and started toward the huge canvas. As he reached it Mrs. Levingston, pale and panting, hurled herself across the room, and grasped him by the arm.

"Alfred," she shrieked frantically, "what are you going to do? You'll not destroy it?"

"No, Helen; I'll hang on now till I finish it. I called you to tell you so."

"Alfred!" And she clung to him sobbingly. "What has saved the picture—saved you?"

He reached and lifted a lock of Verdant's dark hair, letting the long strands trail bit by bit from his fingers.

"This little seraph of the violin," he said.

A month after "Alone" had been placed on exhibition in Kestner's galleries, where it received triumphant recognition from critics and public alike, a large canvas addressed to Professor and Mrs. Cochran arrived at their modest uptown apartment. A

small card was attached, upon which was written: "With the compliments of Alfred Levingston." When the wrappings were removed there was disclosed a life-size portrait of Verdant, wearing a simple violet robe and holding her violin. Under it, in letters of gold, glowed the wonderful word, "Inspiration."

"'Tain't that it's so beautiful to look at that makes me value his gift so much," said Mrs. Cochran, as, with the professor's arm about her shoulder, she stood before the picture, scarcely able to speak because of the emotion with which it thrilled her. "It's because Mr. Levingston has given us our own bright Verdant there to keep forever. Even when she's grown up and has gone from us, studyin' abroad, or married, or whatever it is that takes her away, we'll have her in that picture still, just as she is to-day. Even when we're old folks and left all alone, as so many lovin' parents are, we're still goin' to have our little Verdant smilin' down at us as long as we live. Ain't that wonderful to think of, pa?"

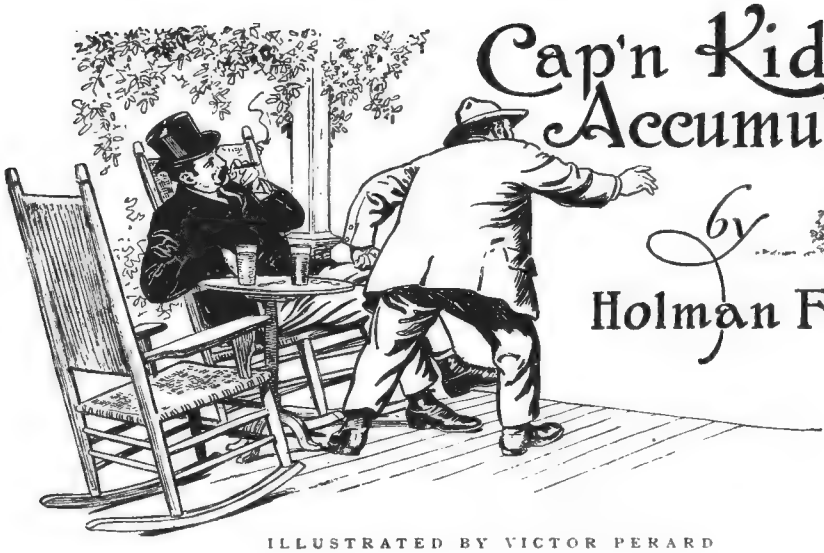
A Discovery

DISCOVERER am I to-day,
And bid you hail me with acclaim!
I've found a world—I will not say
Ev'n in your trusted ear its name.
A little woodsy glade, my dear,
With whispering trees for shade, so near
The clanging city, to my ear
Its muffled noises came.

Real forest music twittered in
The leafy boughs; two pathways met
Bound with rich moss; the rosy skin
Of fungus knobs was quaintly set
Upon a tree trunk; pebbles lay
About my happy feet, the way
They used to wait our childhood's play—
Pearl white and valued yet.

How has the greedy city spared
So long this cool and green retreat?
Soon, all too soon, the nook, ensnared
As is a wood bird shy and sweet
By this harsh town, will shrink and go—
Tall piles, for lissome vine stems, grow.
Come, dear-my-soul, for I would show
My prize, and time is fleet!

JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING.



Cap'n Kidd Accumulator

by Holman F. Day.

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR PERARD

DURING the summer Cap'n Aaron Sproul and Showman Hiram Look had reknitted with assiduity the raveled bond of fraternity between them. The satirists of Scotaze viewed this reawakened friendship with interest, and suggested that the only reason why these two had got together again was because they had exhausted every possible cause of contention, and had nothing left to fight about.

Where two friends meet daily, many topics are touched upon.

Given a bland September afternoon, with the vines of Cap'n Sproul's porch to mask the tall glasses on the little stand between them, and two friends may discuss frankly and freely, leaving it to chance to suggest the topic.

With stubby fingers, the cap'n squeezed the juice from half a lemon into some sort of amber fluid in his tall glass. The next moment he jumped up and drove the partly squeezed lemon with all the force of his arm at a prowling cat who came jamming herself between the pickets of his front-yard fence. The missile was soggy, and went true, and the cat yowled protest and fright, and scooted off down the road with distended tail.

"There's a hard spot in your nature, Aaron," quoth his friend. "There's a hard spot in any man's nature when he won't take to pets."

Cap'n Sproul watched the departure of the cat, and did not reply.

"I have gone strong on pets all my life," continued Hiram, "and I have always considered it a compliment to have an animal show regard for me. When an animal sidles up to you and is sociable and friendly, you can reckon that instinct is working, and that you're all right. I never could have made thirty thousand dollars out of the show business if animals hadn't liked me. I begun with white mice in school, and worked up through the animal kingdom to 'Imogene,' my elephant. And you know how that elephant loves me."

"Yes; she was telling me about it the last time I was holding her on my lap and singing her to sleep," returned the cap'n.

"Your sarcasm is all wasted on me," said the serene Hiram. "I insist that a man who can win the regard of animals has a good streak in him, and when animals run away from a man there's something the matter with him, and it'll come out some day."

The cap'n sat down, and swallowed a mouthful of the amber fluid.

"I suppose that a testimonial as to moral character signed by an elephant,

a catamount, and a kangaroo would be pleasing and helpful to a man," he averred; "but I ain't never seemed to feel no need of it so far in my life, and will continue to worry along."

"Now, look here, Aaron," insisted his friend, "I know you would have given five hundred dollars smack out of your pocket a few weeks ago rather than have a thing happen right before the eyes of the public in this town. And that thing happened because animals don't take to you, and never will take to you."

Hiram refreshed himself with a sip of what his glass contained, and continued, anxious to press home his point:

"A stray dog came here to town, and hitched himself onto you for a little spell, studying your general character, as you might say. You bought a collar for that dog, and tried to adopt him."

"I want you to distinctly understand that I wasn't hankering for a dog. I don't like dogs, and the only reason why I catered to that one in any way was because he showed a genteel disposition. He bit a few men in town—and picked out the men I hate."

"Yes; and when a crowd was collected in the square, and that old sailor tramp who owned that dog came drifting along—after all your loud talk about backing your dog up—what did the dog do? Why, he gave you the ha-ha, and went off with the tramp. And I know your disposition. You'd rather have given five hundred dollars than have a dog turn you down that way. The boys haven't got done laughing about it yet. I'll never forget you walking off home with that empty collar in your hand. Let's see—you had the name 'Cap'n Kidd' engraved on the collar, didn't you?"

Hiram smacked his lips over the rehash of these recollections. He could tell by the scowl on the cap'n's face that he was annoying that worthy gentleman very much—and a jester enjoys producing an impression.

The cap'n grunted his disgust—and then he leaned forward suddenly, and stared at his front gate. A dog had trotted up, and had seated himself just outside the gate. A white ear stuck up as stiffly as a lugsail full of wind; a black ear hung down and covered one eye. The uncovered eye directed keen and appreciative gaze at the cap'n.

"Ahoy, there, my hearty!" called the cap'n.

"Yap!" replied the dog, frisking his tail across the dirt of the highway and raising a little cloud of dust.

"That's Cap'n Kidd back home again," stated the cap'n, with quiet triumph in his tones. "That was a good sermon you preached, Hiram, but you picked the wrong text."

"The world is full of dogs," snapped his friend; "and that ain't the same pup."

"Stand by! Haul sheets! Come about—starboard tack!" bellowed the cap'n. The dog walked to the right and sat down.

"That shows you whether he's the same dog or not. I found out that he was a shipboard dog the first time I laid eyes on him. Him and me got to a prompt understanding. What do you inshore critters know about an understanding between a ship dog and a master mariner? Thought he had gone away for good, did you? Hiram, you go tell the people of this town that there are lots of things they don't know about, and that the operations of Cap'n Aaron Sproul are among them things. And inform 'em that Cap'n Kidd, after attending to certain unfinished business, has come back home, and now stands ready to lick any dog in this town or bite anybody who makes faces at me—and I'll back him up in it."

He got up and hurried into the house, and came out promptly with a dog collar studded with many brass nails. He opened the gate, and gazed down benignantly on Cap'n Kidd, who was energetically fanning his neck with his hind paw.

"There's a dog that's got brains," quoth Cap'n Sproul. "First thought on getting home was that he was going to have his collar put on, and he's racing the fleas off to another place where he can scratch 'em easy."

He buckled the collar onto Cap'n

Kidd's submissive neck, and ushered him through the gate.

"Avast, there!" called somebody, in harsh tones.

The cap'n whirled. A man came stumping up the dusty road. A ruck bag dangled from his shoulder, and he was brandishing a clenched fist on which there were tattoo marks. He came close, and shook the fist at the collar on the dog's neck.

"Why don't you steal some other man's dog for a change?" he demanded. "What do you want to keep picking on a poor sailor for? I stretch me legs north through this town for a visit to me old aunt, and you steal me dog, and slip a collar on him. I stretch me legs south on the way back to the shipping office, and you steal me dog again. I have heard of such as you, but I didn't believe in 'em."

He stooped as if to grasp the hateful collar, but the cap'n seized his arm. The grip was a masterful one, and the man blinked at the cap'n's face.

"By the mastheaded mackerel!" he gasped. "If it ain't the Old Man of the *Jefferson P. Benn,* and I never noticed it before!"

"And it has just come to me that you sailed second mate with me to the River Plate, and got drunk, and junked two spare sails, and vamoosed with the money," stated the cap'n grimly. "If I hadn't been so much interested in a dog fight, I'd have recognized you the other day, Dublin Jack."

"It is said that bread that has been

He stooped as if to grasp the hateful collar, but the cap'n seized his arm.

cast upon the waters comes home to roost," declared Dublin Jack, with deep melancholy. "But I wasn't reckoning on finding it roosting so far inshore as this. I hain't got a word to say, Cap'n Sproul. I'm spoke for—but I was drunk, and didn't get nothing from that junk man but the price of two quarts of blazin' vitrile. I'll go to jail gladsomely as a cussed fool. I deserve it."

Cap'n Sproul meditated a few moments, not releasing his clutch.

"See here, Dublin Jack," he said at last, "there's a sort of a mystery about this affair between this dog and me that I ain't got time to go into. First time we met, he came along and hung to me like a stray dog; and then it was that his business and mine got mixed up together in this town, and I made some talk about backing him up, and—and, well, you might say I got sort of identified with that dog. I need him now to settle certain cheap talk that has been made. I don't want it said that I had to buy him. Give me that dog, and I'll forget about that job in River Plate. Furthermore, I'll slip you ten dollars as a little present. But I ain't buying the dog, you understand."

The cap'n had lowered his voice so that Hiram, on the porch, could not hear.

"I've always said and thought that a dog needs more of a settled life on shore, and hadn't ought to go to sea," stated Dublin Jack, scratching the side of his head.

"Same opinion here," agreed the cap'n. "I wouldn't have a devilish cur aboard my vessel."

"You don't talk much like a dog lover."

Dublin Jack squinted at his captor, suspicion in his mien.

"I ain't pretending that I want a dog to hug and kiss and dandle and dry nuss on my knee. But there was something about this dog that interested me the first time I saw him. He understood sailor talk. He proceeded to bite my personal enemies. He licked dogs that barked at me. I announced to this town that I would back him up. When he followed you off that day, I got sneered at. No matter about more details. I've offered you a trade. Do you take it?"

"I hain't got no choice," growled Dublin Jack. "I can see that you're set enough on the thing to put me in jail if I don't give you my dog. Take him. He has been give to you. But I ain't guaranteeing that he'll stay with you." He could not suppress a grin. "I reckon he's my true lover—and he's got a sharp nose for a trail."

The cap'n reached down and grasped the collar.

"You just announce to him good and plain that he has been given away. Make it strong. After that I'll run my own resks."

Dublin Jack set his hands on his knees, shoved his face close to the inquiring eye of the dog, and growled: "See here, you one-sided snipe of the valley, for good and sufficient reasons

Instinct told him not to halt the dog too suddenly.

—same not to be advertised, seeing that I've a reputation to preserve—I've give you away. You stay here where I've left you, and the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The cap'n shook hands with Dublin Jack when the latter straightened up, and left a ten-dollar bill in the man's calloused palm.

"I ain't guaranteein' nothing, I say again," called the sailor over his shoulder, as he trudged away. "You can't guarantee what a dog will think or do when his feelings is stirred up."

"I'll take my own resks on what he will think and do when he finds out that he has got a good home instead of tramping around the country behind a man who will junk spare sails and steal the money!" cried Cap'n Sproul. The

sailor's tone of superiority in the matter of being close in a dog's affections had nettled the new proprietor. "You needn't intimate to me that I ain't man enough for a dog to fall in love with when he finds out what kind of a chap I am. You'd ought to have kissed him good-by—you'll never see him again."

The dog's one visible eye directed long and languishing gaze at the retreating back of Dublin Jack; then the eye searched the face of the man who clutched the brass-studded collar.

"Boof-oof!" remarked the dog, in mild reproach, and tried to back away.

"He don't want you any more," stated Cap'n Sproul. "He's a cheap skate, anyway. You're going to stay here with me, and be a settled and decent dog—and if you've got any grudges to settle, either for me or yourself, I'll back you up. Now, you hold still!"

The dog had begun to struggle.

"Better let go of his collar," suggested the satiric Hiram from the porch. "I can see from the way he acts that he has taken a sudden fancy to you and wants to be loose so that he can jump up and kiss you. I reckon I'll have to take back what I said about your not making good with pets."

The dog barked shrilly and in great agitation, and yanked at the collar with all his might.

"Beats all how glad some dogs are when they get back home with them they love. Whistle a tune for him, Aaron. He's trying to dance to show his glee."

"Yark, yark, br-r-r-r, yark!" yelled the dog, displaying much resentment by his tone. He dove forward, and snapped at the cap'n's leg, and was held off only by great effort. He waltzed about, and twisted his neck, and tried to bite the hand that restrained him. He sagged back, eyes popping, mouth frothing, grinding his head against the edge of the collar. He dug in his toe nails desperately, and before the cap'n could prevent he corkscrewed his head out of the collar, and, with a bark like a hurrah, dove through the gate, and sped down the road in a ball of dust.

Once more in his experience with that dog, Cap'n Aaron Sproul stood holding an empty collar and gazing down a vista whose center was occupied by a canine violently departing.

"As I was going to say——" began Hiram.

"You say anything to me right now," raged the cap'n, striding back to the porch, "and I'll set this collar around your neck and choke your wizen till your tongue hangs out! Damn a dog! That's the sum total of what needs to be said."

The two sat in silence for a long time after that, and smoked and sipped and thought their own thoughts.

All at once Hiram pointed his cigar in the direction of the village. There was a ball of dust rolling down the highway in their direction.

"I wouldn't wonder a mite if your affectionate friend was coming back to ask for that collar as a keepsake for life. I judge that it must be your friend by his rate of speed, for I never saw another dog that could run as fast."

The cap'n stood up and peered under his palm. There was no mistaking the identity of the core of that ball of dust. It was Cap'n Kidd. He was ki-yi-ing as he came. He was plainly in a state of mind. His voice was running the gamut of canine emotions.

"Something has surely happened to your admiring chum," vouchsafed Hiram. "I never saw a dog more wrought up except by using a combination of tin can and Injy crackers."

The cap'n hurried out through the gate and into the highway in order that he might view the arrival or the passing of Cap'n Kidd at closer range.

It was not a mere arrival—it was a passing, and a passing at top speed. Cap'n Kidd was leaping wildly, with a woeful yelp for every leap. Blood flecked the froth on his lips. Far, far behind him was dragging something that fluffed the dust. The cap'n stared amazedly for a moment after the dog when he had passed, and then pounced on the dragging object when it came abreast. It was a fly rod, and the full length of the line had been unreeled.

Cap'n Sproul was no fly fisherman, but instinct told him not to halt the dog too suddenly. He ran after the fleeing victim, giving his captive the bend of the lissome rod. He realized that Cap'n Kidd had a hook in his mouth, and that a sudden yank would tear it free. He wanted to halt Cap'n Kidd; that was the first thought that came to him. He held the rod straight upright as he ran, and the dog slowed down, howling his fears, but forced to take agonized cognizance of that remorseless drag on the hook. He span around in the dust and halted.

"Now play him slow and careful, and you've got him," shouted Hiram, who was a fisherman. "Give him a taut line and the bend of the rod. Walk up on him and reel in slow. Don't let him tear that hook out. If he gets away from you now he'll run clear to the cool end of Tophet. If he sags back give him a little line. Play him, Aaron, and play him careful."

Cap'n Sproul, reeling in line, advanced on the dog, and after a few moments the dog began to advance toward the cap'n. The drag of the hook in his bleeding mouth was a forceful suggestion, and the dog soon discovered that the faster he came on his return to the cap'n the milder was the hurt in his mouth. He came the last stage of the journey on the trot, and the cap'n picked him up in his arms and went back to his porch, carrying rod and dog.

"You've got the makings of an all-fired good fisherman in you, Aaron," declared Hiram, with enthusiasm. "I never saw a twenty-pound salmon played any better than you played that dog. Let's see." He leaned over the cap'n's lap, where he was coddling the dog, and peered. "He took a red ibis. I never knew before what a dog's taste was in the matter of flies. He passed up the Jack Scott and the Parmachenee Belle, and took the red ibis."

"You're talking about this poor dog like he was a cussed catfish," snapped the captain, caressing the trembling form of his captive. "Somebody has played a dirty, low-lived trick on him —that's what has been done. And when he got in a scrape he knew where to come to find a friend. How do you get one of these blasted hooks out?"

"The best way is to snip off the feathers and pull the leader through," advised Hiram. "But that hook is set right in the roof of his mouth, and you'll get bit surer'n hell will heat a handspike."

"I tell you, he knows who his friend is now," insisted the cap'n. He returned the entreating gaze that the dog was bending on him from that single eye. "You go into the house, Hiram, and have Louada Murilla give you her littlest pair of shears. This dog has got brains, and he'll know that I'm trying to help him."

And when Hiram had returned and the cap'n had ordered the dog to open his "main hatch, and keep it unbattened," the dog trembled more violently, but obeyed. As carefully as his stubby fingers would permit, the cap'n began to clip the feathers that decorated the barbed hook. Cap'n Kidd seemed to understand that all this was designed for his relief, and restrained his emotions.

But he leaped violently when a hoarse voice hailed from the highway. It was no leap of joy. He cowered closer in the cap'n's arms. He whined as if he asked to be shielded. The man who hailed was Dublin Jack.

"So he fetched up here, did he? Well, I've seen funny things in my life, but that was about the funniest."

"If it had to do with hooking up this poor dog and sending him ramming off acrost country, playing sculpin, then I don't see no great humor in it," stated Cap'n Sproul, with severity. "This dog seems to be scared of you. You'd better pass on."

"It was funny, just the same," insisted Dublin Jack. "You see, I steps up on the tavern piazzy, down here a piece, and takes up a fishing rod that one of them city sports left standing there, and I snaps it about a bit—never having had one of the things in my hand before—and the house flies was pestering the dog as he set there, and I reckon he got the two kind of flies

The dog backed away, his upright ear trembling, apprehension gleaming in his one eye.

mixed in his mind. For he give over snapping at house flies, and grabbed one that was hitched onto that rod. And he got some surprised and peevish, and bit me when I tried to stop him, and run away."

The sailor came closer, and the dog growled menacingly.

"He'd bite you now if he had this hook out of his mouth," stated Cap'n Sproul. "He knows you done him a dirty trick. He ain't got no further use for you."

Cap'n Kidd worked his nose out under the cap'n's arm, rolled back his lips, showed his teeth, and growled more venomously at Dublin Jack, as if to indorse the cap'n's statement. It was plain that he connected the sailor with his late discomfiture.

"I don't want no dog around me that can't take a joke. I made up my mind on that point when he bit me. But if I don't carry that fishing rod back, that city sport is going to tax me fifteen dollars. That's why I come chasing up that dog."

Cap'n Sproul severed leader from line with his scissors.

"Get out of here!" he commanded. "Cap'n Kidd is nervous, and don't want you around."

The dog was plainly relieved when the sailor shouldered the rod and marched away. Once more he obediently opened his mouth when the cap'n ordered him to do so, and when the job was over and the cruel hook removed he leaped down upon the porch floor, and frisked and yelped his delight, and came to his new friend and licked his hand frenziedly.

"I don't want no more fooling about matters between you and me, Cap'n Kidd," warned the cap'n. "There's the plain trail of that son of a sea cook to follow if you feel like it."

He pointed down the road. Cap'n Kidd growled, and came and tucked himself between the cap'n's knees.

"I know animals as one should know 'em after having been in the show business most of my life," said Hiram. "As an expert on the feelings of dumb beasts who are used right, I want to tell you that you've got a dog now that

will stick to you tighter'n a bur to a Merino buck. He thinks that other critter fed him that fly on purpose. You could tell that by the way he growled. It doesn't hurt a man any to have a pet. I'm glad to see that you've got one. When critters hate a man it's a sign that something is the matter with him. You are going to take a good deal of comfort out of your dog," he said, departing.

And Cap'n Sproul buckled on that brass-studded collar, and allowed that Cap'n Kidd was probably about the kind of a dog he had been looking for.

The tales of dumb beasts' gratitude to humans who have succored or relieved them are many and varied. It seemed as if Cap'n Kidd had learned of other cases of canine devotion, and had resolved to outdo all rivals. From the moment that the hook was removed, passionate regard gleamed in the eye under the upcocked ear whenever that eye rested on Cap'n Sproul, and the eye was hardly ever off him in the dog's waking hours. But mere gazing at a master in lackadaisacal manner cannot be expected to satisfy the ambitions of a loving and an energetic dog. Affection demands that it shall be shown in some more practical fashion.

When Cap'n Kidd saw his adored master comfortably settled the next afternoon for the daily chat with Hiram Look, and realized that his own companionship would not be required for that master's entertainment, he trotted around the corner of the house, and was gone for some time.

With head held high, and pride marked in all his demeanor, he came trotting up the road on his return, dragging a new husk doormat. He came onto the porch, and respectfully laid the mat at the feet of his master.

Hiram picked the mat up, and examined some markings on its bottom surface.

"Say, lookahere, Aaron, that jump-a-diggered, one-eyed towser of yours has been over to my house and lugged off that rug that I bought two days ago. There ain't no mistake about it—I know the markings on the bottom."

Cap'n Sproul scratched the back of his head, and looked Cap'n Kidd over with new interest.

"As a man who has handled animals of all kinds all my life, and know what I'm talking about," continued Hiram, "I'll tell you what you've got to do—take a hosswhip right now and here, and lace honesty into the pelt of that blasted cur. Start right with him or you'll have everlasting trouble on your hands."

"It happens to be your rug—that's what's the matter with you," returned the cap'n. "You want me to lick a dog that thinks he's doing me a good turn. I'm willing to reason this thing out with Cap'n Kidd in a careful and proper way, but I ain't going to start in by licking him."

"I tell you, it's the only thing to do with a thieving dog," insisted the old showman. "You talk as if you was thinking of sending him to take a course in a Sunday school. It's all right to have a soft spot for pets, Aaron, but you don't want to get too soft. Now, you take my elephant, Imogene——"

"Take your own elephant! I haven't ever come around advising you how to run her. And I'll run my own dog."

"When you propose to run a professional back-door thief in this neighborhood," declared Hiram, bridling, "you'll find I've got something to say about his coming onto my premises. I'll load him so heavy with birdshot that he'll cave in the culverts on his way home."

He arose and tucked his mat under his arm.

"I here and now announce that I stand responsible for all debts and obligations contracted by Cap'n Kidd," stated the cap'n. "Notify inquiring friends to that effect."

"Then you're in for a busy autumn, if I'm any judge. You ain't displaying ordinary common sense, Aaron."

The cap'n reached down and lifted Cap'n Kidd upon his knee.

"You have been bragging about how much you know in regard to animals," he said. "Don't you see that the viewpoint of this dog is that he's trying to

repay me for being good to him? His intentions is perfect. He comes to me, proud and pleased, bringing me a little keepsake that he has picked up. It was left loose, and he thought it was all right to take it. I'd be a nice kind of a man to take him and whale the daylights out of him before I've argued the matter out with him. His education has been neglected on certain points."

"Do you think you can set that dog down and get him to read the New Testament and study law?" inquired the disgusted showman. "You've got to lick decency into a dog, I tell you."

"There are other ways of handling an animal that loves you. What you are trying to do is to have me lick this dog so that he will run away, and then you'll come around and sneer at me along with the rest of the old he gossips in this town, and say that I ain't got the right nature to make a dumb animal love me. I'll manage Cap'n Kidd to suit myself, and I'll stand responsible for him. Pass the word along."

Hiram glared at the cap'n and his protégé, and snorted, and took his departure.

While Cap'n Sproul was at supper that day, Cap'n Kidd temporarily absented himself, and later, while the cap'n was smoking his after-supper pipe on the porch, the dog came home at a lively clip, bringing a new rubber overshoe. He laid it at his master's feet, and vigorously waggled his stubby tail.

"Now, look here, Cap'n Kidd, you mean well according to your lights," demurred the cap'n; "but I'm perfectly well able to stock up with my own mats, rubbers, and et cetery. There are a lot of fussy folks in this neighborhood that don't understand matters between us as well as you and me do; they don't know that you are simply trying to be grateful. I'm going to give you a first lesson to show that this ain't right." He picked up the shoe. "You come along with me. We'll find out where this came from."

The dog trotted obediently at heel.

Halfway to the village Selectman Batson Reeves met them.

"I saw that infernal hellhound when he took that rubber offm my doorstep," he called to the cap'n from a distance. "That's the same dog you ste'boyed onto me a few weeks ago. Now you've set him to do your stealing for you, hey?"

"There are some matters in this world that you haven't got intelligence enough to understand, Reeves," returned the cap'n. "This rubber was taken by an error in judgment. I hand it back to you."

"And you'll hand me some damages in court a little later for the bite that dog gave me a few weeks ago."

"I say now, as I said then, that I'm backing Cap'n Kidd. Bills will be paid if bills can be proved. I haven't got that dog to hector my enemies with—I can attend to my enemies without a dog helping me. Until Cap'n Kidd gets settled down to regular life with me on shore, he may make a few mistakes, which I will personally rectify. And I don't want no cheap talk made about me or that dog. Cap'n Kidd," he went on, turning to look for the dog, "I want you to take your first lesson. You see, I have just handed this shoe back to the man who owns it. After this you must——"

But no Cap'n Kidd was standing by to receive that first lesson. The dog had disappeared.

"He run off toward the village while you was talking your balderdash," growled Reeves. "He has probably gone to rob the savings bank for you."

The cap'n plodded on, and Reeves followed. Cap'n Sproul offered no retort to the remarks Reeves made regarding dogs. A few minutes later they met Cap'n Kidd. He was running as if he had been ejected from a catapult, and he went past in a cloud of dust without pausing.

"By the bald-headed great Americaneezus," bawled Reeves, "that fleachawed stepson of a coyote has gone and stole my other rubber! Dammit, you're out here with him training him to steal! I'll see that the two of you are posted the length and breadth of this town."

Other items were: One braided rug, an umbrella, a child's rag doll, two buck saws, a woman's nightgown with two patent clothespins hanging to it.

"You just hold on a minute, Reeves," suggested the cap'n, in grating tones, after he had watched the dog out of sight. "I've had a few special sessions with you in past times, and you know perfectly well who has always come out on top. I don't want to have it said in town that I have contracted the habit of keelhauling you—it might give me a bad reputation—and there ain't no credit to be got out of licking you. What did you pay for those rubbers?"

"A dollar 'n' a quarter," snapped the selectman.

"Here's two dollars, and you give me that rubber. The other seventy-five cents is for any wear and tear of feelings you may have had. Fifty cents would buy a whole new set of feelings for the kind of a man you are—but we won't haggle over price. Give me that rubber, I say!"

He snatched away the shoe, and Reeves departed with his money.

The cap'n found his assiduous protégé awaiting him at the front gate. He held his head high, the shoe in his jaws, and his tail rapped the board walk with eager "rup-rup-rup."

"This ain't a-going to do at all, Cap'n Kidd," remonstrated the cap'n sternly. "Somebody has brought you up mighty bad, and I reckon I know who done it. That second mate would steal safety pins away from an infant in its cradle. But you've got to cut it out. I don't need any foraging done for me. All you've got to do is take life easy and independent. You ain't showing any judgment in your stealing. Hiram Look is a friend of mine, and I don't want his mat. Bat Reeves is my worst enemy, and wearing shoes that he has worn would poison my feet. You have got to——"

"For land o' goodness sakes, who are you talking to, Aaron?" inquired his wife from behind the vines on the porch. "Not to that dog, are you?"

"I'm impressing a few facts on

Cap'n Kidd," replied the cap'n, with dignity.

"Are you losing your mind? Why, that dog can't understand human language!"

"I have tested him out on sea talk, and I know better, Louada Murilla. There are a lot of folks who go through this world thinking that dogs don't know what is said to 'em. That's because the dogs don't sass back. Cap'n Kidd *knows* what I say well enough, but his bringing up has been such that he doesn't believe that I *mean* what I say. It has got to be proved to him. You come along!" he commanded the dog.

He started for the rear of the house, carrying the two overshoes.

From the shed he secured a spade, and led Cap'n Kidd to a retired spot behind the barn. He began to dig a hole. The dog backed away, his upright ear trembling, apprehension gleaming in his one eye.

"This ain't no grave, Cap'n Kidd," the master hastened to reassure his protégé. "I've brought you out here where nobody can hear me talk to you. Folks would think I was crazy talking to a dog. I don't know much about dogs as yet, but I expect to find out a whole lot about 'em from you. I'm going to talk to you, and give you good advice on the chance you can understand what I'm saying. If you can understand the difference between port and starboard, as you've shown already, then you ought to be able to understand the difference between right and wrong after the thing has been made plain to you. I'm working along careful with you in the hope that you'd rather have talk than a licking. I'll drop a hint to you right now that I'm mighty able-bodied as a licker. I got my muscle up knocking sense and manners into Portygee sailors."

The hole—a small one—was finished. The cap'n pulled out his jackknife, and slashed the shoes into ribbons.

"By using your eyesight along with your ears, Cap'n Kidd, you can now understand that I hain't got any use for these things. I say to you again that I don't know as this is the right way to train a dog, but I'm going to try the experiment. I don't propose to have a man like Hiram Look tell me how to run my business and yours, too. You see for yourself that you have brought me something that has bothered and offended me. I'd just as soon you'd bring home rattlesnakes."

He waved the ruined shoes at the dog, and then tossed them into the hole and covered them up.

"Don't ever do such a thing again. Now, come along into the shed, and go to bed, and meditate on this first lesson of yours."

The dog followed him to the box that the cap'n had rigged up as a resting place, revolved three times, and laid himself down. His thoughtful mien encouraged the cap'n very much.

"He's getting it through his head," he decided.

Obeying the habit of his seafaring days, Cap'n Sproul marched out on his porch next morning in order to have an early squint at the weather. He was welcomed most cordially by Cap'n Kidd, who had dirt on his paws and mud on his nose, and gave other evidences of having passed a busy night. He was standing guard over a collection of articles of which the cap'n made prompt and amazed enumeration.

There were the tattered overshoes of Batson Reeves, exhumed from the hole behind the barn. There was Hiram Look's husk mat, retrieved. Other items were: One braided rug, an umbrella, a child's rag doll, two buck saws, a woman's nightgown with two patent clothespins hanging to it. In the way of game, there was a cat, very much dead and considerably mutilated.

Cap'n Sproul shifted his gaze from the spoils to the radiant countenance of the dog. Along with the wave of indignation that swept his choleric nature came the conviction that he had been wasting his intelligence and philosophy on this depraved associate of Dublin Jack. But the dog was no fool. He knew menace in a man's countenance when he saw it. He dodged the cap'n's foot, one of the saws scaled

harmlessly over him as he ran with tail between his legs, and he was not harmed or halted when the dead cat hit him. He scrambled over a stone wall, and disappeared behind a ridge into a maple grove.

The severing of the ties between master and dog had roused sufficient of a riot to attract the attention of the cap'n's wife. She came hurrying from the kitchen to the porch, and one glance informed her as to the situation.

"It's just what you might expect from owning a strange dog," she said.

"I don't own no strange dog—I don't own no other kind of a dog," stated the cap'n, with fury. He was staring at the edge of the maple grove. "It is well and thoroughly understood between me and that jibs'l-eared sneak thief that he and me have split pardnership. If ever I catch him on my premises again I'll use his tail for a handle, and take him for a pessle to drive fence stakes with."

"After what he did last evening, I told you——"

"No matter what you told me, Louada Murilla. You ain't no more of an expert on dogs than I be. Now, hurry my breakfast. I've got some errands to do."

The cap'n buried the cat in the hole behind the barn along with the tattered overshoes. It came to him that he would not mention the cat in his efforts at restitution—women are so unreasonable and tearful and denunciatory where pets are concerned—and a cat who is out at night must naturally be ready to take her own chances. But as to the plunder from dooryards and piazzas, Cap'n Sproul had but one course to take, and that was the path of rectitude. He tucked the articles under his arm, and canvassed the neighborhood. Owners who claimed property did not seem to be grateful; they had nasty comments to make regarding what a pest a thieving dog is, and intimated that a man who owns one ought to be ashamed of himself.

The cap'n did not retort. He confined himself to the curt statement that he no longer owned a dog. He had no heart left to defend Cap'n Kidd. He scaled Hiram Look's new mat upon his friend's doorstep, and hurried away before the showman had a chance to hail him. He had no stomach for a talk with Hiram just then.

Lycurgus Snell was waiting for Cap'n Sproul at the latter's gate.

"I hear you're handing back to owners the things that dog of yourn stole, cap'n. Now, I lost a hoss out of my pasture last night, and I've come——"

"I was only waiting for you to come around and state loss and damages," broke in the cap'n, showing his teeth, and fairly snarling. "I have just settled with the feller that lost two cows and a shote. That dog rode off your hoss, driving the cows ahead of him, and carrying the shote under his arm. There ain't no question about it, for I saw him myself."

"There ain't no call for so much sarcasm and making a joke of it," said Snell grouchily. "My notion is that a dog of that kind loose in the neighborhood would do most anything, and I believe he went into the pasture and run the hoss off while he was cutting up his other didos. The hoss was spavined, and wouldn't run away unless he was chased and bit. There wasn't another dog in this town that was around biting folks and stealing all that wasn't nailed down, and any jury would say that if he would do one thing he'd do another."

At this juncture a breathless boy came pattering up the road in the dust.

"Dad," he called, "the old hoss is in the barn, all right. I drove him in last night, 'cause it looked like rain, and I forgot to tell you."

"I'm sorry you haven't got a case against me, Snell," remarked the cap'n. "But don't get discouraged. You may get home and find that the parlor organ is gone, or that you've lost a firkin of butter out of your cellar. If so, come around, and I'll settle. And notify others to take account of furniture and silverware. There's no telling what that dog may have done."

When the cap'n stamped up on his porch, his wife came to him timidly.

"That pestiferous dog has come

back!" she whispered, making sure that Snell was out of hearing.

"Back here—here on these premises?" demanded Cap'n Sproul.

"He came sneaking down from the woods, almost dragging himself on his belly—the most meeching thing on legs I ever saw. He went into his box. He's there now."

The cap'n leaped down the porch steps, and went raging around to the shed. There was silence in the dim interior of Cap'n Kidd's modest boudoir. The cap'n stooped down, and perceived the pale-green light from that single eye shining in the gloom.

The moment the master's face was revealed to Cap'n Kidd, he began to whine. It was not a mere monotone of fear and lament; it was grief that ran the octave. The deeper tones pleaded for pardon; the upper register wailed desperate apprehension—the call of the shrinking soul in the presence of imminent disaster. It was the weak and the helpless appealing to the strong—and the strong may not hear such appeal unmoved—if the strong possess a heart.

But the cap'n steeled his heart, and reached in his hand with the intent to drag forth Cap'n Kidd by the collar. A moist tongue began to lavish frantic kisses on the intruding hand. The whinings continued, sunk now to faint appeal.

Cap'n Sproul withdrew the hand after a little while, and sat down on the floor in front of the box. He meditated.

"It's this way, Cap'n Kidd," he declared at last: "I reckon that sometimes there ain't much difference between deep devilishness and a bad state of ignorance in humans; and I suppose it must be about the same way with dogs. You went without sleep to steal about everything in this neighborhood that wasn't nailed down, and you brought it all to me and looked at me as if you expected me to give three cheers and hang a medal on you. You wasn't stealing that stuff for yourself. I'm going to take that fact into account. You probably mean well, but you are all-fired misguided. If the trouble with you is ignorance, I'm going to find out. But you've got to stay mighty sub rosy till I do."

He locked the woodshed door, stopped up a gap under the sill of the shed with fitted wood, and left Cap'n Kidd with an earnest suggestion to catch up on sleep so that his brain would be clear for further instruction.

"I heard him taking on terrible when you killed him," said Louada Murilla, when the cap'n passed through the kitchen. "I'm most sorry you didn't wait and see if you couldn't train him."

"I never laid a finger on him," her husband hastened to assure her. "When a dog apologizes to me the best he can, and asks for a fair chance to do better, I propose to give him that chance. I'm willing to do it in the case of a man, and I don't see why a dog shouldn't be treated the same way."

Hiram Look came across lots that afternoon to make his call on the cap'n, and he passed close to the mound of freshly upturned earth behind the Sproul barn.

"I'm glad you killed him, though I'm sorry for the dog, Aaron," he observed; "but with your disposition a dog would never take any comfort with you, and you could never get along with the dog."

Cap'n Sproul did not offer comment or correct Hiram's misapprehension.

"Let him pass the word around," he pondered. "It'll help Cap'n Kidd to be more sub rosy."

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The further adventures of Cap'n Kidd were sufficiently amazing to demand a chapter for themselves, and the story will appear in the next number of* SMITH'S.]

Other People's Virtues

By Hildegarde Lavender

Author of "The Best-Dressed Woman," "Chaperons or Knowledge," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURA E. FOSTER

PLEASE give me a very strong cup, with a dash of rum in it, if you have it. And are there any musical comedies even more witless and vulgar than the ordinary to which I might go this evening?"

With these revolutionary words, the doctor joined the tea-table circle. Every one looked at her in amazement. The manipulator of the tea kettle apologized for the absence of rum.

"And you'll have to wait a few minutes," she added, "to have your tea really strong. All these weaklings have been taking theirs like patients at a nerve resort, so pale that one could scarcely call it tea. I'll brew you a fresh pot."

"Meantime," broke in an interested auditor, "will you kindly explain? Why this plunge into vice? Why this demand for the debasing in dramatic art? Why this cry for stimulants?"

The doctor surveyed her audience grimly.

"I have just returned from a visit to my old friend and college classmate, Artemisia," she answered.

"And did you acquire bad habits at your old friend's house? Weren't you strong enough to withstand the insidious corruption of Artemisia's example? Fie, fie! What a confession is implied in your remarks! What a criticism of Artemisia!"

"You mistake. You leap at conclusions, according to your illogical wont." The doctor was drinking her black brew of tea with relish and a look of reviving animation in her face. "It is not because Artemisia was anything that she should not have been that I return to you bent upon courses as immoral as my years and my desire to keep my practice permit to me. I'll spoil my appetite for dinner with a piece of that heavy plum cake, if you please. And are those marrons there in that dish? Thank you; I will take one. No, it is Artemisia's virtues that have driven me to drink, not her vices."

"Church three times Sunday? Prayer meeting Friday night? That sort of thing?" inquired the hostess helpfully, as she unostentatiously took a piece of cake from the cake basket on its way past her.

"No; Artemisia's goodness is of the modern variety. She is 'broad.' She goes to church only once on Sunday, and isn't at all insistent about that, though she is, perhaps, a little insistent upon the fact of her noninsistence, if I make myself clear. Her goodness is of the practical, everyday variety. There is no escaping it at any time.

"Are there any musical comedies even more witless and vul-

Even in the seclusion of your room at her house you are surrounded by evidences of Artemisia's good taste, good housekeeping, thrift, consideration—all the most desirable domestic qualities in the world, in short. Upon my word," the

gar than the ordinary to which I might go this evening?"

doctor warmed to her theme, "I believe the virtuous are responsible for more lapses from virtue on the part of the rest of the world than are the vicious. I am sure that a month in Artemisia's well-ordered home would permanently

cure me of any desire to practice any of the social virtues."

"Is it that she is so conceited about her goodness?" asked some one inquisitively. "Of course, nothing can so rapidly estrange one from all desires after a godly, righteous, and sober life as the unctuous self-satisfaction of some who practice it."

"No," the doctor admitted regretfully, "Artemisia is not like that. I know just the sort of person you mean, of course, only I should never think of visiting them. But Artemisia does not seem particularly conceited, only a little insistent. No, I'm afraid it's virtue itself to which I take exception. I never appreciated the full force and beauty of that phrase, 'a single redeeming vice,' until my visit to her. She hasn't a single one. And I am convinced that without one all the virtues are worse than vain."

"Tell us about her that we may avoid her virtues," suggested some one, selecting a bonbon with care, and consuming it with an air of deliberate and defiant recklessness, while the hands of the clock moved rapidly on toward dinner time.

"I can't tell you all about her, for that would take me the rest of my natural life. Complete excellence is not to be dismissed in a few sentences. But, in part—well, to begin with, Artemisia's taste is impeccable. She prefers that which is proper. She prefers the opera to the theater, and chamber music to opera."

"Oh," cried some one, with a suddenly enlightened air, "you mean she's highbrow! You poor dear, how long were you with her?"

"I was with her two weeks, and she is not highbrow. Highbrow, as I understand it, carries with it an element of pretense, or if not that, at least an element of dullness. Now, there is not a particle of pretense about Artemisia. She prefers the opera to the theater, and chamber music to the opera even when no human eye is upon her. She would still prefer them if she suddenly found herself on the west coast of Africa, removed from the last moral obligation to maintain cultured standards. It's genuine, her attitude. She not only has the high musical taste that I have mentioned, but she likes Japanese prints. She knows them, she understands them, and she really likes them. Her house is furnished in the most finely balanced way, good taste going hand in hand with thrift to make every purchase.

"There's no clutter of decoration there." The doctor looked about her with a critical air, and the hostess wore a slightly aggrieved expression. "Everything she has is as perfect of its kind as a due regard for her husband's income allows. Artemisia has had no fear of empty spaces in her house. She never puts anything anywhere unless it has a use and a meaning. When she lives within a half hour's walk of a gallery where many of the most beautiful works of art of all the ages are gathered, why, she wants to know, should she hang upon her walls commonplace paintings, or lifeless, colorless photographs and engravings of beautiful ones? Why should she fear a restful, empty space of wall?—that's what Artemisia wants to know. And as no one has ever given her any adequate reason against her own point of view, her rooms are beautifully restful and most refinedly barren."

"She *is* highbrow!" muttered the original defamer of Artemisia, in a low voice.

"She is kind, too," the doctor pursued reminiscently. " 'She doeth little kindnesses' until she makes me fairly ache to be rude and rough and brutal. She stands godmother to the butler's baby, and unselfishly gives up a bridge party to attend the christening festivities."

"She plays bridge, then?" said some one, in surprise. "That kind usually doesn't; it can't 'reconcile it to its conscience to waste time in that fashion when there's so much to be done and learned in the world.' "

"Well, of course, Artemisia doesn't play to excess. She learned, so she says, only so as not to be a spoilsport for others whose happiness depends upon it. She does everything in mod-

eration. She walks, reads, talks, works, plays, dresses—does everything—in perfect moderation. It has discouraged me awfully the way she has made me feel. Am I jealous of her? Am I naturally base in my tastes? Why shouldn't the sight of a house really much more lovely and restful than my own have inspired me to emulate her example, instead of making me think somewhat of putting up a department-store Turkish cozy corner somewhere by way of loud protest against good taste? Why am I not moved by the sight of the admirable results of her theory to practice a dignified economy all my days? As a matter of fact, I felt constrained to rebel against the very idea of economy by a perfect orgy of extravagance while I was with Artemisia. I declare"—the doctor took the chilly dregs of the teapot—"I am really worried about myself. I am not the generous, sane person I have always modestly believed myself to be."

"She likes Japanese prints. She knows them, she understands them, and she really likes them."

"At any rate, you're not alone in your instinctive antagonism to the unduly virtuous," some one assured her warmly. "You see, other people's virtues, no matter how impersonally we try to look at them, are apt to be a reproach to us. There are some excellences that are simply unendurable to me. Of course, they are the excellences that I most conspicuously lack. And it's so with all the world. Everybody suspects 'the unco guid'—and the 'unco guid' are the good who excel in points where one fails one's self. And you can be sure there's some instinct in us, founded upon racial experience, that gives us that intolerance and suspicion. Good people are always proclaiming 'that because they are virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale'—and the rest of us have not got beyond resenting that attitude, resenting both the attitude and the threatened loss of the delicacies."

"There's really nothing alarming in it, doctor, dear," the hostess soothed her. "Wouldn't every one of us really rather have known Robert Burns than Whittier? And don't you think the Prodigal Son was more of a family and social favorite than that worthy brother of his? It's universal. It's normal. I should begin to suspect myself of being ill, of being on the verge of a breakdown, if I did not seriously resent certain virtues when they are thrust upon my notice.

"There's Harriet, for instance. Harriet's a good woman, and I've known and respected her for many years. But when I have an appointment with Harriet, admiration, respect, affection, old association—every one of my customary feelings toward her—vanish in a burst of almost childish rage.

"Chief of Harriet's virtues is her punctuality. One always knows that she will be at the appointed place at the appointed time. There will be no ten minutes of wondering whether you have misunderstood each other over the telephone; there will be no five minutes of wandering through the hotel or library corridors, of peering into one waiting room after another, of asking astonished attendants whether or not to-day is Thursday, the thirteenth. Oh, no; when you have an appointment with Harriet she keeps it. She keeps it to the dot. She never even has the common accidents of travel that befall the less favored. Her subway train is never stalled between two stations. Her taxi never punctures a tire. Her chauffeur is never arrested inopportunely for speeding. Nothing ever happens to delay Harriet in her appointments.

"And that's the one trait I can't forgive her. She has rather a tart way of speaking sometimes, but that I do not mind at all. She has narrow social standards, and will not enlarge her visiting list to include some of the most amusing women in the world merely because she doesn't happen to approve of their manners or their morals. But this provincial straight-lacedness, this lack of Christian charity, never disturbs me in the least in Harriet. It may be wrong, hard, cold, irreligious—anything—but I can forgive it. It's only that abominable chief virtue of hers, that maddening punctuality, that is more than I can bear."

"Wasn't there a story," gently insinuated some one, gathering up her furs preparatory to flight, "about your keeping Harriet thirty-five minutes in a snowstorm waiting for you at the Plaza entrance to the park?"

"It was only twenty-five minutes," indignantly replied the chronicler of Harriet's exasperating virtue. "It was only twenty-five! And the park entrance was her own silly suggestion for a meeting place. But that's just it—there the irritating creature stood around looking at the statue of General Sherman and his angel through the snowflakes, and waiting for me, instead of leaving when I didn't appear in due time. But no, she had to keep her appointment, though she should ruin her velvet hat and catch pneumonia in doing it. Why, the foolhardy persistency of that woman that day might have made a murderer out of me! Suppose that she really had caught pneumonia, or bronchitis, or something, and had died! How should I have felt for the rest of my days? But she never thought of that. She thought only of her stupid fetish of punctuality."

"She's like my Cousin Jenny," some one contributed to the symposium. "I don't mean that Jenny is so horribly punctual—I don't know anything about that—but only that she has a pet virtue that is very trying to her friends. Jenny always remembers her minor debts, and pays them with the most hideous exactness and promptitude. She remembers everything that she has borrowed down to the last postal card, and the smallest car fare, and she pays it.

"About two years ago she and I were lunching together one day, and we decided to go to the matinée—Dutch. I didn't have much money with me, and Jenny, of course, had a lot—she always does. I borrowed five dollars from her to pay for my share in the afternoon's spree. Well, I don't happen to possess Jenny's gift for remembering little

debts. If she had only sent me in a monthly reminder, I should have paid her along with the tradesmen. But she didn't, and I kept on forgetting that five dollars for something like fourteen months. I don't mean that I forgot it all the time; I used occasionally to wake in the middle of the night to remind myself that I must give Jenny that money the next day; but the recollection of it vanished with daylight like the recollection of a dream. Whenever I met Jenny and happened to be penniless, I remembered it. When we were together and my pockets were full of gold, the blamed thing went entirely out of my mind.

"But finally one day, after fourteen months, the conjunction was effected – 'the time and the place and the loved one all together.' I mean that I had a recollection of my debt, together with the money to pay it, and Jenny on hand to receive it, all at one time. She took it politely. Two or three days later she tactfully borrowed fifty cents for stamps from me when we were shopping together. I really thought it awfully sweet and friendly of her. But, do you know, the wretched woman positively turned up at my house the next morning to restore that half dollar to me! It was painstakingly honest, but I hated her for it. I could have forgiven her if she had never remembered it at all; I think I could have forgiven her had I seen her picking pockets; but I have never been able to forgive her that."

"My husband says," said the bride, with the conscious air of a woman who had not been long referring to a husband, "that the men who never drink are not very popular. He says that out of all the men whom he has known, in business and in clubs, only one has ever been really popular among his fellows who was a total abstainer. It isn't," she added hastily, "that Harry himself believes in drinking much; on the contrary, he's almost a total abstainer himself. But he was talking about this same thing that we are talking of—how much easier it is to forgive a person's faults than to tolerate his virtues.

"Some of the most popular men of his acquaintance—men for whom the other fellows will take any amount of trouble—are those who occasionally drink—to excess, I mean. Why, one night when he had a meeting in the evening he didn't come home until two o'clock, and I was worried to death. And when he did come, I found he hadn't been busy at his conference all that time, and I was so angry that he finally had to tell me what he had been doing in order to appease me. He had been convoying Mr.—well, I won't tell his name—but he had been convoying a friend who wasn't in any state to take care of himself home to Englewood. Harry didn't seem to think anything of it—wasn't disgusted with the man's inebriety, or particularly annoyed at the inconvenience to which he had been put. But I can just fancy him performing an equivalent service for a perfectly sober, upright acquaintance!"

"A good deal depends upon the custom of the neighborhood in the matter of men's treatment of inebriety," some one contributed. "What the bride here has said about her husband's toleration for the occasional drunkard holds good, I think, for most men of the world, most men in cities. Occasional inebriety does not rank as a fault with them; they are all too apt to recall at least one or two occasions when they were perilously near the state themselves to be very severe upon those who actually fall into it. But I assure you there is not much social toleration for the excessive drinker in communities where most of the men are not likely to come occasionally into that category.

"In the part of New England where we spend the summers, any native wishing to indulge himself in a taste for liquor, and at the same time to keep his position in the countryside, does his drinking in secret. And as for taking an erring brother home—well, of course, that would be rather a hard undertaking at the best in a trolleyless land, where neighbors live three and four miles apart. But I assure you it isn't done, and that the spirit is lacking as well as the facilities of travel.

"He had been convoying a friend, who wasn't in any state to take care of himself, home to Englewood."

"Last winter a man known to be addicted to occasional sprees was actually found frozen to death in a deserted house on one of the bleak hillsides. He had been too well aware of the prevailing sentiment of local society toward the drunkard to ask any one to take him in, or to carry him home. And he paid for his deviation from the popular standard with his life. I don't mean to say that if he had tried to find warmer shelter on that bitter night it would have been denied to him; but there were no kindly disposed companions ready to take the responsibility for his homeward route off his own shoulders, as there was in the case of our bride's Harry's friend. It isn't evil itself that is attractive to us—it's only the evil to which we also are more or less addicted. And conversely I suppose it is only the virtue that we do not practice that is particularly irritating to us."

"I've noticed in my practice," said the doctor, "which has sometimes led me among unfortunate women, that they lay great stress upon the virtues that they may still claim; and they are very apt to regard with suspicion any one assuming to possess the one that they have lost. They discourse by the hour upon the desirability of kind hearts and willing hands, attributes that popular imagination leaves them, and that, to a certain extent, they possess. They assert that the lack of these is the worst of crimes. And, of course, they always go on and predicate that most of the women of good character, sobriety, and honesty are hard as to their hearts and ungenerous as to their hands. Well," the doctor shrugged her shoulders slightly, "I dare say they speak somewhat by their own experience there. But it is interesting to realize that this same distaste for the virtues that we do not possess characterizes all of us."

"It isn't only that," said the sociologist, drawing on her gloves. "It's partly

that we've been taught for so many æons to beware of hypocrites. I'm sure I don't know when Æsop lived, but it was some time ago, and even in his day the suspicion of the outwardly virtuous had crystallized into a proverb. He taught us to beware the wolf in sheep's clothing. But it wasn't a thought that he evolved from his own inner consciousness; it wasn't a discovery of his own. The human race already knew the fact; he merely expressed it piquantly. There was already, even in his remote day, a widespread, thorough distrust of those who were outwardly 'too good to be true.' And it's gone on ever since. We've been taught for so many ages to beware of those wolves in sheep's clothing that we've come to regard with dark suspicion even the most harmless animal wearing wool. We almost need to be eating mutton before we are willing to concede that the animal who wore that nice, white wool was indeed a sheep, and not a wolf.

"It's the help that the appearance of goodness has given to badness that makes us suspicious of goodness. It's because of the Mr. Pecksniffs that we have to be assured of the reality of the goodness of every one claiming to be good. If there had never been any hypocrites in the world, if your dear old friend, Shakespeare, had not been justified in exclaiming: 'Oh, what a godly outside falsehood hath!'; if the world had not always been full of Uriah Heeps, assuming humility and piety to cover up meanness and cruelty —why, I think that we could all have borne more easily with the virtues of even our friends."

"Let's see." The doctor counted on her fingers. "The first reason why we dislike our friends' virtues—because those virtues are so frequently a reproach to us; second reason—because there is in us all a little doubt of virtue, due to the whole race's experience of hypocrites. But I know a third reason. Your 'unco' guid' are not such pleasant persons as your ordinary sinners.

"In the first place, every personal virtue is probably the result of an effort. I don't count honesty, modesty, and ordinary amiability as particularly personal virtues, you understand—not in that walk of life to which it has pleased Heaven to call us. They are the result of effort, I have no doubt, but of a race effort, a class effort. It's no particular merit in our fathers and brothers not to forge other people's names to checks, and not to club into insensibility gentlemen who happen to hold different political opinions from theirs. It's no particular merit in us to be reputable females. Those things have been more or less fixed for us all by the slow development of civilized society. We've not had to make any effort to attain to so much excellence.

"But other more personal excellence is another matter. My dear Artemisia has acquired that austerely elegant taste of hers by the process of personal education; she has acquired her excellent habits of economy by personal effort; she has become kind by painstaking practice in kindness. All the more merit to her, of course. But at the same time she bears about her the—what shall I call it?—the faint but irritating arrogance of those who have themselves accomplished something out of the ordinary. She is conscious. It will take another generation at least to develop perfect ease in that family in their attitude toward these comparatively new virtues."

"It amuses me," announced the hitherto silent auditor of the discussion, as she rose to go, "to hear you all seeking painstakingly for the reasons why other people's virtues irritate you while other people's faults arouse no animosity whatever in your breasts. Did you ever hear of such a thing as the law of compensation? And have you never observed that in no other place is it so finely illustrated as in human personalities? For every virtue that she denies, Nature has given a charm. Your naughty children are the winsome ones. Your unreliable coquette is the woman of a thousand endearing attractions. We hate the 'unco' guid' because charm went to the sinners on that day when our qualities were apportioned."

The Love Song of the Earth

By R. E. MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY
JEAN PALÉLOGUE

LEANING close to her mirror as she added the finishing touches to her afternoon toilet, Delia Andrews discovered her first gray hair. This discovery, as all women know, constitutes a crisis in every woman's life. It marks a turning point beyond which she begins to appreciate the bird in the hand, and in other ways to prepare for thinking of her youth in the past tense. Delia pulled out the offending hair with a vicious little jerk, and, tying on her sun hat with unnecessary firmness, went out to spend the summer afternoon in the woods that spread their bosky coolness a short quarter of a mile from her aunt's house on the suburbs of Elmsville.

At the same moment, as the California Limited, number seven, slid out of Elmsville, a man slipped out of a box car and hid himself in a ditch overgrown with cowslips. So adroitly was the transition effected that no one at the depot noticed it. Presently, when the train had resolved itself into a smudge upon the sky and a noise like a great bumblebee, the man rose to his knees and looked about him. He had a face of unusual charm—delicately arched eyebrows under a shock of dark hair, equally dark eyes, large and humid, and a whimsical mouth, the kindness of which did not in the least contradict the firmness of his jaw. His black shirt and trousers were dusty and worn, but he was a man whom even the most careless observer would not class with the usual riders of the rails and travelers in box cars, but would mark as an individual rather than a type. Kneeling among the yellow blossoms, he looked strangely in his proper place, suggesting a dusty and cinder-covered faun.

Seeing no one, he rose, stretched lazily, and then, attracted by the sound of falling water, followed the little stream that ran beside the roadbed and away into the cool green recesses of the woods.

Moving with the rhythmic stride of one accustomed to walking long distances, he soon came to a pool well away from the trail and shadowed by shrubbery, wild syringa in bloom, grapevines, and late iris. The woods were full of the scent of sun-warmed fern and of the call of birds, and around the amber edges of the pool water spiders jerked their unhurrying way in quest of gnats.

The man took out of his pockets a fat notebook, a handkerchief, a piece of soap, and several pencils in varying stages of disintegration, and laid them on a log, surveying them with a whimsical smile.

"Deuced light baggage," he said aloud, and then proceeded to remove the signs of his journey by a bath in the pool, after which he rescued the soap from an inquisitive squirrel and washed his clothes, and hung them on a bush to dry in the sun. This operation finished, he heaved a sigh of relief, and, casting himself down upon the fern beside the pool, went instantly to sleep.

Meantime, Delia was taking her way through the sunny, pine-scented woods. She had with her in a bag a copy of "Superman," a partly embroidered corset cover, a magazine with a marked article on penology, a notebook, and a letter, stamped and addressed, but unsealed, and tucked between the pages of the magazine.

She thought contentedly of the long afternoon ahead, and methodically divided it into three parts. The first she would devote to Bernard Shaw, the second to her embroidery, during the process of which she could plan out her paper to be read at the next week's meeting of the Welfare League. The third part of the afternoon she intended to devote to reconsidering a certain problem summed up in the letter in the magazine. But now all the color of her mental world was tinged by the grayness of that hair.

It had no business to be there. True, other school-teachers of twenty-nine had sometimes several gray hairs; but, then, one could expect no better of them. They also had the high-collar habit, and the tendency to make educational statements rather than interesting conversation. But there had always been about Delia something essentially vital and youthful that had defied nine years of school-teaching, and so might reasonably be expected to defy anything.

Arrived at last at her favorite haunt beside the pool, she sank down with a soft sound of subsiding skirts upon the grass, and leaned against a log, beyond which lay the faunlike traveler, all unconscious, deep in fern and sleep.

She took out "Superman," and set herself to reading. But the day was uncomfortably warm, and she took off her hat; and then, with an air of recklessness, her collar, baring a throat as white and as delicately veined as the calyx of an unopened flower. Had Delia not had so many ethical convictions she would have been extremely pretty. Her hair glinted in the sunlight that flickered through the treetops, and would have liked to curl about her small ears, but Delia had dampened and brushed it back and fastened it securely so many times that it had almost given up the attempt. Delia thought curls undignified and entirely unbefitting a teacher and a member of the Welfare League. They were among the things that she sacrificed to her ambition—an ambition to be not only literary, but to belong to many clubs, to take part in the Emancipation of Woman, and other Great Movements of the Age.

It was very still in the woods. Occasionally a leaf fluttered down or a fish rose in the pond. Somewhere in the thicket back of Delia a cone fell, striking five branches before it reached the ground, and a blackbird began to sing riotously. Delia's book dropped slowly to her lap, and she began to think of her problem. She took the letter out of the magazine, and opened it. It was addressed to Mr. Theodore Haller, and was a very short letter, telling him that she was sure their engagement had been a mistake, and that she esteemed his friendship, but could never marry him.

She knew just the expression of dazed pain that would come into his kind gray eyes, and she sighed. Theodore was a lover no woman could put aside lightly—great, single-hearted, primal Theodore, who cared nothing at all for the Great Movements of the Age, as Delia saw them; who would not know what to do with himself in a club should he ever blunder into one; who became enthusiastic about nothing except Delia and agriculture.

Delia's book dropped slowly to her lap, and she began to think of her problem.

If it were only Theodore, she thought, the problem would not be so difficult; but there was Theodore's family—his mother and all his sisters, one or more of whom were always visiting the old home—rosy, deep-breasted women, always surrounded by children, their own or other people's. Delia knew well what life was like at Theodore's, at the great, hospitable house, the outside overrun with flowers, and the inside overrun by children and their quarreling retinues of dogs, cats, and pet squirrels, the whole place resounding with childish laughter, chatter, singing, and sounds of cheerful tasks being performed in common.

Theodore's sisters had all been to college; they were good musicians; they found time to read good books and keep up with the world of thought; but they never had time to discuss the Great Movements, much less take part in them, and every time Delia mentioned the Welfare League they overwhelmed her with sympathy and enthusiasm and generous offers of donations of clothing and homemade cakes and jams, so that the discussion of theories and principles inevitably became sidetracked.

Delia disapproved of such an atmosphere, and thought them sadly in need of emancipation, a fact of which they seemed to be not in the least aware; but at the same time she realized a weakness in herself and the impossibility of her escaping this atmosphere. She saw herself becoming like them, cheerfully sympathetic to all the world, but absorbed in administering justice, jam, and arnica to little people; in supervising household and garden, in descending to the city only in swift automobile journeys where all the

time must be taken up in shopping; and all the while the Great Movements of the Age would be going on without her having any share in them.

She wanted to escape, to have what she thought was Life—spelled with a capital L—as she had had snatches of it in the city—theater parties and salon and club affairs, where great lecturers and men of letters dropped in sometimes, where legislative bills, Bernard Shaw, Maeterlinck, the sterilization of criminals, futurism, and other important matters were discussed. She knew that she must choose between the hope of such a life and Theodore, and she had made her choice in the letter that she intended to mail at the country post office on her way home. But now she found herself somehow strangely reluctant.

She sat so still that the blackbird drew near, and perched, swinging and swaying, on a branch heavy with blossoms. Then from somewhere in the fern behind her came a sudden answering note, and then a clear, triumphant song, like that of a mellow flute, that rose suddenly in incredible fairy crescendos and broke into a cascade of silver music upon the fragrant air. Delia caught her breath for wonder and delight. Again it came, piercingly sweet, soaring, trilling until it seemed to dominate the world and pulse in the sunlight that lay over the forest. Spellbound, she listened, and thought fleetingly of the pipes of Pan. What bird could sing like that? Silent, head cocked to one side, the blackbird listened with her.

Then slowly, with a single graceful movement, a shock-haired, tawny-limbed being rose out of the waist-high fern and nodding wind lilies, and Delia saw that it was he who was singing. The high, clear music flickered a moment, and then stopped on that low, compelling note; and, with a swift answering cry, the blackbird flew to him, brushing his shoulder with its glistening wing.

The apparition laughed, so joyous and reassuring a laugh that Delia's startled face relaxed. She sprang up, and for a moment the two confronted each other in surprise.

"Jove!" he exclaimed. "A wood nymph!"

"What was that singing?" Delia cried.

He retired deeper into the bushes, peering at her with laughing, friendly eyes among the blossoms.

"That? Oh, the blackbird woke me up, and I thought I'd have some fun with him. I didn't know any one was here."

Delia noticed how his hair, roughly dried, stood up in two natural tufts either side of his head, weirdly suggestive of a faun's pointed ears. She stooped for her hat.

"Don't go," he said. "Wait a moment; please wait—just a moment. I'd like to talk to you. You see, I never met a wood nymph before, especially one who read Bernard Shaw."

"But I don't know—what *are* you?" Delia burst out, and then blushed at the very absurdity of the question.

The branches closed over the place where he had stood, but his voice floated back to her:

"You believe in Pan, don't you—the great god, Pan?"

She sat down upon the log, and was beginning to gather up her things when he came toward her, clad in a very wrinkled black shirt, belted trousers, and sandals, and dropped down cross-legged at her feet.

"Goat skins are rather old-fashioned, don't you think?" he smiled up at her. "And after a thousand years of practice or so, I found that I could make just as good music without my pipes as with them."

Delia found herself smiling back at this strange and friendly creature.

"Do you live near here—Pan?" she asked. "What is the proper way to address a god?"

He laughed his infectious laugh which was also so immensely reassuring.

"When I am at home I live in a place very much like this, only it is wilder. But now I am en route. Some one who thought he needed my baggage worse

than I did got away with it. But don't let's find out who we are," he went on. "Facts are often so confoundedly disillusioning. You might tell me that your name was Mandy Smith, impossible as that seems, and then it wouldn't be nearly so much fun, because I would know you couldn't be a wood nymph, after all. How do you like Bernard Shaw?"

"I think he is the most wonderful man in the world," she said.

"Right-o!" he replied. "But—why do you wear your hair so close to your head? It would be very much prettier looser."

She flushed angrily, and he bent forward and touched her hand with his finger tips.

"Don't mind me," he said. "I always go right at things. I can't help it. It's against my principles to see a lovely thing being—well, not so lovely as it might be if it were allowed to have its own way, and not say something at least. Liberating things—that's one of my hobbies."

"I don't believe in frivolities," Delia said sternly, her eyes very blue and her cheeks very pink from indignation. "I think in this day, when women are needed so much in graver matters, that they should give their attention to really important things."

"Such as?" he queried, and picked up her notebook, which had fallen open at her feet.

" 'Welfare League, June thirtieth,' " he read, with a slightly mocking intonation. " 'How to save our boys, as well as our girls, from the lure of city night life; look up Giddings. Some Effects of the Emancipation of Women, Travers, Penology.' Good Lord! Do you give your time and attention to such things?"

He laughed until the tears stood in his eyes.

"I think you are very rude!" she exclaimed, rising.

"I beg your pardon," he answered, suddenly grave. "It is just that out here in the woods, so close to the real things, all this"—he tapped the notebook with a slender forefinger—"all this sort of thing seems so hectic and childish."

"Childish!" she retorted. "Do you think it is childish to try to save people—young people, mere children—from——"

"No, no," he interrupted. "It's only that these methods seem to me so superficial. Oh, they're good, no doubt—they'll save a lot of people; but to really cure, to change conditions, one must go so much deeper than that; one must go back, back to the foundations of the world. One must restore appreciation for the true goods of life. When more people realize how bully it is just to live, there won't be so much saving to be done."

He recited, in his deep, vibrant voice:

"Oh, the wild joys of living! The leaping
from rock up to rock.
The strong rending of boughs from the fir
tree, the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in the pool's living water—
* * * * * * *
And the sleep in the dried river channel
where bulrushes tell
The water was wont to go warbling softly
and well.

"It's all so simple the world won't believe in it, but builds up great ramifications of theory. And people like you—women who have so much real power in their hands—are misled by their very enthusiasm. But in the end it is Pan who shall save the world, not Minerva. Listen," he added, as he saw that she was puzzled, "listen, and I will show you something of what I mean."

He lay back in the grass, resting upon one elbow, and began a wild and lilting music, a strange and melting song, with its low, persistent note of calling.

And then—softly, little by little—there came out of the cavities of logs, out of their shining dwelling places in the tops of trees, out of cool little hollows among the roots, the small, shy creatures of the wood—squirrels with bright, inquisitive eyes and tails like puffs of delicate smoke; chipmunks, gophers, flashing, bright-winged birds, and even in the distance, wary and restless, a great red fox with her brood of little ones that chased one another's

tails in an abandon to the delight of living.

Delia held her breath lest she break the spell of that clear music, which seemed to voice all the hope and joy of nature as the nightingale voices all its sorrow. Its suddenly deep, deliciously sweet notes seemed to touch and set vibrating hitherto unknown chords in her heart, and she found herself thinking of Theodore—Theodore, with his reverence for all living, growing things which she had never understood, but which now she began to see in a new light.

Under the influence of that song, there seemed to be nothing in the world but the green, fertile, growing forest world about her, pulsing with expanding, gladsome life—life that took no heed of the vagaries of man, but went on evolving in its own way as it had ten thousand years before and doubtless would ten thousand years hence; and over it, interpenetrating it, dominating it like the golden light, that throbbing, exalting, calling note of love that made it all purposeful, aspiring, and worth while.

"Jove!" he exclaimed. "A wood nymph!"

She saw the wild creatures approach the strange being lying back in the grass at her feet, saw how they drew near him and then darted away again with fearful glances past him at her. She saw that she alone was out of tune there, that she was a stranger from a world where it was necessary to have cities and Welfare Leagues and studies of penology. She felt suddenly outcast and alone, as if she had been about to sell some divine, glad birthright. A sob rose in her throat, and she wanted to run to Theodore—big, kindly Theodore, with his merry, mist-dispelling presence. And then the man watching her laughed and waved his arm. There was a rustle of twigs, a scurry of little feet, a whir of wings, and again the forest was apparently empty.

"Do you know what that was I sang?" he queried. "I call it the 'Love Song of the Earth.' I made it out of

the mating songs of all the birds. There is the same note in all of them. I have heard it in the Borghese Gardens, in the orange groves of Florida, the jungles of Brazil, the Australian brush, and you heard it here in that blackbird's song. I have heard it, too, in the cries of wild animals when they call to each other across the hills in the moonless nights of spring. I think it is the keynote of the heart of life."

Delia looked at him with wondering, tear-bright eyes.

"Are you truly Pan, that you can work miracles?" she said.

He laughed his bubbling, joyous laugh of an immensely pleased boy, and, picking up the magazine, began looking through it as if for something that he knew was there. He found whatever it was, and laid the magazine open, face down, upon the grass.

"Birds sing by means of little rings in their throats," he told her—"rings something like the threads of a screw. The doctors say my throat has that formation, too. Heaven only knows why. Anyway, I have always been able to sing like any bird after I had imitated it a while. Look at that gopher," he went on quietly. "He's cutting down that big fern to line his house with."

He talked on, revealing to her the life of the world of out-of-doors which he knew so well. Through his eyes she began to see that vast life that pulses just beyond our doors; to perceive the significance of natural forces; to see that nature is not merely a background for man, but is his master—the mighty, silent force of Life itself shaping man to its own great ends, and that to know it intimately, through the medium of field and forest, as this man did, was to be wise indeed. It seemed just a little while before the changing light marked that the afternoon was closing.

"Why," she exclaimed, rising, "it's late. I must go. Aunt will not know what has become of me."

As she rose, the letter fluttered to the ground, and the man picked it up.

"Theodore Haller," he said, as he returned it. "Why, do you know him? I didn't mean to be rude, but I couldn't help seeing the name. Great chap, Theodore; we used to be chums at college. I'll have to drop in on the old boy some day."

"Yes," Delia replied, the lovely color flooding to the curling tendrils of her hair, loosened by the breeze about her forehead, "I know Mr. Haller very well; in fact, we are going to be married soon."

"So?" the man replied. "I knew that there was no danger of your name ever being Mandy Smith. You must be the Miss Delia he speaks of in his letters. And I—some people do call me Pan. Perhaps you have read something of mine."

He handed her the magazine, open at an announcement in large print in the advertisement section.

She read:

In the September number, Mr. David Bruhn, the gifted naturalist and writer of fiction, will begin a series of articles for which he has been gathering material by special assignment during a vacation spent gypsy fashion upon the road and in the forests of the West.

Beneath was a picture familiar enough to magazine readers, though the disguise of panamá hat and flannels had prevented her recognition of the tawny-limbed, laughing-eyed apparition in the wind lilies.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I've read every one of your books, and——"

She stopped short, for, Panlike, he had disappeared while she was reading. On the edge of the thicket branches were shaking lightly, as if stirred by a current of wind, or brushed by the passing of some silent-footed woodland creature. All about her the forest lay, empty and vast, barred by the long, slanting shadows of approaching twilight, and full of the twitter and call of homing birds.

STRIKE THREE!

By FRANK X. FINNEGAN

Author of "Standing Guard," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE ROWE

IN a world fairly well stocked with masculine pulchritude of the grade that passes current in this undecorative century, the maiden affections of Miss Angie McCarthy, after a considerable period of fluttering from flower to flower, had settled upon the heroic form of Mr. Pete Kilgallon, and seemed likely to remain there indefinitely, barring accidents and the acts of Providence.

Mr. Kilgallon had the sort of jaw that Colonel Lombroso and other facial-massage experts have assured us belongs to the man who will win. He also had several large and calloused knobs where other people carry their knuckles, and the little finger of his left hand looked like the Mississippi River below Cairo, Illinois, on any standard map. The high standing of Mr. Kilgallon in the community that he adorned, and in the heart of Angie McCarthy, was not based, however, upon his resemblance to somebody's well-known statue of Adonis, which may be viewed in the Louvre, or the Villa Borghese, or some such mecca of Cook's tourists. Mr. Kilgallon's pedestal was more firmly built, and in the hall of fame, instead of a niche, he had a private room. He was the pitcher of the Neptune Baseball Club.

Being a strict amateur in the world of sport where his star was in the zenith, Peter devoted the major portion of five and one-half days a week to the dry-goods industry, taking a leading part in the proper distribution of various boxes and crates on the trucks of Ederheimer, Schwarzkopf & Steinbrenner, and in the removal of sundry similar lots arriving at that port in the channels of trade. But on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, when he donned the spangles and took his proud post in the center of the diamond, with the Neptunes scattered about the field behind him, Mr. Kilgallon stepped wholly out of his sordid commercial environment, and became a hero.

Not only did he look the part, standing with the ball clasped to his chest in both hands, and eying the enemy at the bat with a contemptuous smile, but he had a way of mixing in curves with his fast, straight one, and of shooting up an underhand ball now and then, that was baffling in the extreme, and kept Victory perching permanently on the Neptunes' banner. Also, he had a gift of reaching out for anything that came on its sizzling way within four feet of the mound on either side of him, which not only accounted for the gnarled effect presented by his fingers, but kept

the base-hit record against him down to the vanishing point, and aided in piling the laurels thick upon his brow.

These things, and others tending to the ennobling of Peter, the fame that was his, the garlands that strewed his path when he walked abroad with her in the dusk of the summer evenings, were not unknown to Angie McCarthy. In her profession as a bonbon dipper in Tyler's factory, she came into contact with young men who wore suits exactly like those pictured in magazine advertisements, and low patent-leather shoes as late as Thanksgiving Day; but none of them had ever tasted fame. Not the most Chesterfieldian of the packing-room force, who ran desperate contests in passionate-hued crocheted silk ties, knew what it meant to pick up the morning paper, turn hurriedly to the sporting page, and read something like this among the "Notes of the Future Greats":

The Neptunes defeated the Lincolns yesterday afternoon in Washington Park by the decisive score of 12 to 2. The feature of the game was the pitching and all-round work of Pete Kilgallon, who struck out thirteen men and allowed but three hits.

Therefore Mr. Kilgallon, despite his obtrusive knuckles and his serpentine fingers, had quite filled the horizon of Miss McCarthy from the time of their first meeting at the May party of the Clover Athletic Club, and it had been his unquestioned privilege to escort Angie to what soirées she had deigned to grace during the ensuing summer season, including moving-picture shows, amusement parks, Federation-of-Labor picnics, steamboat excursions, trolley rides, and dances at which ladies were admitted free and gents were taxed twenty-five cents for the wardrobe.

All of this might well have proceeded in the usual way to the reading of the banns by Father O'Hare and a visit to the window of the marriage-license clerk without any momentous irruption were it not for the fact that Fate has, time out of mind, taken delight in heaving an occasional bowlder into the course of true love, thereby giving rise to a justly popular adage. In the instance of Kilgallon-McCarthy, the bowlder appeared in the person of Mr. Sven Peterson, a large, blond gentleman of the viking persuasion, who was built on the generous lines of a derrick and carried a couple of York hams hanging at the ends of his arms.

The name of Mr. Peterson embellished the pay roll of Tyler's candy factory largely through the easy grace with which he lifted barrels of sugar without the aid of a donkey engine; and when he was not immediately engaged in this and similar forms of light exercise, he occasionally allowed his gaze to rest upon the attractive features of Angie, sweeter than the bonbons she was industriously dipping.

In the democracy of labor, he finally spoke to her over the sandwiches and layer cake during the noon hour one memorable day, and the spirit of Mother Eve in Angie's breast induced her to answer the Norse giant with a friendly smile. For a fortnight thereafter Mr. Peterson laid in wait for her outside the doors of Tyler's at closing time every evening, and rode four miles out of his way in order to accompany her to the corner nearest her home, cheerfully walking back to his boarding house in the gloaming. Lifting sugar barrels is not counted among the more remunerative of the learned professions.

It was at about this time that Fate made her second move on the chessboard wherewith the affairs of the Neptunes' star pitcher and Tyler's bonbon queen were most concerned. Having introduced Mr. Peterson into the game, it followed that Mr. Kilgallon was to be made acquainted with what was going forward while he was making his lonely homeward journey from Ederheimer, Schwarzkopf & Steinbrenner's every evening.

One day it chanced that an aged Ederheimer who had a fortune invested in the business was gathered to his fathers, and the establishment was closed without warning for the funeral. Having the unprecedented gift of a half holiday on an afternoon when the Neptunes were not engaged in combat, Mr.

Mr. Kilgallon, lounging at the corner, hesitated to take another look at the imposing breadth of shoulder behind which the fickle Angie was hidden.

Kilgallon found the time dragging a bit.

Making the rounds of his favorite clubs, he found them empty save for the bartenders, who were yawning over the morning papers. Every one was at work except Peter, and as the afternoon drew on, bringing only an access of ennui to the unemployed, he was seized with a shimmering idea. In his pocket he had four perfectly good dollars, which burned and throbbed for adequate expression, and pay day was only two days distant. He decided to intercept Miss McCarthy near her home as she returned from work, and shower upon her an invitation to an Italian table d'hôte dinner, wine included.

Thus it fell out that Mr. Kilgallon, lounging at the corner where the lady upon whom he lavished his attentions and his money descended from the trolley car, was filled with amazement and several more red-blooded emotions when he beheld his Angie being tenderly helped down from the step by a blond leviathan who should have been a crossing policeman if every one in this world had his deserts. For a few seconds the frowning twirler hoped that

he was witnessing only the chance courtesy of the moment. But, instead of clambering back on the car, the large and unpleasant person took Miss McCarthy's elbow into his bulky paw with an air of proprietorship, and steered her to the curb, where he stood with an enraptured smile, listening to the breezy chatter of Angie, which Mr. Kilgallon had hitherto considered his own.

The primal instinct of the square-jawed pitcher was to advance upon his rival unannounced, and hurl himself upon him like an avalanche of wrath. But primal instincts have before now been overruled by caution, and Mr. Kilgallon hesitated to take another look at the imposing breadth of shoulder behind which the fickle Angie was hidden. Having done so, he decided not to hurl himself too impetuously, and waited until Miss McCarthy, having given her broad-beamed admirer five minutes of her charming conversation, illumined with heartbreaking smiles, dismissed him with a nod, and turned to trip lightly on her homeward way. Then Peter interposed himself in her path.

"Why, hello, Pete!" she exclaimed, when his gloomy and threatening countenance loomed up before her. "What are *you* doing around here this time of day?"

Mr. Kilgallon ignored the question, and continued to regard her with severity. According to the social code as it is construed in those circles graced by the famous pitcher of the Neptunes and the dark-eyed queen of Tyler's, their close and constant association bestowed upon Peter the right to inquire into Angie's every move with a particularity exceeded only by that which is one of the privileges of the married state.

"Who was the big Swede that just quit you?" Mr. Kilgallon demanded, with a jerk of his head in the direction that the carefree Mr. Peterson was at the moment smilingly pursuing.

Miss McCarthy, thus suddenly apprised that her mild affair with the bulky Norseman had been discovered, elevated her eyebrows in surprise at Peter's attitude, and smiled the smile of innocence.

"Who—him?" she said. "Why, he's one of the boys at Tyler's—his name's Peterson."

Mr. Kilgallon wasn't even faintly interested in his name.

"What's the idea of him hangin' around you?" he pursued.

"Why, Pete, what's the matter with you?" Angie countered. "He isn't hanging around me. Where do you get that stuff? He lives around here some place, and he comes home on my car."

"Every night?" demanded the twirler belligerently.

"Why, of course," she said, with a laugh that was a trifle forced. "We get out at the same time every day, and we ride home the same way. Why shouldn't we take the same car, you big silly?"

Pete stood for a moment or two in the familiar attitude he assumed on the diamond when he was trying to catch the backstop's signals—both hands on his hips, and his chin thrust forward—and a shrewd observer might have guessed that he was trying to catch the signals that Angie was striving desperately to conceal.

"Say, listen," he said, "lemme tell you somethin'. I want to know where I get off. If I'm just carryin' the bats for this big Swenska of yours, all right—only I want to know it. I been goin' along with you, thinkin' I'm in pretty strong, and here I find you can't ride home on any car on the line but the one Peterson is on. That's all right, too, only you want to declare yourself—understand?"

Miss McCarthy's smile of innocence slowly faded, and her chin began to rise in the gesture that the feminine world invariably uses to pantomime imperiousness.

"No, I don't understand," she said, with chilling emphasis. "I don't know what you're talking about. If it's come to where I can't have a gentleman friend even speak to me on a street car when we been working side by side all day——"

"That ain't the idea, kid," Mr. Kilgallon interrupted, with a slow sidewise movement of his outspread fingers,

"and you get me, all right, too. I don't need no movin' pictures to wise you up to what I'm talkin' about. It ain't any question of some gink speakin' to you in the car when he meets you by accident. It's the idea of this big truck horse grabbin' the same rattler with you six nights in the week, and buzzin' you all the way home—that's what I'm doin' a little inquirin' into.

"I come over here this evening to flag you on your way home and take you out to eat. But excuse me if I'm buttin' in. Maybe the Swede has got you dated up for a Swiss-cheese blow-out for all I know."

The sarcasm of the famous twirler was the final straw for Miss McCarthy. Bitterly as she regretted having been caught by her idol in what the criminal lawyers jocosely refer to as *flagrante delictu,* she would joyfully have been fricasseed before letting Pete Kilgallon dream of such a thing.

"You'll excuse *me,* Mr. Kilgallon," she said, elevating her little chin another quarter of an inch, "but there isn't anybody that's got a mortgage on me that I know of. I don't have to ask *your* permission to breathe, do I?"

Mr. Kilgallon brought both his gnarled hands to his brows, and made her a little double salute of finality.

"All right," he said, with vastly assumed cheerfulness; "that's what I wanted to know. That's curtains for me. I don't need nobody to tell me to go back and sit down when I'm called out on strikes. But, say," he added, as he half turned away, "you might ooze it to your friend Peterson that if me and him ever bump into each other, the papers will be full of Swedish news the next morning."

With which crushing bit of repartee, he turned on his heel, tapped his hat the least trifle over his left eye, and swung down the street, leaving Angie McCarthy to hurry home, very much flushed, and keeping them back with difficulty.

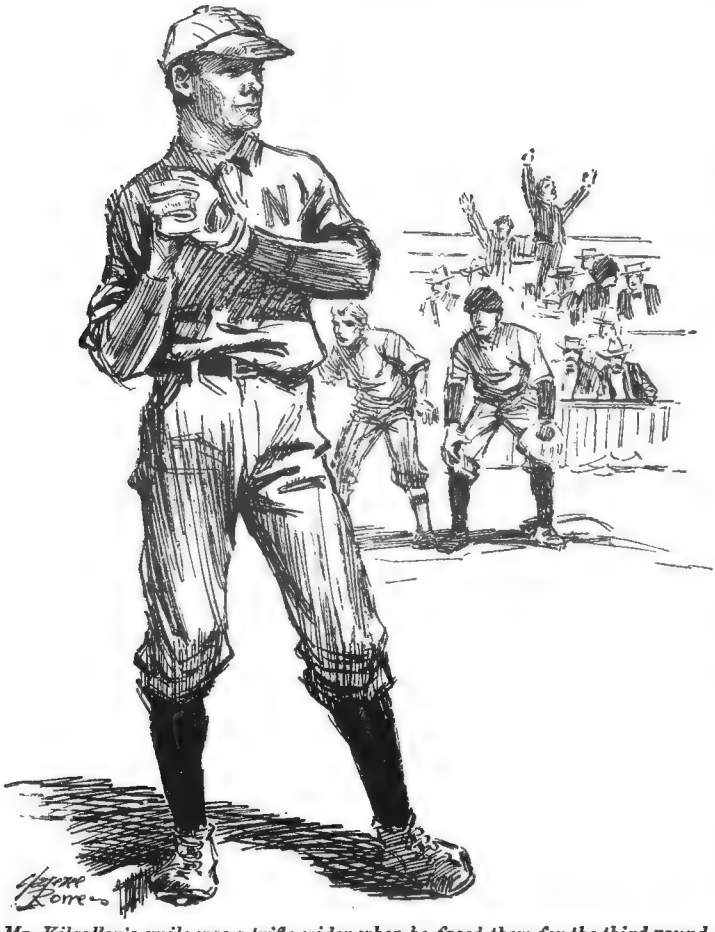
For a fortnight after this cataclysm the world appeared to move along very much as it had done before; but, if the truth were known, that was only on the surface. Miss McCarthy rode home with Mr. Peterson every evening, and chattered as gayly as if she never sniffled over a photograph of Peter Kilgallon, in the spangles of the Neptune Baseball Club, when she was in the cloister of her chamber.

Mr. Kilgallon hustled the crates and boxes on the trucks of Ederheimer, Schwarzkopf & Steinbrenner with feverish energy every day, consumed a wholly reckless number of beers every night, and bent the baffling curves over the plate for the Neptunes every Saturday and Sunday as if he still had a heart in his breast instead of a mere canker. And then, having let things drift at their will for a few weeks, Fate took a hand in the game once more.

One afternoon the manager of the Neptunes, who had cleaned up everything that came their way, received a formal challenge for a contest from the manager of the Tylers, champions of the Commercial League, and representative of the wholesale candy factory whose name they proudly bore.

This being a contest of pretensions and proportions, inasmuch as it was to settle the supremacy between two widely backed and highly esteemed clubs in the amateur field, a regulation baseball park—grand stand, ticket windows, whitewashed foul lines, and everything—was leased for the game, and the commercial world sizzled with interest for a week before the big Saturday afternoon. Tickets were sold by the hundred, and the betting was brisk at even money, the Neptune backers pinning their faith and their dollar bills on Pete Kilgallon's benders, and the Tyler enthusiasts backing the heavy hitters of the candy factory. And chief among these was S. Peterson, the barrel hoister.

"This fellow Kilgallon has got some speed, all right," admitted one of the Tyler fans, in a noonday discussion the day before the game, "but he can't do nothin' with this big Peterson. Say, the way that guy lams the ball is a crime. If he ever gets in front of Kilgallon's straight ball, he'll simply murder it."



Mr. Kilgallon's smile was a trifle wider when he faced them for the third round.

From the Neptune shouter came a snort of disgust, partly foozled by a cracker crumb that went down the wrong way in his excitement.

"*If* he gets in front of it!" he exclaimed. "That's all you fellows are banking on—that 'if'—and it isn't going through. Peterson's been banging these dub pitchers all over the lot, but he's never faced a real twirler in his life. Kilgallon'll have him swinging like a busted gate—and he's the best of the Tylers outfit, at that."

Thus the conflict of opinion raged throughout the byways of the world of trade until Saturday, which auspicious afternoon found the grand stand nearly as well filled as it is on an off Thursday when St. Louis comes to town and the box office grows proportionately prosperous. The management of Tyler's, with an eye for color and effect, had purchased twenty boxes down in front on the first-base side, into which were crowded a hundred or more beauties of the bonbon and chocolate departments, decked out for a holiday, flag waving, chattering, and gum chewing, with Miss Angie McCarthy in the foremost rank.

But if the Tylers had beauty on their side, massed and drilled for the encouragement of their heroes, the Neptunes had the chivalry on theirs, banked on the opposite side of the stand, with horns and cow bells, with megaphones and well-seasoned throats, ready to do battle in the contest of noise until the last man was out in the ninth.

What roars and cheers, what fluttering of banners and shrill screams from hysterical caramel wrappers, greeted the Tylers when they capered across the field, need not be here set down; nor need the thunderous welcome of the Neptunes in their turn be expatiated upon. This chronicle is concerned largely with one dominant personality of all those frisky athletes, to wit: P. Kilgallon, premier pitcher.

Word had been carried to the dressing rooms that the Tylers had made the boxes near first blossom with femininity plucked from their own hothouses, and it was with a grim face that Mr. Kilgallon strode to the pitcher's plate

to limber up his dreaded wing. He knew what to expect. Slowly he turned and surveyed the boxes where the banners had ceased to flutter and the shouts had died to silence. In the third box from the end sat Angie McCarthy, dressed up like a plush horse, and staring at him. Their eyes met. It was the first time that that interesting event had occurred since Mr. Kilgallon had swung away from her on the street corner nearly a month before.

For an instant they looked at one another coldly. Then Miss McCarthy suddenly elevated her chin with distinctness, and turned a most interested gaze into the heart of the grand-stand crowd at her left. Mr. Kilgallon twisted his arms around his head, tried to bump his chin with his left knee, and shot the ball to the waiting catcher. It was over.

The game had not been under way ten minutes before the disgruntled Tyler rooters realized that the Neptune boasters were likely to make good. Peter of the baffling hand mowed down their sluggers like a hired man in a hayfield. The Kilgallon inshoot had them dropping in the dirt, while the umpire called strikes and their backs creaked when they vainly reached out after his wide ones. And as they flung their bats down viciously and stamped back to the bench in a discouraged parade, Mr. Kilgallon more than once let his sneering smile of triumph play upon the third box from the end, where the banners had ceased to flutter, and the girls looked coldly on at the massacre.

It was in the field that the Tylers showed the work that had won them the championship of the Commercial League, and it took three innings of hard batting and clever base running for the fast-traveling Neptunes to amass four runs. But as the candy makers had achieved a total of none in the meantime, Mr. Kilgallon's smile was a trifle wider when he faced them for the third round, and Angie had let her "Tylers" banner drop to the floor of the box.

In the third, Peterson came up for the first time—Peterson, the heavy hitter, who handled his bat like a maul, and had been known to pole the ball so far that it took three men to find it. And, as luck would have it, he came up at a bad time for Kilgallon. At the opening of that round, Peter had glanced again at that third box from the end just as he wound up to whiff the hopeless batsman who was feebly wagging a club at him; and what he saw might be considered disconcerting to even a sterner anchorite than he.

One of the dashing young department managers was serving lemonade to the brigade of beauty in that particular box, and at the moment that the twirler's roving gaze centered there, Miss McCarthy was looking up into his eyes with a happy little smile, and playfully slapping him on the wrist, wholly oblivious to the stirring deeds being done on the diamond. Peter ground his teeth, and let the ball go. But there was just a trifle less than usual of his marvelous control on it, and the sphere sagged into the surprised ribs of the Tyler at the bat before he knew which way to jump; the next moment he was trotting to first base.

This was a signal for an uproarious outburst of enthusiasm from the Tyler rooters. At last they had a man on base. Now was the time to do something, and as the next batsman hurried to the plate with new confidence and patted his hands in the dirt before gripping his war club, they shrieked at him implorations for a home run, or at least a safe wallop. Kilgallon, smiling nonchalantly over his trifling slip, could not keep his eyes from turning to the box on his left as he molded the ball between his adept fingers, and there was Angie—*his* Angie that was—waving her banner with the best of them, and calling madly for the hit that meant his discomfiture.

"What do you expect?" he said to himself, as he heaved one over. "This is her bunch. She works at Tyler's."

"Ball one!" yelled the umpire.

"Even if she wasn't sore on me," he mused, twining his fingers around the sphere again, and letting it go, "she'd have to root for these guys. Her boss is watchin' her."

But there was just a trifle less control of the ball than usual, and the sphere sagged into the surprised ribs of the Tyler at the bat before he knew which way to jump.

"Ball two!" was the count from the arbitrator, and Peter himself saw that the shot was high and wide.

The rooting of the Tyler contingent rose in crescendo. They frantically informed Mr. Kilgallon that he was "going up," and despite his utmost efforts to steady himself and find the plate, all he could see was the smiling face of Angie McCarthy as he desperately put over two more bad ones, and saw his man run gleefully to first, chasing his capering associate ahead of him to the keystone sack.

And then came Peterson, the man he had been waiting for—the large blond hulk that had intruded itself into his most intimate affairs. From the day when he had learned that the Neptunes were to meet the Tylers, it had been the confident plan of Mr. Kilgallon to wreak subtle vengeance upon this Norse person by the only method that lay within his grasp—to humiliate him before his adorers by striking him out every time he dared come to bat, and to show Angie McCarthy what manner of man it was that she had lightly thrown over for this strong-armed viking. But now his enemy faced him at a most inopportune moment, when his nerves were jumpy and his heart was pounding madly, with two men on bases, and everything going south.

Baseball admits of no time for recuperation, however, and the rattled athlete is bound to stick to his guns and do the best he can until the third man is out. Peter did not look toward the third box from the end this time. He did not trust himself to let his frowning gaze wander from the broad-shouldered sugar-barrel juggler, who stood there with his bat slowly oscillating, amid the riot of sound that his coming had called forth. Desperately he summoned to his aid all the craft of his able right hand, wound up for a cork-

screw curve, and shot the ball at Peterson.

But again there was something lacking in Kilgallon's prowess at that critical moment. The corkscrew failed him, and, instead, the ball sailed up to the plate in the wide, easy curve that is known as "the roundhouse." Peterson saw it coming from afar, and swung at it with all the strength of his bulging shoulders—swung at it, and hit it so hard that the crack of his bat had scarcely sounded over the frenzied crowd when the ball sailed over the left-field fence in a streak of white, and the Swedish slugger was ambling around the home-run circuit, driving two runs in ahead of him.

The tumult and the shouting were unheard by P. Kilgallon as he stood watching the three Tylers circle gayly around him. Home runs off his delivery had been an unknown quantity for so long a time that he found some difficulty in grasping the situation in all of its essentials. But when the third man had crossed the plate, and another eager batter was standing there, ready to continue the onslaught, when he heard the worried voice of the shortstop behind him urging him to brace up and stick 'em over, he realized that he had fallen down wholly in the matter of humiliating Mr. Peterson, that the big fellow had put one over on him, and that the score was four to three.

Slowly he pulled himself together, and got his mind back on the game, and the batter who was going to put another one right where Peterson had put his found himself pounding at the air until he was all through, and the umpire waved him to a seat on the bench. Another slugger followed with a weak little grounder that Peter nabbed in his left hand, and the trouble was over for the time.

As he walked back to the bench, Kilgallon could not resist the temptation to take one swift glance at Angie. Around her the caramel cutters and bonbon dippers were leaning over the rail of the box, waving their banners and shouting defiance to the Neptunes and all their clan; but she was not celebrating. She was sitting quietly, looking at him as he strode across the field, his head up, and an angry light in his eyes, and it occurred to him suddenly that she was sorry for him. The thought stung him so fiercely that he glared at her, and she quickly looked away while he passed under the box to where the Neptunes were sitting in a glum line, waiting for him.

"What's the matter, Pete?" the manager demanded. "It looked like you was going to blow for a few minutes there."

Mr. Kilgallon turned and looked at him in silence for a few seconds. The light of battle that had made Miss McCarthy turn hurriedly away was still on his features.

"Say, if you've got another pitcher that can do better than I'm doin', you put him in there," he said. "I'm willin' to quit right here."

The manager hastily trimmed sail.

"Oh, nix, now, Pete!" he exclaimed. "Don't get sore. You got 'em eatin' out o' your hand. That Swede just got a lucky crack at it, that's all."

Mr. Kilgallon relapsed into silence, and after a time the half was over, and the Neptunes went back to the firing line to begin the struggle again. But while Pete regained his form and held the candy makers down without another hit until the sixth, the Tylers absorbed so much confidence out of the tight score that they played a whirlwind fielding game, and kept the Neptunes right where they were.

The sixth inning brought Mr. Peterson to the front again, and he broke the spell by smashing out a two-bagger to center. This time Pete kept his eyes away from the box where Angie sat, and centered his thought on the desperate task of striking out the man who had undone him. Indeed, so well did he play his cards that Peterson whiffed at one of his raise balls and fouled off another. With two strikes on him, Kilgallon had the upper hand, and the cheering died to a whisper when he whipped in a fast, straight ball; but it burst forth like a bomb explosion when

Peterson laced the straight one to the fence for a double.

It looked like trouble again. But one man was out, and a hit meant the run that would tie the score. Then Pete himself put over a play that electrified the crowd. The batsman rolled him a bunt, and Peterson lumbered for third, being halfway up the line when the ball was tapped. Kilgallon scooped the bunt with one hand, and whipped it to third, where a wide-awake Neptune deftly touched Peterson out and shot the ball across to first base in time to complete a double play on the runner. That repaid Peter in part for the sting of Peterson's two-bagger, but the crowd was with the big fellow, and as he went out to take his place in left field he was cheered until he took off his cap twice. Kilgallon ground his teeth in silent rage. Until that day it was for *him* that the vociferous cheering had sounded; it was *he* who had modestly raised his cap in acknowledgment.

It was still four to three when the last half of the ninth began with the Tylers at bat. Neptune confidence was running so high that reckless dollar wagers were being flashed around the grand stand with few takers. The Tyler rooters had one anchor for their hope—one star in their gloomy sky. Peterson might be reached in the batting order if things went their way, and Peterson had demonstrated that he could wallop Kilgallon's curves around the lot. He was the fourth batter on the list as the game stood. If the Tylers went down in order, all hope was fled. If but one man got on, it would be up to the brawny viking to win the game with one well-placed shot.

It was a deliriously happy and nervous crowd that sat on the edges of the seats as Kilgallon squared himself for the fray in the decisive round. Leaders of the Tyler rooters had passed the word that the game would be won if Peter could be stampeded again with a riot of noise, and no sooner did he poise himself to deliver the first ball than it broke loose over his head. He was jeered and hooted, his pedigree was called into question, and everything in his personal appearance, from the fit of his shoes to the tilt of his cowlick, was held up to shouts of scorn and laughter.

But this time he weathered the storm like a big-league veteran. His mind was fixed on a quick victory—before Peterson got another crack at the ball. He knew that it required the swamping of the Tylers in one-two-three order to do it, and he fanned the first batter before the crowd fairly realized that the inning had started. With one gone, his confidence increased, and he let out a kink in his control. The second batsman landed on the ball fair and hard, but it drove in a line to the shortstop's hands.

Two down, and it seemed to be all over. The crowd got up and began moving slowly toward the exits—the man at bat would end the game probably with a strike-out. But the man at bat had other ends in view. He struck at three of Kilgallon's puzzlers, but the third one was so far over his head that the catcher missed it, and it went back to the stand.

A thousand voices called on the batter to run, and he was safe on first before the panting catcher recovered the ball and shot it after him. The crowd sat down again, and began to yell with throats that seemed unimpaired by a hard day's use. Here was the situation the Tylers had been hoping and praying for—a man on base, and Peterson at bat. Now was the time to stampede Kilgallon if ever it was to be done, and as the heavy hitter came to the plate, spitting on his hands and smiling confidently, the uproar broke loose afresh.

Peter looked at his enemy with a worried frown. This was a hole he had not counted upon getting into, and he found his pulse beats going up by leaps and bounds again as they had done when Peterson first faced him in the third inning. The catcher signaled for a high one, outside. Kilgallon shook his head—Peterson would murder it. The crowd yelled in delight.

"He's afraid of you, Peterson!" somebody yelled. "Don't hurt him!"

"Jump down in the field here, kid," he said. "How are you?"

"Go on and pitch to him!" ordered another voice. "He won't do more than make a home run!"

Kilgallon shot one over, and Peterson drew back smilingly.

"Ball one!" yelled the umpire.

Instantly there was a fresh uproar from the stands.

"He's going to walk him!" a hundred voices yelled. "Shame! Shame! Give him a chance!"

"Oh, you coward, Kilgallon!" chorused the Tyler rooters. "You've got a yellow streak! You're afraid to pitch to him!"

Peterson stood smilingly stroking his big bat and waiting. Peter pushed his cap back from his forehead, pulled it down again, and made a feint to throw to first base. It was plain that he was worried, and as he settled himself to pitch the uproar died down in the more absorbing interest of watching the play.

And as Kilgallon drew his hand back a girl's voice, shrill and piercing, rang across the field from the third box from the end on the first-base line. It was Angie McCarthy's voice, and she was standing up, making a trumpet of her hands.

"Strike him out, Pete!" she screamed. "Strike him out! That big dub couldn't hit a barn!"

Mr. Kilgallon turned his head over his left shoulder just enough to see her standing there, cheeks aflame, and hat awry, in the midst of his enemies. He smiled a little, and the next instant the

ball sped from his sturdy hand, and the bulky Peterson made a mighty swipe at it just as it sagged below his bat into the catcher's mitt.

"Strike one!" sang the umpire.

Kilgallon turned as the ball came back to him, and saw Miss McCarthy beating her little hands together in an ecstasy. She was still standing at the box rail, and the other bonbon dippers had begun to draw away from her. One or two of them were plucking at her skirt, but she beat them off impatiently. Spectators in the grand stand were crowding forward to look at one of Tyler's girls who was cheering for the enemy.

"That's the boy, Petie!" she shouted. "You can do it! Make it be over! He can't see the end of his bat!"

Again Mr. Kilgallon's arm described its half circle, and this time Peterson drew back in contempt as the ball sped across the center of the plate.

"Strike two!"

Peterson turned indignantly, but a jeering shout from the Neptune rooters faced him about again. He knew too late that the ball was good, and his protest was a weak one. Kilgallon was warming up to the final spurt then. The frown had faded wholly from his face, and the old smile of confidence in himself and delight in the game had returned. He turned toward the third box from the end, and waved to Angie his gloved left hand. She was all alone in the box; her indignant companions had flocked into the aisle.

Carefully Peter poised himself for the crucial twister, while the crowd stood, breathless and silent. It flashed past Peterson like a frightened bird, he reached for it wildly, and spun around on his toes.

"Strike three—he's out!"

Kilgallon strolled nonchalantly across the field to where a hysterical girl was pounding the railing with her hands and shouting squeaky bravos above the scattered cheers of the departing crowd. He held out his hands to her invitingly.

"Jump down in the field here, kid," he said. "How are you?"

Angie obediently gave him her hands, and he helped her down beside him. Her face was hot and perspiring, and the tears she had held back so bravely were trickling down into her smile.

"Oh, Pete," she said, "I—I was awfully mean to you about—about that street-car business. I'm sorry——"

"Say, listen," he interrupted, "I ain't never thought o' that since. Forget it! It's all done. What did you think o' the game?"

"No, I was mean and snippy, Pete," she insisted, "but when they all began kidding you and roasting you for a coward I—I couldn't stand it! The nerve of them saying you were afraid of that big Swede! So I—I just jumped up and let 'em know where I got off!"

The crowd had trailed out of the stands, and the last of the athletes were disappearing, with their bats dragging behind them. The twilight shadows were filling the big park where they stood almost alone. He took her little hands again, and looked at her tenderly.

"You were a game kid, all right, to face that whole Tyler outfit for—for me," he ventured.

"I suppose I've lost my job," she said, "but I don't care! I just showed 'em!"

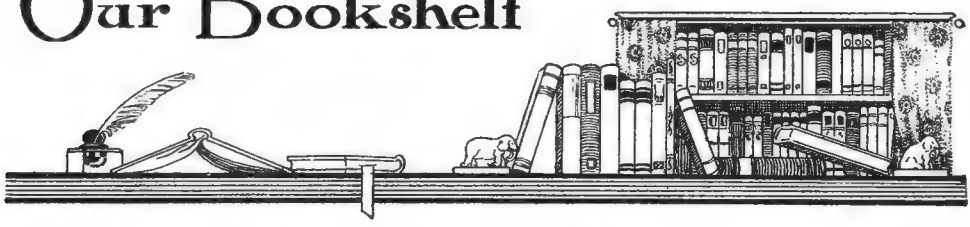
Mr. Kilgallon thought rapidly, and managed to swallow his heart, which somehow persisted in coming up behind his Adam's apple.

"Never mind about the job, Angie," he said. "How do you think you and me would hit it off as a battery? I'm gettin' fifteen down at the store, and I've got an offer from the Three-Eye League for next season. How about it?"

Angie looked at him a moment with the glad light of understanding dawning in her eyes. Then she snuggled her nose down against the big "N" on his sweater.

"Oh, you Pete!" she murmured softly.

Our Bookshelf



A Little Talk on a Few of the Books of the Day

By Edward Everett Hale, Jr.

I HAVE read somewhere of late that three-quarters of the books of fiction produced nowadays deal with some social problem or other, and that of these the greater number are books on the woman question. I believe the estimate somewhat exaggerated; certainly there are to-day many stories of pure adventure, of mystery, of romance, that have hardly a reference to social problems in general, or to what is generally called the woman question in particular. But it is true that many novels of the present day do treat of social questions. This does not mean that they are what used to be called "problem novels." Their authors have not set themselves to the task of solving the various social questions with which they deal; they have written not as theorists, but as artists. Their object has been simply to depict people, life; but people are absorbed in social problems to-day, life is made up of them, so our novelists, from the gravest to the gayest, must necessarily have something to say about them.

The novels that we have for discussion this month are not books on the woman question, but they are books that present women of our own day, and in the full current of the life of our own day, so they must of necessity deal, some to a greater degree, some to a less, with what we call problems.

Life is made up of problems, but it is not made up of the woman problem, the sex problem, the vice problem, and so on. If those problems could be solved rightly and truly, each individual life would still be full of its own puzzles, and questions, and difficulties. Matthew Arnold thought that life was three-quarters conduct; he thought that most people knew what they ought to do, and that the chief thing was to do it. That was almost half a century ago, when things were much more settled. To-day the matter is reversed. Most people do not know what they ought to do, and everything that they read seems to make them more doubtful rather than more settled. Some hold firmly and serenely to old faiths and old principles, and are sure. Some break with the past, and go out boldly on new seas of thought, and they also are apt to be sure. But the great majority are not sure of themselves, and these read eagerly what they think will give them light in their darkness, clearness in their confusion, strength in their weakness.

THE WORKING WOMAN.

The first book on our list this month is "Comrade Yetta," by Albert Edwards (The Macmillan Company). It is the story of a little Russian Jewess, Yetta Rayefsky, who, from being a speeder in a sweatshop, advances step

by step until she becomes a leader in that great social movement that stands for so much that is fine to-day.

The first influence in her life is her father, who keeps a secondhand bookstore. He is one of those quiet, learned men whose influence is that of a simple and straight philosophy of life, and a gentle, upright character. But he dies, and for a time she is at sea, and nearly suffers shipwreck. Then, in the great seething labor world of New York, she meets with Mabel Train and Walter Longman, two "social workers." At this point the reader will sniff a story, and I shall not do more to elaborate it than to say that the development of the plot includes Isador Braun, a young socialist lawyer, and several other people. But the social environment with which the book deals is as vital a part of the story as the individual characters, because such people as these cannot exist without a passionate interest in other people, without realizing that one cannot live for oneself alone, but must share in the lives of others.

It is a story that "makes one think," as they say, and, more than that, makes one feel. To read it does much to put one in touch with the great developments of our time, to help one to understand the immense mass of facts that daily come before our eyes in a world that is so largely made up of workingmen and women.

ANOTHER VIEW.

We get the same world from a different angle in the story of Carlisle Heth. "V. V.'s Eyes," by Henry Sidnor Harrison (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), tells how a girl of wealthy family comes to know that there is a social problem. She is the daughter of a millionaire, who is engaged in the tobacco industry. "V. V." is Doctor Vivian, whose practice is chiefly among people who need medical help, but never can pay for it; a missionary doctor, he is called. His connection with the Heth family begins with the writing of a scorching letter to the *Post* about the "homicidal conditions" at the Heth works.

Merely outlined, the story seems only a repetition of a well-worn and conventional situation—two young people held apart by family and social conditions. But in the book itself one would hardly recognize the old situation, for it is used by a man with a keen knowledge of life and a deep sympathy with those who live it. Many different types are drawn—the effective doctor himself, a physician of the soul as well as of the body; Henrietta Cooney, the capable stenographer who is willing and able to use her strength to help the rest; Doctor Pond, the settlement director, sharp and effective; Mrs. Heth, carefully studying the giving of contributions, so that they will do the most good to herself; and many more; not quite so realistic a group as those of the other book, drawn, perhaps, not quite so much from the inside, yet true in general line all the same.

But the real interest of the book is not in social questions or social workers, but in the beautiful Carlisle Heth, the millionaire's daughter, highly ornamental, but not useful save as an accomplished expert in her profession, the one profession for which women in large numbers are trained, namely, that of marriage. Mr. Harrison is bent upon showing us not merely the growth of Carlisle's interest in V. V., or the awakening of her sentiment of social responsibility, but the development of the woman herself as she lived through a critical phase of her life.

That is the way that one should deal with "questions"—show people in life, let us see what part "questions" have in their living. There is great truth in one of V. V.'s sayings. Through him, Carlisle Heth has come to see that her father, and his business, and the factory, and she herself need remodeling. When she tells V. V., he is astonished and "pretty proud"; he has talked a lot, he says, but this is the first thing he has accomplished, and that, too, in spite of his settlement, his patients, his influence. He is right. The human heart is more of a problem than woman,

labor, vice, or anything else. V. V. understood that, and so does Mr. Harrison. Some work on problems, and some on people. The latter is the harder work, but it counts for more, too.

THE TRADITIONAL POSITION.

So here are two books, one about a working girl, and one about a millionaire's daughter. Both are modern women. There is another book that may well come in between the two. Virginia Pendleton, of Dinwiddie, is a typical representative of her class, the class of women in whom it is ingrained as the whole duty of woman that she is to charm the men about her, marry the man of her choice, bear and educate children, and then, in time, die. Virginia is a true child of nature, content with her appointed place in life. She might have been a girl in Tahiti, or a peasant in Bavaria, but Miss Glasgow has chosen as her setting one of those towns of the South that have yet hardly begun to feel the life of the movement that was "new" a generation ago, because just there she saw the prevalence of an old idea in a form of exquisite beauty and charm, and also of pathos and tragedy.

What has "Virginia" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) to do with problems and questions? Is it a problem to ask why a charming, unselfish lover of home and children should fail to get on with a very modern lover of art and life? If she was fulfilling "the true function of woman," is there more to be said? It is the art of the novelist that makes us feel that somehow there is more to "the true function of woman" than to be born, to bear, and to die.

The book is not a masterpiece, but it is carefully studied, and there are many good things in it. Virginia and her mother are capital examples of the Southern woman, romantic, but unselfish, devoted, whole-souled. Her husband is not so convincing. Still, we know him as well as we know her, and we can appreciate thoroughly the position, the traditional position, of woman. Why was that marriage a failure? Was it the fault of the man alone?

IN THE GREAT CITY.

"In Another Moment," by Charles Belmont Davis (Bobbs-Merrill Company), is probably so called because, toward the end, something awful would have happened in another moment—if something else had not. It is the story of Fay Clayton's experiences in making her way in New York, in its broad lines not so very unlike the experiences of many another girl. She is from the country, attracted to the city by an unscrupulous little stockbroker with a large acquaintance on the Great White Way. She is beautiful, with blue eyes and tawny hair, and easily gets a place as show girl at twenty-five a week. Then come temptations and troubles.

The contrasts of life are well displayed—the sordid circumstances of existence in a poor flat, with a fellow chorus girl and her mother, with Mr. Hooker, once the Great Mozark, who sold patent medicines, and with Angie, a sort of derelict hanger-on, the stuffy atmosphere, the quarrels, the petty meanness; then, on the other side, the gay, brilliant, expensive life of the world of the theater, the glittering restaurants, and the costly little apartments. Between the two, Fay Clayton has a hard time, with always at her heart the passion for home and the country that "professionals" are fabled to feel.

This novel is not exactly on the woman problem, but it seems to throw some light upon it—rather a lurid light, it must be confessed. It appears that this wonderful creature had somehow never learned any way but one of making herself useful to her kind; her only ability seems to be the ability to charm the spectator—and to marry. Let us hope that she made a good wife and mother.

THE LOGICAL TURK.

The people who are absolutely consistent in their view that "woman's place is in the home" are the Turks,

and, indeed, the people of the East in general. "Veiled Women," by Marmaduke Pickthall (Duffield & Co.), shows us the life of an Eastern home. A rather common little English governess, who has never received any especial consideration in her life, suddenly finds that her faded blond prettiness has made her the object of the passion of the son of the house, and that, from being nobody, she has become an important somebody. At this, she promptly changes her religion—such as it is—and is married after the Mohammedan fashion, in spite of the urgent and kindly entreaties of the wife of the English consul general. She speedily sinks into the empty, luxurious life of the harem, listening to the stories and gossip of old Umm ed Darak, as she lies among her numerous cushions, amused by the immodest and suggestive dances of the slave girls, eating sweetmeats, and getting fat.

It is represented as a kindly household, the younger women perpetually occupied with matters of sex, but, Mr. Pickthall asserts, with an undercurrent of possible cruelty; certainly the ceremonies attendant on the birth of a son are revoltingly heathen, though performed rather under the rose. One realizes afresh that one cannot change one's religion and step into another civilization with impunity.

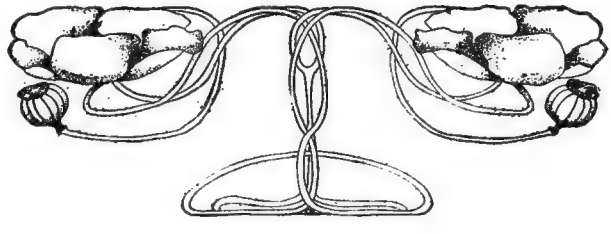
We have here an intimate picture of the East. Those who like to carry their reading over from fiction to the "more serious" books may make a very interesting comparison between this book, and "A Turkish Woman's Impressions," by Zeyneh Hanoum, which is a very interesting account of how two Turkish women left a harem, and of their experiences in the outside world. It is said that this book supplied Pierre Loti with the substance of his novel *"Les Désenchantées."*

A TRUE STORY.

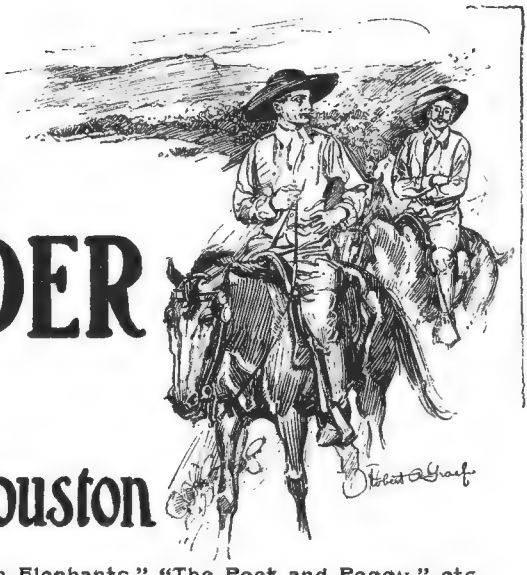
When we were children we used to ask, "Is it a true story?" Often we wanted true stories rather than "make-believe," stories of "when mother was a little girl." There are plenty of true stories about the questions of the day, though they are not always told with much literary art. You will find them in reports and monographs, and other such impossible books. There are some, however, that come out into the field of general reading, and there meet a cordial welcome.

Adelheid Popp's "Autobiography of a Working Woman" (F. G. Browne & Co.) ought to be read by many. Here is a working woman, as real as Yetta Rayefsky, who can tell her own story so that one reads it right through to the end. It is true that she was a Viennese, and lived under conditions that do not obtain with us to-day. Still, the matter of environment, of conditions, is relative, and the main thing is to get the point of view of the one who works, whether twelve hours a day, or ten, or fourteen.

This book shows how a woman actually did develop from a little work girl into one of the leaders of the socialist movement. We get her point of view, we see how life looked to her. It is a short book, a plain story told without elaboration, but with the irresistible touch of truth. People who want to understand how millions of women are feeling to-day will do well to read it. It is only one woman in ten thousand, perhaps, who is like Adelheid Popp or Yetta Rayefsky. But there are many more who would be like them had they a little more mind and heart and will.



BEYOND THE BORDER



By

Margaret Belle Houston

Author of "Boadicea and the Green Elephants," "The Poet and Peggy," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT A. GRAEF

PIERRE JALLOT, riding at the head of a dusty band, suddenly broke into song:

"Swallow, O Swallow, where rides my lover?"

The men behind him looked at one another and smiled.

Yet why should Pierre Jallot not sing? True, in his broad sombrero, his buckskin doublet, pistol in his belt, and carbine slung to his saddle, he was scarcely attired for the rôle of lovelorn maiden pining at her lattice; but the world was young—'tis a brace of centuries older now—June was abroad in the land, and the turf he trod was virgin save to the soft foot of the Indian. So he continued to sing till presently the men ceased their smiling and joined in the song.

But there was one of the band who neither smiled nor sang. Jauntily enough he rode, slightly in advance of Jallot, his eyes upon the distant hills. Louis St. Denis he was, the leader of this little troop, a youth as lovely as the sunlight and as brown as the sunlight can make a lad predisposed to fairness. None, to look at him riding thus, youth shining in his eyes, would guess the ventures he had been through, the dare-devil, foolhardy risks and escapades. Yet the jewel of his life, in all the glory of its first sparkle, he juggled with merry hands as if it had been a toy.

"Sing, Louis, sing!" cried Jallot. "Thy silence constrains us to believe that no lady in France interrogates passing swallows concerning thee."

Louis laughed.

"I am saving my strength," he said, "to encounter the Indians that thy song will undoubtedly attract."

"Let us pray not! Yet when I hear that little song I see Versailles in all its glamour. Lights and flowers, jewels ashine, soft eyes agaze, dimples, I behold——"

"And rouge and patches!" finished Louis.

Jallot drew rein, regarding the boy in mock amaze.

"Hast thou observed the rouge—young as thou art?"

And as Louis' ready laugh was his only answer, the older man rode on.

"Aye, it was there—the rouge. And yet, Louis, is it not better to have ladies'

cheeks with rouge upon them than no ladies' cheeks at all? What thinkest thou?"

"I am thinking," said Louis, "that if trade is to be established between Mexico and Louisiana it behooves us to make haste. San Juan Bautista should be reached ere night."

"So! And, speaking of so prosy a thing as our errand thither, I have a feeling that difficulties are just ahead. From what our Indians tell us, we may no doubt win to our side the commandant of the fort here; but we shall have a harder time with the governor at Monclova. From what they say, the commandant has bones of rubber."

"Remarkable!" laughed St. Denis.

"I mean he may be bent this way or that by any that hath a brawny hand. His name I learned not—it matters little. But the Governor of Coahuila is a Spaniard of the other sort."

"Are there, then, but two types of Spaniard, Pierre—the weak and the vicious?"

Jallot bowed, smiling.

"Pardon, m'sieur. I am speaking only of men. I was not presented to the Spanish lady who danced at the final court ball."

"Thou wast unlucky in that," conceded St. Denis, a flicker of red spreading over his tanned cheek.

"I agree. But thou wast a glory at that ball, Louis. I recall I composed sixteen bars for my violin upon the sight of thee. Thy blue satin trousers did so uplift my soul!"

"A hundred thanks. But if thou hast been relying on the beauty of my apparel to supply thy inspiration, I little wonder thou hast written nothing since."

"That thou," mourned Jallot, with lifted eyes, "that thou on whom duchesses have smiled—that thou who hast lighted all Versailles in azure pantaloons——" He paused, as if too much moved for further speech. Louis laughed uproariously. The men straightened in their saddles at the sound. They laughed also. "That thou," finished Jallot, "shouldst wear buckskin, and hobnob with Indians!" And he sang softly:

"Swallow, O Swallow, where rides my lover?
Over the border thro' battle's red gates!
Swallow, O Swallow, fain would I follow,
Tears are the drink of the heart that waits!

"Nay, Louis, jests aside, thou wast a wondrous dandy, but thou art a better soldier."

"And thou, Pierre, hast, on thy part, a keen ear for the fiddle, but thine aim with a rifle is even less at fault. And thy counsel—that is better still when I have heeded it."

"My counsel!" Jallot looked grave. "Would I had never whispered 'America' in thine ear! Always when thou comest fresh from some wild encounter I say to myself: 'Almost hast thou killed the lad.' Nay, Louis"—he snatched off the hat he wore—"dost see the white hairs? Mayhap thou canst not for the dust, but they are there. These came during the last six months, while thou wast captive of the Indians. These came while I deemed thee dead, while I sat by the rude grave in the forest they told me was thine. In those long nights I told myself: 'Now hast thou slain him!' My counsel, Louis—speak not of that."

"Dost think thy counsel led me here? 'Twas I led thee. Had I listened to thy advice, I should just now be sitting in a gilt chair weaving a nosegay for the Duchess of Burgundy."

"Or wedding with Señorita Villescas," said Jallot, "which were more worth while."

Louis' eyes shifted from the hills.

"I mind I advised that afterward," conceded Jallot, "after I had noticed the little Villescas following thee with her eyes—soft eyes, ready to fall; dark eyes, crowded with stars. Ah, Louis, how couldst thou flee from such a gaze?"

"Art thou blind, as well as gray?" asked St. Denis. "I did not flee, since thou wouldst know. I followed. I followed her to Madrid."

"Thou callst it 'following'? Thou wast sent thither with a message from the Duke of Alva. I chance to know."

"Dost thou know also what contriv-

ing it took to become ambassador of the duke? His message I carried in my hand. Another I bore in my heart—to her, Maria."

"Well, thou art a reticent young man! Thou dost not even talk in thy sleep. To whom was this message thou borest in thy hand?"

"To her father, Don Villescas."

"And what said he to the message in thy heart?"

"Very little, when it comes to that. He received me kindly. In a tattered old mansion he lives. The moon sheds a golden rain upon its crumbling stones. A million roses crowd its court. I found him there. I found also his sister, Señora Romelo. His wife is dead. This Señora Romelo was tall and grave. Her eyes were hard, a strange green, the color of unripe olives. Her voice was deep, like a man's, and she seemed gifted with a man's strength. She spoke seldom, her motions were few, her step noiseless. Villescas deferred my message of state to her. He deferred all to her. It was as if she were the man.

"In the days that followed I dwelt near Maria. In the evenings, when the stars came out, I walked with her in the garden beneath the shadowy magnolias. I looked into her eyes, and it seemed—such folly are we made of!—it seemed I learned to know her heart."

"Thou didst not surely walk alone with Señorita Villescas?"

"Quiet thee, Pierre. Señora Romelo walked ever beside us. It was well. Perhaps I might have snatched up Maria and ridden away. Ah, she was a coquette—Maria! And yet I blame her not."

"She loved thee, boy. Can I forget her eyes?"

"Wait! The last night of my stay, sitting with Don Villescas, I asked Maria's hand. He looked at Señora Romelo, silent in the shadow. And then he spoke.

"'Maria is affianced,' he said, 'to Don Gaspardo de Aguaya. Thou knowest him.'

"His hands twisted each other as he spoke. I read his indecision at a glance, and pleaded for a word with Maria. To my amaze, Señora Romelo straightway rose.

"'I will go,' she said kindly, 'and bring her here.'

"How I had misjudged her—the Señora Romelo! I could have knelt at her feet in joy and contrition. Instead, I stood where she had left me, listening for that light footfall, scarcely able to follow the wandering remarks of Don Villescas. But Señora Romelo returned alone.

"'The Señorita Maria regrets,' she said, 'that Señor Don Louis St. Denis can have nothing to say that would interest her.'"

"The little vixen!" muttered Jallot.

"Nay, Pierre. She had chosen well, since she followed her own heart. In the court I met Aguaya. He gave me a look of hatred; yet she was his. And as I rode away I saw them walking together—he and Señora Romelo, while a little way behind Maria delayed amid the roses. She looked up brightly as I passed, and waved her hand. Perhaps she meant to soften her hard message—who knows?

"And often I see her thus, her bright face back turned, standing amid the roses, waving her little hand. I know not why I have told thee this. Ah, yes! It was not thy counsel led me here. Think you it mattered whither I went?"

"*Cherchez la femme!*" breathed Jallot softly.

St. Denis straightened in his saddle. He pointed through the gathering dusk toward a row of huddling adobes outlined against the reddening west. They quickened pace, and in a little while halted before the presidio of San Juan. No sooner had they approached than the bell in the mission tower began to ring—a voice of the Old World breathing in the New.

"Vespers are closing," said Jallot; and even as he spoke the benediction chant floated into the sunset. Slowly the worshipers began to file out of the chapel door—Indian children in their scant one-piece garments, a brave with towering headdress, soldiers, and last

of all two women with black rebozos laid about their hair.

St. Denis, watching them, started violently, clutching Jallot's arm.

"By the Holy Mother!" he cried. "Look!"

"Aye, Louis. Women of our kind."

"Nay! It is she—Maria! Christ in heaven! Dost see?"

"Steady, lad. Thou art dreaming."

"There—speaking with the Indian woman. Señora Romelo also, walking away into the shadow. Wait you here."

St. Denis leaped from his horse. Jallot seized his arm.

"Louis, hast thou thought? If it be the Señorita Maria, she is Aguaya's wife by now. Be not rash."

"Even so," said Louis, with that back tossing of the head that Jallot knew so well, "even so I shall look upon her face." He turned to his men. "Proceed to the commandant's house," he ordered. "I will join you."

Flinging the bridle from him, he stepped forward into the dusk, while Jallot, with a strange foreboding at his heart, rode on with the little band.

The girl standing by the mission tower did not hear St. Denis' step. She leaned close to the Indian woman, and laid a hand upon her arm. Soft, broken little words she spoke in the Indian tongue. The woman's gaze brooded upon the child drooped in her arms. Suddenly she started, looked at St. Denis, and moved away.

The girl turned. In the gray light, her face went white. She leaned against the mission tower, her hand clutching the moonflower vines that blossomed there, her eyes great and dark.

St. Denis spoke softly, seeing that she was startled:

"Forgive me, Señorita Maria. I would but look upon your face. It is not, then, a dream that you are here?"

And as she still kept silence, looking upon him, St. Denis moved closer still, and fed his heart with that look. And he saw that she was changed—beautiful still, but changed, as if a ghostly hand had passed over her face, quenching its light and wiping away its bloom. And as he moved she moved also, shrinking close among the moonflowers and catching the rebozo at her throat.

At last she whispered: "You are not —dead?"

St. Denis laughed, and she shivered, clasping her hands.

"No, Señorita Maria," he answered. "Only a part of me. Only my heart."

"The Indians——" she whispered. Then her voice quite broke. "They told me you were dead—dead!" she cried.

"And you cared?" he whispered. "You cared?"

"How dare you think I cared?" But her eyes brimmed over, and she turned her face.

"Pardon, Señorita Maria. I had no right, indeed, to think you cared after your message."

"My message, señor?"

She had faced him again, the tears frank on her cheeks.

"It was a little thing to you, and you have forgot. That I could have nothing to say that would interest the Señorita Villescas. Would not a gentler one have served as well?"

"When was this?"

"In Madrid. I asked thy hand. Hast thou——"

"Oh, you have been tricked! I sent it not. Señora Romelo had sworn that I should wed Aguaya. From the first she hated and feared thee. Ah, what I have borne from her! I woke, señor, to find you gone without so much as a farewell—you who had seemed—my friend."

"I see all now!" cried St. Denis.

And in a breath he had forgotten all things save that she was there in the flesh before him, that she loved him, and that life was theirs. And he clasped her close, would she or no, breathing on her broken words.

"Maria, my little Maria, my love was so great that plot, nor ruse, nor earth, nor ocean could divide us! I have come to thee, I have found thee, in spite of all. I shall keep thee always, always!"

Till, borne on the tide of his love and the great wonder of his coming, she, too, forgot. A thousand years he

She leaned against the mission tower, her hand clutching the moonflower vines, her eyes great and dark. At last she whispered: "You are not—dead?"

held her thus, the stars of the New World gathering above them, a thousand years crowded into a little moment's space.

She straightened suddenly in his arms.

"Aguaya!" she whispered. "Oh, flee, Louis! Flee to-night!"

St. Denis' arms fell from her. He looked into her face.

"Thou art his wife, Maria?"

She laughed for the first time.

"How little dost thou know me! Nay! But he is governor at Monclova. My father is commandant here by his appointment. Thou hast known nothing of Aguaya's movements, but thine have been followed close by him. When he learned that thou wast on the way he laid traps along thy path. It was he who betrayed thee to the Indians. He it was brought me tidings of thy torture and death. Oh, Christ, what I have borne!"

"Thou shalt bear no more, mistress mine. When I go I shall steal thee."

"Thou art safe to-night, but for how long? Did he know thou art living, he would burn the forest to find thee. Will not my father, bidden by mine aunt, send him speedy word of thy presence here? Oh, go, Louis! Go this night!"

"Nay, little Maria. What can harm me? Am I not armed with thy love? When I go, it will be that my mission for my king is accomplished. When I go, I shall bear with me Maria, my bride."

She clung to him, still pleading, but he kissed back the hurrying words, and held her fast.

Then out of the shadow, borne by her silent step, came Señora Romelo. She sought Maria, and, finding her thus engaged, she halted short, shaken from her calm. Yet amazement became something close to terror when she saw that the partner of Maria's astonishing behavior was none other than Louis St. Denis. Her composure was more quickly recovered than had been the girl's.

"Maria," she said, with scarcely a tremor, "thy father is receiving the visitors in the *salle-à-manger*. He awaits you. Señor," turning to St. Denis, "we had supposed you slain by Indians. How is it that we have the honor of seeing you again?"

"Indeed, señora," St. Denis answered, "I have been six months a captive, which has greatly interrupted my journey hither and annoyed my men. It was not a bad half year, however, for I learned the Assinais tongue and all the woods and rivers hereabout. In return I taught them what things my humble store of knowledge holds, and gave them of my pack that I was bearing hither—bright beads and bits of cloth, pictures and ribands—all that a trader is wont to carry. I think I gained their friendship somewhat. Two of their braves have enlisted in my little troop as guides."

"They did not slay you, señor? So! Permit me to say that you are fortunate in having been spared to retrieve any mistakes you may have made. I trust you understand."

"Perfectly, señora. My mistakes have been largely in the selection of my messengers. Henceforth I go my own errands."

And thus was open war declared between them.

II.

"Louis, thou wilt go?"

"Listen, *queridita!*" He lifted her hands, and locked them about his neck, making a soft yoke of her arms. They stood by the mission tower. It was night again, and a new moon swung in the sky. "Listen again. Have I not told thee——"

"Yet three days hast thou been here, Louis. Ah, I am afraid!"

"I do not like the days," said Louis. "They are full of thine aunt. Often I marvel that nature hath endowed thy lovely form with so terrible a shadow. It is the night I love, when thou slippest out of thy window instead of into thy bed, and fliest to me here. Yet with this growing moon I fear thou wilt soon begin to cast a shadow at this hour, too."

"Nay; mine aunt believes that I am nursing Paoli's babe—the little Indian

babe—who is ill. But I also am afraid —of many things. Ah, Louis, go!"

"Thou art holding me," laughed Louis.

She unclasped her hands; she drew her arms away.

"Nay, hear me, *querida*. I may not go until the messengers dispatched to Don Aguaya have returned. Thy father will give me no answer until he hath consulted with his governor. Thou knowest my errand is one of state. Shall I leave without clasping the hands of France and Spain in this new land—even as our hands are clasped—thus? Wait till the messengers return, *querida*, and I will go. Thou also, my little Maria. Thou hast promised."

He made to draw up her hands again, but she started suddenly, glancing behind them.

"Louis, I heard a step. What is that yonder?"

She pointed through the pale glow of the moon to where moving shadows were faintly outlined against the black of the forest.

St. Denis moved forward. She seized his arm.

"Nay, do not go!" she cried. "Let them be."

St. Denis laughed.

"It is some deer frightened from the woods. See—it hath returned. My little *querida*, why art thou so fearful?"

"For thee. Is thy life nothing?"

"It is much," said St. Denis gravely, "since it is dear to thee."

"Then listen!" Her two hands seized the breast of his doublet. "To-day, as I walked in the woods, I saw strange men. They lurked in the bayou, and as I came they hid among the trees. I liked not their faces. They were there at nightfall."

"No doubt it is the messengers returned from Don Aguaya. There hath been time. Yet thou shouldst not walk in the woods, *carita*. Where was thine aunt?"

"Upon my track, as always. She brought me in. Yet I had seen them from my window, and I would make sure. They are no messengers. I know the men who bore thy papers to Don Aguaya. Ah, Louis, go—and I will go with thee!"

"Certain when I go thou shalt go also. But not to-night, Maria."

She turned, half sobbing.

"I fear this night. I fear this night," she said.

He drew her within his arms, and forced her to sit beside him on the mission step.

"It will not be longer than other nights have been," he soothed. "We have waited long, Maria, and thou hast been brave. A little longer, and then no more of partings. Word will come at daybreak, and then my task is done. We will be wed——"

"Not here!"

"Nay; there is a mission across the river. I passed it on my way. From there——"

"Ah, Christ! What is that?"

"It is Pierre Jallot's violin. Let not his music fright thee. He hath a kindly heart."

Maria laughed also.

"Aye, his heart is good—good. He would give its last beat to save a friend. Hearken! He sings."

And into the dark floated Jallot's mellow tones:

"Into the carnage fareth my lover!
Red gleams his blade with the blood that he hates!
Never a stranger to daring and danger,
But fear is the food of the heart that waits!"

"It is a sad little song," said Maria. "To-morrow—to-morrow!" She seized his hand. "Come!" she breathed.

He followed her up the mission step and into the chapel. It was dark save for two tapers burning before the Virgin.

"They shall burn there ever," she whispered. "They are my prayer for you." She drew a rosary from her breast. "Kneel!" she said.

They knelt together in silence. She did not release his hand; but, kneeling there thus, clinging to him, she gave her lover into the Virgin's keeping, vowing to perform whatever sacrifice might be required for his safety, to give her life if need be that his might be spared. As for Louis, he prayed only

The grip on his shoulders tightened. He struck again.

that, having found Maria, he might never lose her—never.

They rose. She hesitated a half moment, then wrenched from her rosary its cross, and held it out to him. It was a pearl cross, surmounted by a Christ in gold. The transfixing nails were of rubies. They glittered redly in the flickering light.

"Thou shalt wear this," she said, "hidden upon thy breast. It hath strange power. So shall I know thee safe."

"But thou?" said Louis, half withdrawing the hand into which she would have laid it.

"Nothing threatens me if I know thee safe. Take it, my Louis! It hath my mother's blessing upon it. It hath her dying kiss. As I love thee, so did my mother love the one who gave it her—nay, not my father! My father she wed as I would wed Aguaya did I let them drive me. Not only my love for thee, Louis, but the memory of her face, the memory of her long sorrow, hath kept me true to thee.

"I shall not suffer as she suffered—her heart with one man, her body in the arms of another. Death were better, my Louis. From her childhood she loved this other, and his heart was hers. Yet were they torn apart, and at her bridal he gave to her this cross. I mind me when she died, holding it in her hand until too weak. She looked into my eyes, and I, understanding the look, lifted it before her face, pressing it to her lips, and so she passed. Think you that aught could harm you wearing this? And I—with thee secure, what need I fear?"

She fastened it to the cord on which hung his scapular, and pushed it inside his doublet, while Louis, feeling more awed and reverent than he had ever felt

in his life, kissed the little hands that had yielded him their treasure, and could not speak. He had a strange feeling that she had parted with shield, some loving aura of her mother that must hover about the child in these new wilds. He vowed within himself that so soon as might be he would replace the cross upon its rosary, and restore it to her keeping.

A shadow in the doorway silently shut out the moon. Maria turned. It was the Indian woman. She stood passive, gazing upon them from her dark eyes.

"I must go," said Maria. "Señora Romelo hath commanded the women to sit late and sew. I must go to Paoli's ailing babe. Good night."

She smiled at him now, holding out her hands. Her heart felt strangely light since she had fastened upon him the cross.

"To-morrow," breathed St. Denis.

"At moonfall," she whispered, "I will come." And she hurried from the chapel.

He watched her form melt like a shadow into the shadows, the Indian stealing behind. He went down the mission step. The moon was sinking. Like great globes of light, the moonflowers floated about the tower. A breeze laden with the perfume of oleanders stirred his hair. He thought of this hour on the morrow, and, opening his arms with a deep, glad breath, looked up at the star-strewn sky.

Something stirred behind him. St. Denis wheeled. A grip as of iron fastened upon his shoulders. His hand flew to his poniard, and in the dark he struck. Something fell in the grass at his feet. The grip on his shoulders tightened. He struck again. On the stroke his wrists were seized on each side, a band was placed over his eyes. Close upon him he felt the crowding of fierce and panting bodies.

"I am your prisoner," he said. "What is your will?"

For answer, a thick object was rammed into his mouth, and St. Denis asked no further questions. He was drawn quickly forward, stumbling as he went upon an object, heavy and soft, lying on the ground.

"Do we take the body of José?" asked a low voice, in Spanish.

"No," came a surly answer close to Louis' ear. "On with you!"

Nimble hands shackled the prisoner, his wrists were firmly manacled, and he was flung across a horse. Some one mounted behind him, gripping him as if he had been a sack of meal. Amid the beat of many hoofs, he felt himself borne away into the night.

III.

Next day Maria kept to her room, tucking out of sight at every footfall the bit of ribbon that she had folded, or the newly mended frock. All her belongings she noiselessly made ready for flight at moonfall. Once, looking from her window, she saw a short procession filing with its covered burden toward the cemetery outside the mission. She thought with a pang of Paoli's babe, with whom she had sat late. Hiding her preparations beneath the pillows, she sprang toward the door, meaning to learn who had died in the mission during the night. Señora Romelo met her as she turned the knob.

"The messengers have returned from Monclova," she announced, entering.

Maria had learned this already. She had heard them at dawn, drinking in the *salle-à-manger*. They had talked in low tones and laughed wearily.

"Whom do the Indians bury?" asked Maria.

"A soldier found dead in the grass. Go not out this day. He hath died of a loathsome disorder which thou mayest contract."

She smiled. Maria felt troubled.

"And Paoli's babe?"

"The brat is well, I doubt not, since it crieth. If it die not nor keep silent I shall drive the mother hence. It is torment."

"What answer do the messengers bring from Coahuila?" asked Maria.

"Don Aguaya would investigate the proposals of France. He comes to-night."

Maria whitened.

"To-night? Don Aguaya?"

Señora Romelo smiled again.

"I trust thou hast made no plan that will affect his entertainment," she observed, as she moved from the room.

Maria stood, pale to the lips. So Louis must remain in order that Aguaya might "investigate." It was some ruse—of that she felt sure—some ruse to hold him there.

If only Louis were not aware of the governor's approach, there was still hope. If the messengers had borne the answer to her father only, then might they fare forth still, Louis ignorant, and she urging him fast, fast toward safety. In any case, she could only wait now for nightfall—she who had waited so long.

She made her belongings into a roll which she pushed beneath the great bed, spreading about it the valance of her coverlet. Her jewels she placed in a leathern bag ready to her hand. At the noon meal her father sat silent. His gray-white hands, which had a way of clutching one upon the other, were twitching and tremulous. Once he spilled his wine, and Señora Romelo rebuked the Indian serving boy for awkwardness. Maria, thankful that the meal was done, fled at last to her room, sitting during the hour of siesta and the long afternoon longing for dusk. It was a Friday, and she had pleaded a special abstinence to excuse her from supper in the *salle-à-manger*.

At last the twilight came, lilac as amethyst, deepened into sapphire gloom, and was gone. The moon slipped into a hollow of the hills, and shadows stole into the mission, mingling with one another, bringing the dark.

And now a little figure that was like a shadow itself slipped from the commandant's house, flitting among the adobes, noiselessly skirting the white patches cast by lighted windows, and, skimming the plaza like a bird, gained the deeper shade cast by the chapel tower. She had wrapped herself well in her cloak, had little Maria, and she bore the roll of her garments under her arm.

Louis was late. She sat down on the chapel steps. She waited. It grew very dark. The chapel door stood open, and the tall candles before the Virgin cast a pale radiance down the aisle and about the step. Far off the frogs chanted wearily. It was the only sound. For the first time since he came, Pierre Jallot's violin was still. She wondered at this.

Finally she rose, and, laying her bundle on the step that Louis, coming late, might understand, she ran through the dark to the men's quarters, a hundred yards away. The cots, lying in the open, were empty, the card tables deserted. From a corner of the dim adobe came a faint, breaking wail. By a candle guttering on the table she saw Paoli nursing her babe. The woman looked at her with no change in her stolid face.

"Palefaces follow young chief," she said, her voice striking upon the child's thin cry. "Papoose sleep not—singing man gone."

"Have followed?" whispered Maria, coming closer. "Speak, Paoli, quickly! Where hath Chief St. Denis gone?"

"Gentle Hands know not?"

"I have heard nothing. Tell me—quickly!"

"Young chief go into night—fast. Cock Plume hear strange footfalls. Cock Plume see men with foes' eyes. Foes' hands catch young chief. Young chief gone. Men gone. Cock Plume gone. Papoose sleep not."

Maria clung to the door, her mind darting now here, now there, seeking some avenue of action.

"Where doth Cock Plume guide the palefaces? Ah, quickly!"

The woman looked at her.

"Paoli know not. Cock Plume follow footprints to end."

Maria turned, baffled, desperate. Suddenly by the chapel door she saw the outline of a man. He stood near the spot that she had just quitted, holding the bridle of a horse whose restless movements had first drawn her eye to the place.

The girl's heart leaped and stood still. He had returned! He had escaped, and returned to her!

"Louis!" she cried, forgetting all danger, and she went toward the chapel, flying, running, calling, holding out her arms. The man by the chapel did not move. Except for his resistance to the jerkings of the horse, he would have seemed a shadow holding the bridle rein. But when she had come quite close he held out his hand and laughed.

It was Aguaya.

"Pardon, Señorita Maria. I was merely guarding thy little bundle on the step. Art thou, then, ready to journey this night with me?"

"Where is he?" whispered little Maria, robbed of breath.

"If thy inquiry relates to my horse, he is here, eager for the road to Monclova. I missed thee at supper, but thine aunt hath told me where I should find thee."

"Answer me!" cried Maria, her little fists very tight. "Where is Louis St. Denis?"

"How should I know? And let me tell thee, Maria, no matter how pretty are a maid's little teeth, they lose half their beauty when disclosed so viciously."

"Thou knowest, and thou shalt tell me!"

"I am beginning to fear thy hurrying step was for another." He drew nearer, thrusting his dark face with its smoldering eyes close to hers. "And where should spy and murderer be, think you? Sitting in my cushioned chair, drinking spiced wine?"

"I have prayed," breathed the girl, "I have prayed not to kill thee. Do not drive me too far!"

Whereat, Don Aguaya laughed again.

"Thou hast prayed! When a maid remembers a man in her prayers, it is high time to name the wedding day. I will advise thine aunt."

"He is no spy! Thou hast concocted this charge that thou mayest prison or murder him. What have you done already?"

"Hearken, Maria. If I have murdered him, 'tis but just. A spy he was at the beginning—'tis his office here—and only last night, resisting my ambassadors, he slew my most trusted man."

"Thine ambassadors! They were worthy of thee, Don Aguaya. Their methods are thine own." Maria laughed. "Ambassadors that lurk in bayous and creep from the shadow at night! So that was the loathsome death the soldier died? I was advised that if I came out I might contract his malady. 'Tis thou—thou who hast come too far, shalt suffer that disease!"

And suddenly in that little fist of hers there gleamed the dagger that Aguaya wore always sheathed in his belt. He drew back, gripping her lifted wrist.

"So! Thou wouldst slay me in truth, little Maria! The dove hath talons. Gently, gently, lest I bruise thy wrist."

She twisted in his grip.

"Thou hast killed him! Thou hast killed him!" she cried.

"Not yet."

She drew a sudden breath. She stood still.

"He is in a dungeon in Monclova—this lover of thine. I have offered him life and freedom if he renounce thee—who art mine. Fool that he is, he looked in my face and swore rather to die."

Little Maria laughed. She laughed as she stood there, the dagger in her powerless hand gleaming with the light of the altar candles. Aguaya darkened with her laughter. He drew up her wrist until her clenched hand rested on his shoulder.

"He shall not have thee—dost understand? I hold him as I hold thy wrist—thus. To-morrow he dies. Ah, thou whitenest at that! Yet hearken. Thou canst save him. Thou alone." He placed his lips to her ear. His breath warmed her cheek. "Wed me this night, Maria, and to-morrow he goes free."

She drew back. She looked into his eyes.

"Dost thou swear?" she whispered.

He pointed through the open door of the church.

"By Christ and our Holy Mother!" he said. "I will ride with thee to Monclova, and thou thyself shalt open his prison door."

She covered her face with her free hand.

"Ah, I cannot believe thee—I cannot trust thee," she cried.

His voice fell. "Unjust!" he answered. "Yet would I trust thee, Maria, my beautiful. Thine oath would I trust to the world's end."

She looked at him. A flame had leaped in her eyes.

"Then will I prove thee. Ride this night to Monclova—alone. Release Louis St. Denis straightway, and I will wed thee on thy return."

"Thou dost swear?"

"By Christ and our Holy Mother!" she answered.

Aguaya released her, and leaped upon his horse.

"Yet must I have proof," cried Maria. "Thou shalt bring me a letter from St. Denis himself assuring me of his safety. And, mark you, I know his writing well."

"Thou little doubter, I will bring it thee. Keep the dagger, my beautiful. If I fail thee in this, strike as thou wilt. I shall not stay thy hand." He leaned from his horse. "One kiss, Maria—for good faith's sake, to speed me on my way."

"Thou knowest well," said Maria, "I may not kiss thee ere my bridal."

"Thou wilt kiss me for the letter I bring?" he sneered.

"For that, in sooth," she answered gravely.

"I hold thee to that," he cried. "Farewell!" And he galloped into the dark.

Maria stood where he had left her till the sound of hoofs died in the forest; then she moved slowly up the chapel steps. She halted between the altar candles, and looked into the Virgin's face.

"Holy Mother," she said aloud, "if this be the only way, I say no word. I have vowed to thee that, wouldst thou save him, my life was thine to use. Yet—only this! Ask not that I live on, the wife of Don Aguaya. Ask only that I keep my word to him. When this is done, absolve me from the thing I do."

And, kneeling, she hid the dagger in her breast.

IV.

Louis St. Denis, sitting in his dungeon, had not slept. He had sat, instead, looking into the darkness, which was damp and foul. By day the floor showed a carpet of green slime, while ooze, filthy and black, dribbled from the walls. As Louis had himself observed on entering, no self-respecting frog would have remained there unmanacled. Dungeon building has always been a fine art beyond the Rio Grande.

However, Louis had entered his underground apartment with little missing of his debonair behavior. The bandage was gone from his eyes, the gag from his mouth. He was grateful for small favors, seeing that he could not have performed them for himself. Moreover, it would have afforded his captors too great a satisfaction had St. Denis disclosed to them any of the discomfort that possessed his body and soul.

He was quite alone as he sat looking into the darkness through this second night in prison. During the first he had slept from sheer exhaustion. But now there had come to him, by way of the guards, the rumor that his men had followed him, meaning to fight in his behalf or share his fate. Louis did not question what that fate would be.

Nor was this piece of news, disturbing though it was, the thing that acted most powerfully in keeping slumber from his pallet. Over and over there came to him the thought of one to whom his life seemed needful. Not his king. Louis' king had many foolhardy, adventure-seeking subjects. Louis' king missed nobody very long. Looking through the dark, he seemed to see a little figure stealing among the shadows of San Juan, halting beside the mission tower, and waiting, waiting. They would not let her know. He knew their way.

Through the shadows the little figure stole forward—forward—— The wall melted before him like mist, the dark divided, she came close to him—close. He saw the tears shining on her face; she held out her arms. With a cry,

Louis rose, started toward her. He stumbled on his pallet, his hand met the hard dampness of the wall. In the dark he began to pace to and fro the narrow length of his cell. Bread and water are a meager diet for a man who has ridden hard, and prison air does not assist in the renewing of spent vitality.

As he paced, the little figure moved backward before him with outstretched arms, evading him with laughter, melting at his touch, appearing again far off with outstretched arms and tearful eyes. Ah, he would go mad in the long years to come, buried alive, dying by inches, forgotten by all—save her, perhaps. And who would say to her how he had fled and died? Even if they shot him at daybreak—and Louis prayed that this might be—would not his death be as foul and secret as the dungeon in which he was hid?

That Jallot and his men should die was unneedful. Its certainty troubled him. Yet not as did the thought of Maria. Men were made to die. But women were not made for suffering. Ah, no! And Louis covered his face and sat down on the stool. By way of the grated window far up, the gray of dawn was creeping into the cell. In the light the little figure had faded. But Louis sat down, covering his face.

He picked up a stone, and broke the windowpane.

It was then that he heard the grating of keys. He turned to see the sentry opening his cage door. Two guards entered, and, approaching St. Denis, struck off his chains without a word. Between them he was marshaled into the gray corridor, up a narrow stair, and out into the early sun. Across a dewy court they passed, still in silence, and in another moment St. Denis stood in the smiling presence of Don Aguaya.

The governor seemed to have just arrived. His breakfast stood on a tray beside him. There was dust on his coat, his hat and mantle lay on a chair. He nodded pleasantly to St. Denis.

"It seems there has been a mistake, Señor St. Denis," he observed. "Papers have but newly arrived showing that thine overtures were made in good faith. Thou wilt pardon our fears, I

doubt not. When a province is new and desirable, its boundaries uncertain, no one should know better than thyself how wary should be its guardians."

Said Louis rather hotly, yet with a certain dignity:

"His majesty of France hath his own American possessions. The Governor of Monclova hath had ample surety that I represent them. Your seizing of me, therefore, would indicate that France, and not Spain, hath cause to be suspicious of her neighbors."

Aguaya smiled as if in easy toleration of the boy's spleen.

"In sooth, the surety of which you speak is but now established. You are therefore free."

Louis' heart leaped. He could scarcely believe.

"It but remains," continued the governor, turning to his coffee, "it but remains that you ride with your worthy band to the capital of Mexico, there to deliver these same testimonials to the viceroy. My guard will conduct you, acting as guide."

To the capital of Mexico! Six hundred miles away!

St. Denis had not looked for this. What Aguaya approved, he had well understood, was seldom opposed by the viceroy. Yet circumstances were unusual in this case. If the brand of spy were not a subterfuge of Don Aguaya's, then would it indeed be well to clear his name before Linares for the sake of future intercourse.

Ah, if he might ride hot haste to San Juan, and, snatching up Maria, wed her at the first mission, and bear her with him on the way! Yet the thought of the long journey ahead quenched this desire at birth. He turned to seek a messenger by whom to send her word of his release, and of the long absence that must follow.

Don Aguaya spoke:

"Your pardon, señor. When you and your men have breakfasted I beg that you will write a letter to the Señorita Maria Villescas, the daughter of your recent host. I fear that in suspecting the guest of my friends I have caused them some hurt and possible anxiety. The Señorita Maria is particularly soft-hearted, and I believe my mere word would not be sufficient to allay her fears. Women are grown doubtful, señor." He laughed.

St. Denis answered gravely: "Doubting thee so profoundly, señor, I wonder she trusts thee to bear the letter."

Aguaya darkened.

"If thou hast misgivings on thine own part," he replied, "trust the message, I pray, to one of thine own men."

"Did I do that," smiled St. Denis, "it would denote that I doubted thy strength as well as thy word. Could not you follow with an army, and destroy both letter and man? I know thou hadst not asked the letter didst thou not purpose it should be delivered. Moreover, I shall place within it this emblem, which will insure it against violation, and be at once to her the token of good faith."

He held up the cross given him by Maria. Aguaya whitened and smiled.

That afternoon, reunited to his men, rested, and refreshed, St. Denis took the rude highway toward Mexico. He carried in his doublet his officer's commission and the proposed treaty originally sent to Aguaya. A passport to be handed the garrison's commandant at Valejo had been intrusted to one of the soldiers sent by the governor to direct their way.

It was a sparkling day, crowded with all the bloom and beauty of mid June. Jallot, riding at Louis' side, sang as of old:

"Over the border rideth my lover!"

And Louis on this journey thought less of his political errand than of the lengthening miles between him and San Juan.

At the presidio of Valejo the band halted for the night. The commandant, receiving the passport, looked it over, his keen glance traveling to St. Denis.

"It is well," he said simply, and went to order the roasting of more meat and the opening of wine.

After supper the men made their beds in the open, Aguaya's guards remaining

to drink further with the soldiers of the fort. The echo of their laughter grew louder beneath the stars.

Pierre Jallot lay on the turf, slightly apart from the rest, his head on his saddle, his gaze wandering amid the stars. Louis, not far away, sat writing by the light of a fire that some of the men had built. Presently he came and sat down by Jallot.

"I was calculating," said the older man, "just how long it will require to ride to Mexico and back again to San Juan."

"My dear Pierre," said St. Denis, "we shall never see San Juan."

Jallot sat up. From the fort came the sound of laughter, last echo of the breaking revel.

"Thou wilt not return?" cried Jallot.

"Not so loud, Pierre." St. Denis laid a hand on his shoulder. "Not I, but thou. Thou shalt ride back this night as fast as horse can carry thee. Thou shalt take yon sleeping Spaniard's cloak and hat, likewise his horse, which is fresher than thine. Thou shalt pull his sombrero over thine eyes——"

"Yet wherefore? If I am to go, let it be as a Frenchman."

"Thou wouldst not win twenty paces alive. Hearken, Pierre. Dost mark yon sprawling soldier whose cloak thou shalt steal? Nay—there. Follow the odor of old wine. Ah, now thou hast it! He it was gave the passport to the commandant. I liked not the look with which that gentleman favored me on reading the document. Passport! Pierre, it was a passport to heaven—purgatory—what you will. The two hundred soldiers of this fort were ordered by that passport to ride with us—lest we, being so few, grow lonely. Lest we be homesick, and turn back."

"Thou dreamest! There is nothing friendlier than these men."

"Their wine at least is friendly," agreed St. Denis. "It hath made yon discreet guard loosen his tongue. My friend, we ride condemned spies—sentenced as irretrievably as if all the courts of Spain had heard our case and decided it—condemned to be shot on arrival. I alone am the object of the governor's vengeance; yet this is the Spanish way. It is not sufficient that I die. I must be served up in the kindly dish of all my comrades."

"Louis, how canst thou jest?"

"I jest not. Nor is this all. That Don Aguaya would use my absence to torture more effectually Maria Villescas I did not doubt. Yet the torture preceded our departure from Monclova. Hearken ye, Jallot. This night he rides to wed with her."

"The saints forbid!"

"It is true. Yonder guard hath whispered it me in drunken laughter. He himself had gathered the lilies at dawn that will deck her bridal. With her sweet self she pays, thinking to buy my life—and he hath duped her. It shall not be. Ride swift, and reach San Juan ere the wretched bargain is complete. Bear her this letter, in which I have written all. They will not miss thee until morn, and I will say that thou also wert drunken, and art riding ahead to await us when thy wits are clear."

Jallot had risen, thrusting the letter into his doublet.

"I go," he said; "yet thou shalt see me soon."

"Nay, Jallot, return not. Wherefore shouldst thou?"

"That the dish in which thou art served may be complete." He laughed, and wrung the boy's hand.

A moment later a man had ridden at a gallop past the sentry. The commandant wheeled about.

"Who went there?" he cried.

The sentry laughed. "Juan Basara, my captain," he said. "Knowest thou not the horse? He hath drunk, to my knowledge, two gallons of old Madeira. Heaven grant he rides off his merriment!"

"Heaven grant the beast bears him home!" breathed the commandant.

V.

Maria, waiting on the mission steps, had timed Aguaya to the hour.

"If he kept faith," she thought, "he left Monclova an hour after sunrise. By dark I shall know."

He flung a string of carven shells about her neck. "Wear this. Show chief. No hurt."

Nor did her calculation fail. A silver rim of crescent moon was just pushing into the east when a horseman rode out of the forest and halted by the mission tower.

"Ho, little Maria!" Aguaya remarked, dismounting. "I fancied I should find thee here."

"Thou hast brought the letter?" she whispered.

"Cruel!" he laughed. "Should not thy first concern be for the messenger? Yet here it is." And he laid St. Denis' message in her tremulous hands.

She broke the seal, half doubting even now. The cross fell into her hand, at which she laughed joyously.

"Ah, now I am sure!" she cried.

For a moment she could not speak, but held cross and letter to her cheek, laughing softly, softly, the bright tears in her eyes. Aguaya watched her with narrowed lids.

"I think thou hast forgot somewhat,"

he observed. "What didst thou promise me when this should come?"

"Ah, wait—wait!" she whispered. "Wait till I know what he saith."

And she turned, flying up the chapel steps, closing the door, and pausing beside the lighted candles. Her heart was beating wildly, thankfully. Louis was safe—safe. Maria had forgotten all else—even the price she paid. She read:

HEART'S DEAREST: By this wilt thou know I am free. By what strange chance I have won the governor's clemency I know not, yet do I greatly believe I owe it all to thee!

He saith that papers proving mine honest purpose are newly come to his hand. There can be no papers save those sent by me to him. It is a ruse to cover some kindly intervention of thine own. My beloved! My white lily blooming in the light! My holy candle burning before the Blessed Mother in prayer for me, unworthy, how shall I thank thee?

I may not come to thee now. I ride on this same mission to your viceroy. The absence doth sorrow me as I thought never the soul of St. Denis should sorrow more. Yet will the journey end. Then shall I return and gather thee, my flower, to wear thee ever on my heart. Adieu, *querida!* Thine,

LOUIS.

Maria stood, unmoving. Her eyes lifted from the letter, and she looked into the dim spaces of the chapel.

"When thou returnest," she breathed. "When thou returnest!"

She moved down the aisle and opened the chapel door. Aguaya was gone. Thankful for that brief respite, she hurried down the step and across the plaza. But at the edge of the shadow she saw him walking toward her from the stable. She darted forward with a half cry, but he quickened step, and caught her in his arms.

"So! Thus thou keepest faith, little Maria!" And, holding her fast, he kissed her—brow and neck and soft, averted cheek. "Thou hidest thy lips. So!" And he pinioned her hands, forcing up her face.

She sank on her knees in the grass.

"To-morrow!" she moaned. "To-morrow!"

"I cannot trust thee! Now!"

"I swear!" she whispered.

"Then come!"

He raised her to her feet. He was trembling; she also—shivering and covering her face.

They parted at her father's door, he to enter the great hall, and she to fly into the court on which opened her room. She closed her door. She flung herself on her knees by the bed.

"I cannot!" she breathed, her face buried in the coverlet. "I cannot pay the price!"

She rose abruptly, her shaking fingers fumbling at her breast. In a moment Aguaya's dagger was in her hand. Then suddenly her eyes fell on the image of the Virgin above her bed; an image whose eyes caressed her, and whose arms seemed opened to receive her every night as she fell asleep and every morning as she opened her eyes. And every night and every morning Maria, reared in all the piety that surrounds Spanish girlhood, had been wont to dip her fingers in the font of holy water beneath the little shrine, imprinting the cross on brow and breast. Tonight she had forgotten. She knelt again, remembering her vow in the chapel, remembering her oath to Aguaya.

"I will keep my word, Blessed Mother," she breathed. "Aguaya hath kept his, and by thy sweet name I have sworn to be his wife. Yet so soon as the words are said, grant that I may escape and come hither alone. I have not vowed to live one moment after, for that I cannot do."

She thrust the dagger into its hiding place, and rose, dipping her fingers into the font, and making the accustomed sign. Then, with a sudden breath, she plunged her hand deep into the basin, and anointed all her face, the cool and blessed water seeming to wash away its stain and fever. She replaced on its rosary the cross that Louis had returned, and read his letter once again.

At a sound near the door she turned. Señora Romelo had entered, with smiling face.

"So," she said, "our Maria hath learned wisdom? And now I will tell thee what thou knewest not: All this week we have stitched thy bride gown

—I and the Indian women. It is this night done."

"How couldst thou know?" faltered Maria.

Señora Romelo smiled the smile of those who know all things.

"I knew that Don Gaspardo de Aguaya must one day win what he will. What could the coming of a rival bring but a speedier bride day to such an one? Therefore I made ready."

"Leave me!" Maria broke forth. "Leave me to-night!"

"Nay, come and try thy smock. This mood is fitting to a maid at such a time, but should not be too far indulged. Was it not well I brought with us the ivory satin that we wove in Spain? And thy mother's rebozo? It was her will that thou shouldst wear her rebozo on thy bride day, dost thou remember?"

"I remember also that she bade me wed no man save for love alone. Leave me, wilt thou not?"

Señora Romelo sat down.

"Thy mother had the pale blood of the Moncadas. She should have been a nun. She would have been happy with no man."

"There thou art wrong," cried Maria "Ah, she would have been happy —happy as I might be were life less cruel."

The girl wrung her hands, and bowed her face upon them. There was a silence. Presently Señora Romelo spoke.

"I think it not well," she said, "that thou didst give the cross of thy mother's rosary to the keeping of a stranger and a foreigner." Maria lifted her face. Rosary and cross were still in her hand, and she pressed them to her breast. "I think it were best," continued her aunt, "since thou knowest not the value of the jewel, that it be given this night to the keeping of thy husband, Don Aguaya."

"No!" cried Maria. "This at least I shall keep. When I die it shall be buried with me. My mother's lips have kissed it, and he whom I love hath worn it. They shall not take it—they shall not take it!"

"Quiet thee, Maria. Thou art a very child. No one shall take thy treasure against thy will. Yet think you it was a pleasant thing for thy betrothed to see so sacred a thing in the hand of another—a rival and a stranger? Moreover, it hath seemed to me the possession of this cross, bound as it is in thy mind with all thy mother's tragic, foolish memories—nay, Maria, they were indeed foolish—hath filled thy head with strange fancies. A maid may not follow over marsh and precipice the idle whims of her heart. It is the guidance of older hands and wiser heads that she must heed. So did thy mother—despite her tears and protests—and so wilt thou. Come! Let us fit thy smock. And thou shalt behold the jewels Don Aguaya hath brought thee this night. A necklace of emeralds and a zone of yellow pearls."

"Leave me!" whispered Maria.

Señora Romelo laughed. "Thou wilt so soon be lady to the governor, perforce I must obey. Yet at sunrise I shall come again—I and the waiting maids—to dress thee. After all, it is good luck not to try the wedding smock, and thou wilt be the rosier for an early sleep. Ah! Dost hear the Indians at work? They are crowding the chapel with lilies brought from Monclova. A thousand tapers also hath Don Aguaya brought to light the bridal. Thou hast a thoughtful husband, Maria. Thou art a fortunate maid. Good night. The bridal is at sunrise."

"Good night," whispered Maria, and blew out the light.

When the door had closed, she flung herself full length on the bed, her face buried in her arms. Hour after hour she lay there, seeming scarcely to breathe.

VI.

In the dark hour that precedes the dawn a horseman rode into San Juan. He was covered with dust and foam, and the horse, when his rider dismounted, fell to the ground. At the stables a drowsy Indian who had carried flowerpots and trailing vines until midnight, offered him bread, which he thrust into his wallet, and wine, which

he swallowed at a draft. Then in the Lipan tongue, which was the Indian's, he asked that his saddle be strapped to a fresh mount. The stableboy proceeded to obey, and the stranger hurried on.

He stole by the silent adobes till he reached the commandant's house. There he paused at the last window and rapped lightly on the pane. The Indian watched him. He listened, and rapped again. Presently a light appeared in the adjoining room. At this the man, acting with haste, picked up a stone, and broke the windowpane. He drew something white from his doublet, and, wrapping it round the stone, flung it into the room. The light at the next window moved.

The man sped swiftly back through the dark, and, finding a fresh horse saddled, tore a gold ring from his finger, and pressed it into the Lipan's hand. A moment, and he was gone, the soft patter of hoofs lost in the grass.

Señora Romelo, carrying her candle, came to Maria's door, and listened. There was no sound. She entered, and, moving across the room, examined the window. Then she turned. Maria lay motionless on the bed. Señora Romelo touched her shoulder, and discovered that the girl was dressed.

"Maria!" she called. "Maria!"

The girl shivered, started, and sat upright.

"Is it time?" she asked.

"It lacks an hour. Why art thou not undressed?"

"I did not know. I will undress."

She rose unsteadily. Señora Romelo held the candle close to the girl's face. She was satisfied, and, with no further word, returned to her room. But she had heard some one at Maria's window, the glass was broken, and she meant to sift this matter through.

Maria, dazed and uncertain, lighted her lamp. Suddenly she stopped. Something white had fallen from the folds of her skirt, and lay on the rug at her feet. Quickly she picked it up, and found that it was a letter addressed to her in Louis' hand, and wrapped about a stone. Her swift hands tore the cord and rent open the parchment.

QUERIDA: God keep thee! God bless thee for the sacrifice thou wouldst make to save me! Yet is it in vain, my beloved, and so I write to stay thee. Thou art absolved from thy dreadful promise, and I thank God that it is so.

Aguaya hath broken faith with thee. My journey to Mexico is but a ruse. We are joined here at Valejo by soldiers from whom any attempt to escape were death. Jallot, disguised, bears this to thee. Heaven grant he reach thee in time, and safely! I am condemned a spy. So will the viceroy accept me. So do I die and my loyal followers with me.

I shall see thy face no more, my beautiful, yet my love cannot leave thee. Farewell, my star, my flower, my life! I love thee.

LOUIS.

Maria stifled a cry. The room swam slowly about, then grew suddenly distinct. From bruised half consciousness every faculty awoke alert. She rushed to the window. Through the broken pane she saw the glimmer of a candle lighting Señora Romelo about the stables. The Lipan boy walked before. In another moment her aunt would know all. The mission would be aroused.

Maria blew out the light, and in the dark opened the drawer of her cabinet. She drew out her jewels—rings, necklaces, bracelets, and eardrops, her cords of pearls, all the glittering relics of vanished grandeur—and thrust them, with rosary and cross, into a leathern bag. Still in the dark, she went to the curtained alcove, and took down cloak and hood. She wrapped them about her, and stood waiting.

Señora Romelo returned from the stables. The Lipan boy had seen no one. To his shame, he admitted the drinking of much fire water. He had been feasting in honor of the governor's nuptials. He had found a strange horse, and ridden it half dead. There was the horse. Returning with a flower for the bride, he had broken her window to toss it through. He was sober now. Alas, that it had ever been otherwise!

Señora Romelo had supposed him decorating the chapel, and so he had been—until late. But the governor's soldiers had brought wine. Very well.

The viceroy knelt, and, lifting the topmost jewel from the pile, spoke: "Señorita, whence hast thou the cross?"

He was not addicted to such pranks, and Señora Romelo rebuked and forgave him. He was too stupid to lie, and Señora Romelo was relieved. However, at Maria's door she paused and listened. All was still. Señora Romelo went to her own room.

Had she waited, she might have seen Maria's window open from the inside and a cloaked and hooded figure leap softly to the grass. Across the dark sped Maria, taking the same course the stranger had taken but a little while before. The Lipan boy squatted by a lantern in one of the stalls. He was turning the jewel of a ring to the pale light, a brooding rapture in his black eyes. He rose silently.

"Quick!" whispered Maria. "Saddle me Diablo—where is he?"

The Lipan drew the shining stallion from the stall, and proceeded swiftly to saddle him, eying her meanwhile with quick and furtive eyes. Maria came close to him.

"Fox Foot," she whispered, "thou and thy mother keep ever the tapers alight in the chapel. I go a long way. They must not die."

The Lipan nodded, his eyes questioning.

"Mexico?" he asked.

She nodded, her foot in the stirrup. He laid a hand on her shoulder, and, reaching inside his shirt, drew over his head a string of carven shells.

"Road go by fire men. Bad Indians. Wear this. Show chief. No hurt." He flung it about her neck. "Tell chief Fox Foot love Gentle Hands. Gentle Hands cure Fox Foot's brother. No hurt." He nodded violently.

"I thank thee," whispered Maria. "Remember the tapers. And pray for me, Fox Foot—that I reach there in time. Pray!"

She leaped to the saddle, and; with a pace as swift and noiseless as the wind, rode out of the mission.

VII.

The Marquis de Linares, Viceroy of New Spain, had waked in a grim mood. He had wished many times of late for a visit from the Governor of Coahuila that he might advise with him on certain issues, each a menace or a present embarrassment. The viceroy of New Spain was not given to consultations with his subordinates, but the Marquis de Aguaya was his friend of long standing, and the only mind with muscle—so he phrased it—on the continent. Moreover, Don Aguaya's province of Coahuila lay close to the disputed ground of Texas, whence arose much cause of the viceroy's unrest. The governor could no doubt handle these matters satisfactorily, but the viceroy would have liked to talk with him.

It was a golden day in July. Through the windows the breeze, floating from the flower-crowded plaza, was fresh and sweet. Above the tinkle of the fountain in the court rose the silver treble of the nightingales, and now and then a bird so brilliant as to seem a morsel of fire or a winged flower flashed by the window.

The viceroy knew none of this, though when his gaze lifted from the map before him it rested full upon the window that opened upon such miracles of sight and sound.

A grave man he was, with black mustachios and hair snow white. Between his brows a deep-laid furrow lengthened when he spoke, which was not often. The positiveness of his instructions made repetition unnecessary. He had no wife, which was well. His sister had come with her husband, Don Ricardo de la Vega, aid-de-camp to the viceroy. She looked after his house and in various directions softened his iron régime.

Señor de la Vega was with the viceroy now. He was an agreeable man, alert and silent. The marquis' least gesture was lucid instruction to La Vega. Yet alone with him, Linares was more explicit than was his habit. He did not consult with his aid, but he informed him of his decisions with brief accuracy. La Vega was invaluable in executing these, and in gleaning the information that assisted the viceroy in forming them.

Linares struck the map.

"I intend that Spain shall establish missions and presidios over all this Texas," he said. "Families of pure lineage shall be brought from Spain, all cost defrayed, and settlements shall be made wherever I have marked a cross. The encroachments of foreigners shall stop. The Marquis de Aguaya is right. It will be war to the death ere we are through." He rolled up the map, and placed it in a drawer. "What is there new?" he asked.

"Very little, excellency," replied La Vega. "The spy who escaped the guards at Valejo arrived last night."

"You speak of the body of men sent by Aguaya?"

"Yes, excellency. The man rode out of camp the first night on a Spanish soldier's horse. Report hath it that he was merely drunken. I have my doubt. Yet he hath returned of his own will, and requests to die with the rest."

The viceroy indulged in one of his rare smiles.

"Thou wilt not deny his petition, La Vega. What is the report of their leader?"

"Shall I read it, excellency?"

"Tell me briefly what he saith."

"His statement is to the point. He claims merely to be a French trader, journeying through Texas——"

"This same Texas!" muttered the viceroy.

"Aye, the disputed ground. His errand, he saith, was to the presidio of San Juan in the interest of trade between Mexico and Louis XIV.'s province of Louisiana."

"Hath he gone direct through Texas, or hath he tarried there?"

"Don Aguaya reports that while the French band are on their way, the leader delays six months among the Assinais Indians——"

"Allies of Spain, and friendliest to the Church!"

"Aye. That in this half year he used every means to wean them to his own standard, and did so succeed that when finally he came away there went with him as guides two Indian braves."

"Hath the Frenchman an answer to this?"

"He replies that he was an unwilling captive of the Indians; that, instead of slaying him, as is their wont with captives, they became his friends."

"Is there record that he bribed the Assinais?"

"Excellency, he admits the taking into their camp of such stores as red men love—gay cloths and colored pictures, trinkets and beads. He came away with none."

"It would seem that his own lips have condemned him to Don Aguaya. The governor doth well to send such a trader direct to us. There is, moreover, a second charge against this St. Denis—the slaying of a soldier."

"The governor's ambassador, excellency, sent to inquire concerning St. Denis' record. The man was slain by night ere he could return to Don Aguaya."

"This I read last night. I wonder at the governor's clemency—that, with such charges, and after careful trial, he should so delay. You have my orders."

"The soldiers are ready, excellency."

"There are twelve spies in all?"

"Thirteen, with the one arrived last night."

"Release them, and lead them to the plaza."

La Vega rose. "It is their wish, excellency, to be shot abreast as one man."

"Instruct the soldiers. Arrange today that the missions of the Rio Grande be converted into forts; that the forts be doubly armed."

Le Vega bowed low, and turned to the door. A guard stood waiting, and at Linares' lifted hand came forward.

"There is a girl, excellency, asks word with you."

The viceroy turned to his papers.

"Señora de la Vega will attend her wants," he said.

"Excellency, she hath been even now with Señora de la Vega. It is yourself she would see. It is"—the guard hesitated—"it is impossible to restrain her."

"Impossible?" repeated Linares.

He looked at the guard. Look and voice were of iron. The guard retired.

De la Vega retired also, smiling. At the door he met his wife, and stood aside that she might pass. Gentle she was, low-voiced, white-haired, and lacking little of the viceroy's iron will. Her methods were different—that was all.

The stir of her full silken dress announced her, and the viceroy looked up. They were alone.

"Aye, Beatriz?"

"Miguel, thou wilt see the child? Nay, she is like a shadow. From San Juan Bautista she comes, thirteen days on the way. She hath ridden to death three horses; she hath passed through the camps of savage Indians—Christ knows how!—all for word with thee."

"What is her name?"

"I know not. Ah, Miguel, her smock is nigh to shreds, she is so white——"

"What would she have?"

"I know not. But she——"

"Then give her a new smock, and let me be!"

Señora de la Vega laid her arm about his neck.

"Miguel, she is so faint from lack of food and sleep that I think if thou seest her not speedily she will die. There is a look about her face—— Miguel, didst thou see her face, thou couldst not refuse."

"Did I see her face—I could not refuse to see her!" remarked the viceroy. "Yet bid her in, Beatriz. It may be some important matter she would reveal. San Juan hath troubled me of late."

The curtain of the great door had already fallen behind Señora de la Vega. When it lifted again it was to admit a little figure so white, so faint, that, stumbling across the carpet, she fell on her knees before she reached the viceroy's chair. He rose, and, coming toward her with something gentler in his manner than any about him might have looked for—save his sister—lifted her to her feet, and led her to a chair.

"Now, señorita," he said, "let us receive thy message here."

But she did not sit down. She knelt, instead, before him, and, fumbling in her bosom, drew forth a leathern bag whose glittering contents she poured at his feet. She looked up into his face.

"For Louis St. Denis' life!" she whispered.

The viceroy stood.

"Señorita, if thou pleadest for the leader of the French spies, thy journey hath been in vain. And I marvel that a daughter of our fair Spain should desire the safety of her country's foes."

"Nay!" cried the girl, with a sudden access of strength. "If all were as he, there would be no enmity between France and Spain. His errand was all peace. He hath been used treacherously, and in the name of our king I ask justice for himself and me!"

"What is this?" asked the marquis. "I condemn not without just cause. I have here the report of my governor, Don Aguaya——"

"It is he," she broke in, "he who hath used treachery! It is he who, for personal hatred and spite, hath pursued St. Denis since he came from France."

The furrow deepened between the viceroy's brows.

"I brook no slander of Don Aguaya. This hour the spies are shot. My aid hath already gone. I am here to guard the dominions of the King of Spain. My office needs no instructor."

The face of Maria Villescas was bowed on his feet. She had fallen with her jewels in the vain effort to save her beloved.

Linares rang for the guard. He indicated the girl. At the first touch of the man's hand, she rose, clinging to the chair beside her. With a vague, wavering gesture, she pushed back the hair massed in dark tangle about her face. Her eyes, barren of tears, closed wearily. The viceroy motioned to the jewels heaped on the floor and to the leathern bag from which they had fallen. The guard understood. He knelt beside the little pile and picked up the bag.

Then a strange thing happened. Upon his shoulder he felt the weight of the viceroy's hand. He looked up. The viceroy motioned to the door. The guard went out. Never had he seen that look upon his master's face.

"I demand, excellency," he said, "the Señorita Maria Villescas,

who, I have reason to believe, is sojourning in your palace."

The viceroy knelt as the guard had done, and, lifting the topmost jewel from the pile, stood with it in his hand. At last he spoke:

"Señorita!"

Maria turned. She still clung to the chair, and it seemed as if the viceroy's voice came from a long way off.

Through a blur of rumbling sound she heard it, and now she saw his face through a gray veil.

"Señorita, whence hast thou the cross?"

He held it in his hand. The rosary fell through his fingers, white and shining.

"From my mother, excellency." Her own words—they, too, were a great way off.

"And whence——" Surely the viceroy's voice had faltered here. Nay, he was speaking again. "And whence had thy mother this?"

"It was given her by one she loved. Dying, she kissed it. Yet I give it you—will you save Louis St. Denis unto me."

"By one she loved!"

The words were low, yet they reached little Maria. She cried out, reaching to him her hand:

"By one she loved—loved as she loved her own soul—yet not more than I love him whom thou dost permit to die! How she suffered none can know, but all her life was sorrow, and death was sweet to her. How he suffered from whom they tore her, who shall say? What his life hath been I know not, nor where he is, nor if he be living still. I know only that they loved as we love now, and that when St. Denis dies I, too, shall die. I shall not live as my mother lived. That I know."

"And thy mother was——"

"Leonora de Moncada."

The viceroy turned. He rang for the guard. He wrote rapidly, thrusting a paper into the man's hand.

"Ride to the plaza," he commanded. "Ride swift as hell!"

Maria's lips parted, yet she said no word. Out of the gray vapor he came toward her. She felt his arm about her, and with that embrace the mantle of a great peace and safety.

"Thou wilt spare him?" she whispered.

"I have delayed the execution. I would hear thy story. The daughter of Leonora de Moncada will not lie."

VIII.

Two days later St. Denis' little band stood in the open sunlight before the great cathedral of Mexico. Bravely dressed they were in new or borrowed finery, for would they shame their captain on such a day? They had remained outside thus the better to behold him when he came and went, his costume as gorgeous as Versailles.

The soft intoning of the priest was done; the organ's voice arose in a sonorous pæan. Their leader appeared again, his bride upon his arm. Like a rose of snow looked little Maria, dressed in a lustrous frock of Señora de la Vega's, the lace mantilla falling like mist about her hair. And as they walked thus between the ranks of lilies, it seemed as if this day's sunlight had been born to welcome them.

Louis had seen Maria but once since her hard journey. On that time, led into a dim room by the soft hand of Señora de la Vega, he had looked on a pale and broken Maria, who, it seemed to him, had given her life for his. He had knelt by her bed, his face on her hand, silent. And, kneeling there, he had felt on his hair the drifting, tender touch of that other little hand, and heard her voice say softly, softly: "I will be well to-morrow. I am too happy—to die!"

And because he had begun passionately to kiss the hand he touched, Señora de la Vega had led him precipitately from the room.

"Señorita Villescas must not be disturbed," she had said, as she closed the door.

"But he wasn't disturbing me!" Señorita Villescas had replied.

And now this morning the viceroy had laid her hand in his for all time

—nay, not her hand alone, but the sun, the moon, and all the little singing stars.

Amid the blowing lilies they paused. The viceroy and his train came forward to precede them to the palace. He smiled on the new Señora St. Denis, and the red light burned in her cheek. The Señora de la Vega touched her with soft caress.

Of a sudden they halted and turned. What tumult in the plaza? A horseman, galloping at breakneck speed, suddenly came into view. He drew abrupt rein, and, covered with dirt and foam, dismounted in the viceroy's path. It was Señor Don Aguaya.

"I demand, excellency," he said, "the Señorita Maria Villescas, who, I have reason to believe, is sojourning in your palace."

The viceroy met his eyes with iron calm.

"Señorita Maria Villescas is no more," he said. "Señora St. Denis will confer with you if her husband so permit." And he drew aside, permitting Aguaya's eyes to rest on Maria, covered with her white veil, clinging to St. Denis' arm.

The Spaniard drew back, a violent flush mounting his brow. He looked at Maria, and for an instant it seemed as if he would speak; but his eyes shifted, and met the steady gaze of St. Denis. It was like the clash of swords. Aguaya wheeled, his face gray white as death, his hand on his saddle. The viceroy spoke:

"A moment, Don Aguaya. There is an old proverb which saith that all is fair in love. It is matter of remark that falsehood should so survive. Love, being the one relic of our Lord on earth, should be touched, methinks, with reverence and fear. I have no more to say—save only this." He took from his vest the cross that Maria had brought, and placed its rosary about her neck. It shone on her breast, the one touch of color in all the shimmering whiteness of her attire. "By this symbol of Christ's death, I swear that further treachery to this child will cost the offender dear. And this: I have offered to Captain Louis St. Denis a lofty post in my army. He hath refused, preferring to serve his king unto the end. I tell thee this, Don Aguaya, that thou mayst understand he hath my faith and confidence."

The viceroy turned, proceeding on his way. Aguaya bowed. Without a word, he leaped into his saddle, and was gone. Nor did his shadow fall again upon the lives of Louis and Maria St. Denis.

Three weeks later St. Denis and his bride set forth on their journey home. Behind them rode St. Denis' little band, with Jallot singing in the van, likewise the Valejo soldiers who would leave them at the fort, and the gallant Don Ramon Villescas, uncle to Maria. Don Ramon dwelt in the capital, and he rode with Maria that he might pacify her father, and entreat his blessing upon the married pair.

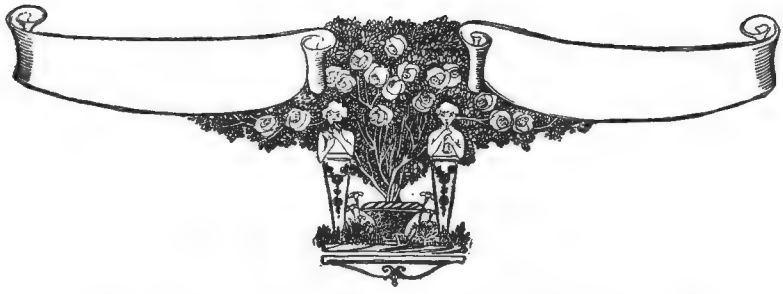
But the presidio of San Juan, when they reached it, had no commandant. Don Aguaya's messenger had arrived three nights before, and Don Villescas, with his sister, had forthwith left for Spain.

Don Ramon took charge of the fort, and entertained the visitors with pioneer magnificence. He remained at San Juan.

But St. Denis and Maria fared on through the mellowing woods to their home in Louisiana. And as they took the old San Antonio Road, the mission dwindling behind them in the early light, Maria said softly:

"Never shall I fear more. Have we not the cross? Did I not say to thee it had strange charm?"

And they both smiled, riding close, and looking far ahead into the sunrise.



How to Acquire the Fashionable Figure

By Doctor Lillian Whitney

Dr. Whitney is always glad to answer all reasonable questions relating to beauty and health, but she cannot undertake to answer letters which fail to inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, or to letters inclosing Canadian stamps. Every week she receives many letters of this sort, in spite of the notice always printed at the end of this department. Sometimes even, the post office sends notification that letters are being held for her, which careless writers have posted with no stamp. If you have failed to receive a reply to your letter, you may know that it is for one of these three reasons.—EDITORS.

RODIN, the famous sculptor, in a glowing, almost flaming, eulogy of the Venus de Milo, pronounces her "earth's most perfect beauty." This incomparable statue will always stand for perfection of form; but there are those who take exception to Rodin's tribute, and declare that the Greek ideals of beauty were ever cast in a masculine mold, and that female loveliness to-day far outshines that of the ancient Greeks. A celebrated artist recently burst forth with the bold statement that fashions are responsible for the gradual development of types distinctly feminine, and that because of the evolution of fashions characteristically distinguished for women, we have now reached a stage of female beauty unsurpassed at any era of human progress.

To be sure, this is a matter for much argument and dispute, as it always has and ever will be. Nevertheless, there is food for great satisfaction to many women in the thought that fashions, however bizarre they may appear at times, do stand for that which fundamentally expresses sex. And in order to live up to what is best in them—most hygienic, most artistic, most beautiful—it is necessary for a woman to remodel herself if nature has not cast her in a mold that conforms to the fashionable figure of to-day. For the fashionable figure of to-day is essentially young, vigorous, and splendidly supple; also delightfully and—here agreeing with our artist friend—eminently *girlish*.

It is this in the figure of to-day that gives to it an alluring, spontaneous charm; and every woman covets it, and works exceedingly hard to possess it, either naturally or with the aid of artificial means. Fashions have outwitted age. The grandmother no longer exists, but has been replaced by her own

daughter; in fact, the daughter's daughter has much to do to keep up with the older women nowadays.

So assuredly there is method even in the madness of fashions when they make for youth, health, and beauty.

We are a cosmopolitan people, and therefore have no special standard of female beauty; all are accredited charming who possess slimness *with symmetry*. Wholesome youth is always lovely, and it is scarcely fair to hold up for imitation and emulation girls of eighteen and twenty whose entire carefree lives have been given over to the unconscious acquirement of symmetrical lines. It is to the woman whose lot has not been cast in such pleasant places, but who fiercely longs to possess attractions similar to those of her more fortunate sister, that much credit is due when her efforts are crowned with beauty; and it is usually beauty of a more enduring kind than that of the naturally handsome woman, because what we fight for we cherish.

To be symmetrical, the body must be evenly proportioned on both sides, and this is rarely the case with us, because years of carelessness in walking, standing, sitting—in fact, in every action of the body—result in defects that may not obtrude themselves upon our senses more glaringly than by indicating a general unshapeliness. These habits are usually acquired during the years of adolescence, the clumsy age, spent for the most part in heedless, illy defined, inconsequential pursuits, when self-consciousness translates itself into general awkwardness.

The first thing to overcome is these habits of ungainliness. Americans are especially remiss in the attitudes they strike, or permit themselves to slump into, when off their guard. An English physical culturist visiting us at present states that "an American woman before a shop window is insignificant and badly put up." Why does she say this? Our women walk well as a rule; their native pride and independence are expressed in their free, firm, assured stride; but the moment they sit or stand they forget themselves, as it were. The body is allowed to rest on one foot, so that one shoulder is several inches higher than the other, one hip is lowered, the back takes on a roundness indicative of spinal curvature, the abdomen protrudes, and the entire figure is ungainly to a degree, since its balance or equilibrium has been destroyed.

To stand correctly at any time, anywhere, the body must be lightly but firmly poised upon the *balls of the feet;* not upon the toes, or the heels, but the balls. Stand so that a line drawn through the head at the crown would come out between the balls of the feet. When the body is rested upon the heels the abdomen is thrust out, and in time becomes a prominent feature; the toes cannot support the body, and it assumes a strained look with everything out of plumb. With the weight on the balls of the feet the body is properly balanced, and naturally falls into correct and symmetrical lines.

In sitting, even graver errors are made. Few women sit gracefully, easily, correctly; they do not sit on the bones of the thighs as designed, but slump down, curving the spinal column and rounding the shoulders; again the abdomen is thrown out, the chest in. Almost every imaginable ungainly attitude is assumed; the feet are twined around the chair legs or rungs, or curved up and sat upon, or the entire body is hunched up on one side and rests upon one hip.

When women wore voluminous skirts, these postures, while just as harmful to their figures, were not quite so noticeable as in the scant, narrow garments worn to-day. It would seem that here, too, fashion might act as a corrective of bad habits by inducing greater modesty of deportment. Women are especially lax in the positions they assume when sewing, writing, and the like; one marvels at the twisted, sprawling postures that assuredly cannot be comfortable, and that in time unfailingly cause greater or lesser bodily ills, and are utterly destructive of physical beauty.

To overcome the effect of these habits, they must first be controlled. It is

Stretch the arms until the fingers touch the toes.

difficult to correct the practices of a lifetime, but what we desire ardently is soon attained by applying thought to the matter. A constant reminder is to perform as many of one's tasks as possible before a mirror. This impresses upon the mind one's tendency to slouch, and in a short time correct postures unconsciously take the place of former ungainliness.

A slim, supple body can be maintained only by constant physical activity; this does not mean incessant systematic exercises in the gymnasium and the like. Just as mental alertness is necessary for intellectual pursuits, so is a thoroughly wide-awake body absolutely essential to the acquirement and retainment of the slim, youthful form, rightly called beautiful, that is the fashionable figure to-day. *Indolence dare form no part of one's creed in the quest for a lithesome body.*

One must be constantly up and doing. This does not mean the cultivation of perpetual motion, but the performing of the thousand and one little things that we usually allow some one to do for us. Instead of taking things easy and saving steps, act as your own messenger; instead of sitting still, imitate the activity of genuine youth. *Inertia is conducive to a heavy-set figure, even if one does not put on fat.*

It has been said that an Australian woman, a professional swimmer, possesses the most beautifully proportioned body in the world. It is slender, and the bony structure is just sufficiently covered to make the outline one of sinuous lines and curves. This young woman has astonished her audiences with remarkable feats in the water, and just when the public was looking for a new sensation, she appeared in the difficult rôle of a toe dancer, thus combining two of the most powerful and graceful arts for the attainment of physical perfection. It was only after years of persistent effort that she overcame many bodily defects, and acquired through her art a beauty that brought her fame and fortune.

Profiting by her success, every

woman can follow in her footsteps, at least to the extent of grasping what is within her reach—a slender, supple form. If attendance at a swimming school is out of the question, it is always possible to go through aquatic exercises in one's own room. The fundamental strokes must be learned first, and this can be done just as well out of the water as in. There are three movements of the arms—at one, they are pushed straight out in front, with the palms touching; at two, they are flung wide apart, with the hands turned and pushing the water back until the thumbs are close to the thighs; at three, they are gathered close to the ribs, with the elbows bent and the palms together, ready for stroke one again.

These arm movements are done in conjunction with the leg movements, which drive the body ahead in the water; at one, the powerful kick, with the ankles flung wide apart; at two, the straightening and stiffening of the legs, with knees and ankles touching, so that the body, made as slim as possible, is driven forward by the simultaneous push of the palms backward through the water; at three, the gathering up of the knees against the abdomen at the same instant that the arms are gathered up against the ribs, so that the whole body is poised ready for that powerful forward reach and kick of one.

These movements can be practiced at home by lying across a box a foot wide, upon which a cushion has been placed. As one grows proficient, the body becomes more and more supple, more and more symmetrical, and when an opportunity for water swimming presents itself, diving and other features of aquatic sports can readily be picked up.

There are other movements of the body, not so strenuous, perhaps, yet equally effective, although they may require a longer time to bring about results.

The following simple exercises have this advantage—that they can be done repeatedly during one's waking hours, require no special apparatus, and can even be gone through while fully dressed, although this is not advised.

Number one: Stand erect, with the hands folded at the nape of the neck, let the head drop backward over them, and bend the trunk back as far as possible. Now slowly bring the head and trunk forward, and repeat the exercise about ten times, trying to bend a little farther back each time. Keep the leg muscles tense; those of the abdomen will tense themselves, and the pressure they make upon the internal organs and surrounding tissues will soon reduce them to slenderness.

Number two: This exercise brings the muscles of the hips into action, and also strengthens and reduces the abdomen. Stand erect, after placing before you a low object, preferably a pail of water. The legs are held perfectly rigid, the body bent forward at the hips until the pail can be grasped; now lift it as high as possible without relaxing the muscles of the legs. Do this as often during the day as opportunity affords.

Number three: Sit on the floor, with legs fully stretched out and heels pressing the floor; now extend the arms so that the fingers touch the toes, bending the body from the waist, and keeping it as rigid as possible. This movement simulates rowing, and acts very strongly upon the abdominal muscles; it also strengthens the spine, makes the waist supple, and reduces the flanks.

Number four: This is a position frequently seen in baseball. Stand erect, legs stiff, feet slightly apart and turned outward; now bend the trunk forward so that with the legs it forms an angle of about ninety degrees, and, passing the arms between the knees, extend them backward as far as they will go. The trunk is now slowly lifted and restored to its former vertical position, while the hands unclasp and return to either side of the body.

As remarked before, these exercises require no special preparation, and can be practiced for a few moments every now and then, so that in the course of a day the various movements will have

been gone through many dozens of times. It must be borne in mind that the main charm of the fashionable figure lies in its supple slimness, and this cannot be acquired by any other means than movements that make for extreme flexibility. Unyielding, awkward, or angular forms are all unattractive, and require "whipping" into shape just as much, perhaps even more, than fleshy ones with ungainly habits.

The question is frequently asked through this department: What weight corresponds to a certain age, or what proportions determine a faultless figure. Weight does not correspond with age, but with height; therein lies the secret of retaining one's *youthfulness,* for with age the body usually settles and becomes thick and heavy. Eternal vigilance is necessary to combat this tendency, and at forty the weight should correspond with the height just as it did at twenty, though it rarely does. Within the past ten years our ideas regarding correct weights have changed considerably, and the so-called perfect figure is fully fifteen pounds lighter than we formerly thought it should be to represent beauty of form.

As remarked before, we have no standard type of beauty such as the ancient Greeks possessed, for instance, but because of the commingling of many races we have many types of beauty. The small, petite form, if perfectly symmetrical, may be more greatly admired by some than a statuesque beauty of Juno proportions.

We are at present conforming more closely to the classic types than at any past era since the Middle Ages; not from the standpoint of size, since the ancients' idea of physical beauty was masculine, as said before, but because we are striving for ideals that represent the finest types of womanhood, and the lithe, willowy, uncorseted figure is an expression of this ideal.

Correct measurements of the human body that can be applied to any figure, also a table of weights with corresponding heights, are available to all readers upon application.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MELINDA JANE.—This seems a fitting time to tell you in detail how to apply homely kitchen remedies for beauty purposes. You are one of those women who are unalterably opposed to the use of cosmetics, but unhesitatingly "make up" with beet juice, a burned match, and the like!

A freshly boiled potato forms an admirable face mask and bleach, and is used in the following way: Mash a steaming potato, add a little hot milk, spread the paste, as hot as can be borne, over the face and neck, cover quickly with hot towels, and lie down for a half to a full hour; remove the mask, wash off the paste with warm milk, gently wipe the skin dry, and rub into it a tiny bit of olive oil if the milk has not contained enough cream. Now apply beet juice to the cheeks with absorbent cotton, shading it off delicately toward the temples and ears, and then cover the entire face—eyelids, too—with pulverized rice—the most harmless of face powders. The powder should be put on evenly, as carelessness in this respect ruins the entire effect; better not powder at all than powder in streaks. Now brush the brows and lashes well with a tiny brush, and touch them with olive oil to bring them out and make them glossy. Touch some of the beet juice to the lips with great care, not deviating a hair's breadth beyond them.

This harmless make-up beautifies any complexion, and if thoroughly done will last throughout an entire evening.

MRS. HUMPHREY.—Here is a good—in fact, the best—formula for a *liquid powder,* but I do not advise its use upon the face:

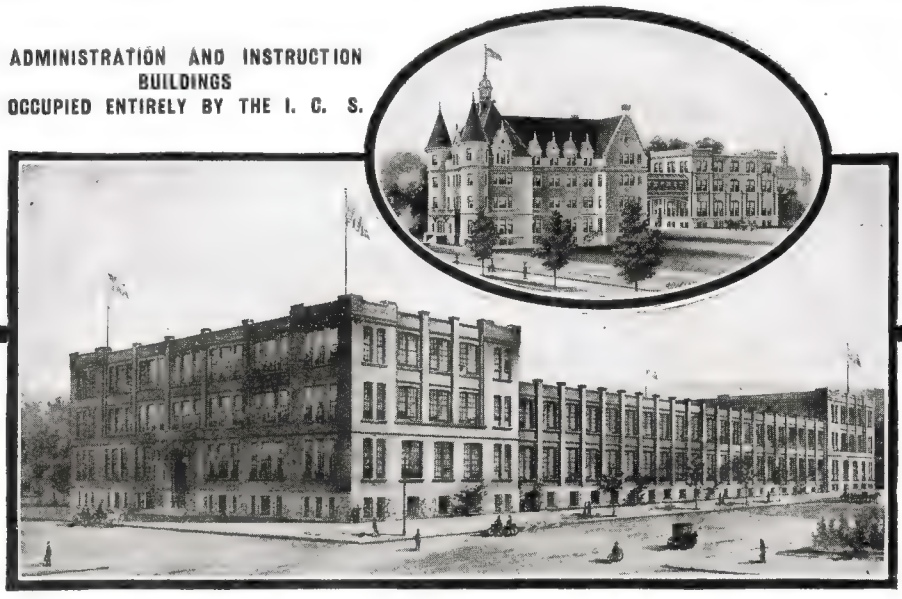
Oxide of zinc, *pure*	½ ounce
Glycerin	½ ounce
Rose water	8 ounces

Shake well before using, and apply with the bare hand or on absorbent cotton; when drying on, rub gently so that it will not have a streaky appearance. For face use, I prefer a so-called French-massage enamel and liquid enamel; it is really not an enamel—there is no such thing—but when the preparations are well made and used correctly, they are wonderful beautifiers. Formulas will be sent on application.

THEODORE.—Cutting the nails thickens them. It may be too late in your case, nevertheless it is worth giving up the habit, for the hope that they may look better in time. File them regularly each week, as this induces their growth; and rub almond oil into them regularly at bedtime. A special formula for brittle nails will be sent you on application.

Doctor Whitney will be glad to answer, free of charge, all reasonable questions relating to beauty and health. Private replies will be sent to those inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Do not send Canadian stamps or coins. Address: Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York.

ADMINISTRATION AND INSTRUCTION BUILDINGS
OCCUPIED ENTIRELY BY THE I. C. S.



The Business of This Place is to Raise Salaries

That sounds queer, doesn't it? And yet there is such a place in reality—*The International Correspondence Schools,* of Scranton, Pennsylvania, an institution the entire business of which is to raise not merely salaries—but *your salary.*

To achieve that purpose the I. C. S. has a working capital of many millions of dollars, owns and occupies three large buildings, covering seven acres of floor space, and employs 3000 trained people, all of whom have one object in view—to make it easy for you and all poorly-paid men to earn more. Truly then—*the business of this place is to raise salaries.*

Every month an average of 400 I. C. S. students *voluntarily* report increased salaries. In 1912 over 5000 students so reported. These students live in every section. Right in their own homes, at their present work, the I. C. S. *goes to them,* trains them to advance in their chosen line, or to profitably change to a more congenial occupation.

The same opportunity now knocks at your door. What are you going to do with it? Are you going to lock the door in its face and lag along at the same old wages, or are you going to open the door and give the I. C. S. a chance to show you? Perhaps you don't see how, but the I. C. S. does. That is its business—*to raise your salary.* The I. C. S. has been raising salaries for over 21 years.

Here is all you have to do. From the list in the attached coupon select the position you prefer, and *mark and mail the coupon today.* It costs you nothing but the stamp to learn how the I. C. S. can raise *your* salary.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 899 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Salesmanship	Civil Service
Electrical Engineer	Railway Mail Clerk
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Bookkeeping
Electric Car Running	Stenography&Typewriting
Electric Wireman	Window Trimming
Telephone Expert	Show Card Writing
Architect	Lettering & Sign Painting
BuildingContractor	Advertising
Architectural Draftsman	Commercial Illustrating
Structural Engineer	IndustrialDesigning
Concrete Construction	Commercial Law
Mechan. Engineer	Automobile Running
Mechanical Draftsman	Teacher
Refrigeration Engineer	English Branches
Civil Engineer	Good English for Every One
Surveyor	Agriculture
Mine Superintendent	Poultry Farming
Metal Mining	Plumbing & Steam Fitting
Locomotive Fireman&Eng.	Sheet Metal Worker
StationaryEngineer	Navigation Spanish
Textile Manufacturing	Languages French
Gas Engines	Chemist German

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Do You Remember

"The Misdemeanors of Nancy," "Concerning Belinda," and other sparkling, fascinating bits of written joy, captured and put on paper by

Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd?

Well, this entertaining author has written another, just as bright, just as vivacious as any of her former successes.

"PAT"

is its name (*her* name, rather), and it will be printed, complete, together with the usual number of unusual short stories in

Ainslee's for October

On sale Sept. 15 — 15 cents the copy

A French Chef's 3¢ Meal

Here is a meal prepared for you by a master chef.

As costly a dish, as dainty a dish as ever was baked from beans.

Your highest ideal in a dish of this kind.

Yet a 15-cent can will fairly serve five people.

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

What You Get

You get in this dish just the ripe, plump beans.

You get equal-size beans, so they all bake alike.

They are baked for hours in a costly steam oven, so the beans don't crisp, don't burst.

They come to you nut-like, mellow and whole. They come with all the fresh oven flavor.

Baked into the beans comes a zestful sauce. A sauce which costs five times as much as common tomato sauce. Also a dainty piece of pork.

This dish has become a sensation. You could pick it out by a single taste from twenty kinds of beans.

Yet it comes to you baked—ready to serve in a minute—at a trifle per person.

Do you think that it pays to serve baked beans less welcome than Van Camp's?

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can (276)

Prepared by **Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.**

Established 1861

LEWY BROS. CO. DIAMONDS

12% PER YEAR INCREASED DIAMOND VALUES GUARANTEED

LEWY BROS. CO. DIAMONDS

Lewy Bros. Co. give every customer the benefit of the rise in diamond values! Diamonds have gone up 12% yearly for over 20 years! This increase Lewy Bros. Co. *guarantee to you;* and allow you 12% per year (1% per month) *MORE THAN YOU PAID*, in exchange *at any time!* Our diamond Guarantee is a written contract, certifying the carat weight, color, perfection and value of every diamond.

LEWY BROS. CO. founded in 1835; occupy one of the 5 prominent State Street corners in Chicago; bank with and refer to the Corn Exchange National Bank—one of the leading banks of America. Capital $3,000,000.00.

$48.50 Violet-Blue Diamond Solitaire

Full $75 size and value. Imported direct from the Cutters to you! Rich violet-blue WHITE color, PERFECT, of supreme brilliancy. Mounting is 18K solid pure gold, platinum setting. 12 per cent per year or 1 per cent per month increase in value guaranteed in exchange at any time; thus $54.32 allowed in 1 yr.; $77.60 in 5 yrs., etc. Shipped C.O.D. on approval—no deposit or obligation. **$48.50**

We are glad to send you any diamond; permit you to examine it in any bank or express office in your city; without obligation to purchase; entirely at our expense and risk. We are ready to *show you* a clear saving of 30 per cent below the retail price of jewelers.

Write for Lewy Bros. Co. Diamond Book, FREE! Beautifully illustrated in colors, engraved cover, contains hundreds of exquisite designs—the latest fashions in diamond jewelry. Complete information about fine diamonds. You will want this free book if only to post yourself about diamond values! Write today!

LEWY BROS. CO. DIAMOND IMPORTERS **Dept. D31, State and Adams Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.**

Asthma AND Hay Fever

Send for **Free Trial Bottle** of **HIMALYA,** the valuable remedy for Hay Fever and Asthma. We have hundreds of reliable testimonials showing positive and permanent cures to persons who have suffered for years after other remedies and change of climate had failed. Write today to the

HIMALYA CO.
310 Howard St.
Detroit, Mich.

The Boys' Magazine

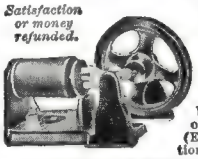
Edited by WALTER CAMP

is the finest boys' publication in the world.

GET this Splendid Magazine For Your Boy!

It will give him no end of pleasure, entertainment and instruction. Each issue is filled with clean, fascinating stories of intense interest to every live boy. Departments devoted to Electricity, Mechanics, Athletics, Boy Scouts, Photography, Carpentry, Stamps and Coins. Beautifully illustrated throughout. Handsome covers in colors. **Special Offer:** Send only $1.00 for a FULL YEAR'S subscription. We will send each new subscriber one of these splendid Electric Engines. It will run 1,000 revolutions a minute on one dry battery. Safe; easy to operate. A marvel of mechanical and scientific ingenuity. (Engine is much larger than illustration.) Transportation charges prepaid.

Satisfaction or money refunded.



THE SCOTT F. REDFIELD CO., 485 MAIN ST., SMETHPORT, PA.

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE at all news-stands, 10 cents a copy

I Trust You 10 Days. Send No Money

$2 Hair Switch on Approval. Choice natural wavy or straight hair. Send lock of hair and I will mail a 22-inch, short stem, fine human hair switch to match. A big bargain. Remit $2 in ten days or sell 3 and GET YOUR SWITCH FREE. Extra shades a little more. Enclose 5c postage. Write today for free beauty book of latest styles hair dressing, high grade switches, puffs, wigs, pompadours, and special bargains in Ostrich Feathers. WOMEN AGENTS WANTED.

ANNA AYERS, Dept. B 311, 220 S. State St., Chicago

Maud Lindon

Astrologer and Author on Astrology.

Has cheered and guided thousands. Her reputation confirms her place as one of the most able Astrologers of the day.

HOROSCOPE, with Chart and Reading, ... **$2.00**

HOROSCOPE, with Life and Progressed Charts and detailed Reading showing all business and personal Prospects, Character, and Occult tendencies, ... **$5.00**

Address: MAUD LINDON, 1233 EAST 50th ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE Keeley Cure

For Liquor and Drug Users

A scientific treatment which has cured half a million in the past thirty-three years, and the one treatment which has stood the severe test of time. Administered by medical experts, at the Keeley Institutes only. For full particulars write

To the Following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark.
Atlanta, Ga.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Des Moines, Ia.
Crab Orchard, Ky.
Portland, Me.
Omaha, Neb.
Manchester, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Greensboro, N. C.
Columbus, Ohio.
Oklahoma City, Okla., 918 N. Stiles St.
Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.
Dallas, Texas.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Seattle, Wash.
Waukesha, Wis.
Winnepeg, Manitoba.
Guatemala City, Guatemala.
Puebla, Mexico.
London, England.

Credit To All

One Year To Pay—On Easiest-Long-Time Payments

Save 20% To 50%

FREE

408 Page catalog of over 8000 Credit Bargains

HARTMAN'S 408 Page Catalog-Chicago

GET THIS BOOK

OUR BIG 1914, color-illustrated book of 408 pages is ready for you—showing over 8000 lowest priced bargains in all Home Furnishings sent direct on easiest payment credit, **FREE.** Don't fail to send your name and address now by postal, or letter to get your copy this season. It will save you from 20 to 50 per cent on everything you order—little things or big things you have wanted to enjoy which you can now have at once. You can furnish your home this way and take your own easy time to pay us,

Decide After You Get This Big Book Free

You be the judge by what our latest catalog shows you before you order. Then examine, use, and compare what we send with any merchandise at even higher prices—on cash or credit payments. No matter where you live, or who you are, our enormous buying and trusting power can and will save you big money. Open a charge account at once. All you need do is to write us for our new big catalog. We leave all that to you and know our goods will please you and that we can save you at least 20 to 50 per cent.

All Home Furnishings Sent on 30 Days' Examination

You can send a trial order direct for the bargains shown in this ad—or just ask for our Big Free Book. Everything guaranteed. You can see and use everything in your home 30 days and if not perfectly satisfied it will not cost you a penny. We take it back. Refund anything paid us without argument or question. Order everything you want including newest exclusive designs in Home Furnishings, Carpets, Rugs, Chairs, Tables, Sets, Curtains, Stoves, Ranges, Heaters, Baby Carriages, Beddings, Bicycles, Clocks, Jewelry, Cameras, Dishes, Glassware, Guns, Silverware, Phonograph Records, etc.

No. 8E569

Our "Magic" Regent Hot Blast Heater. A powerful quick heating stove made of elegantly designed, heavy cast iron and cold rolled steel. Has mica lights in front feed door, perfected hot blast tube and draft features, and is full nickel trimmed. A most wonderful fuel saver and fully guaranteed in every way. Has 14-inch fire pot and is 57 inches high.

Price Only $11.98

Terms: $1.00 Cash—75c Monthly

No. 8E570

Our "Merit" Regent Steel Range. This is without a question one of the finest ranges on the market. Made of finest cold rolled, blue steel and constructed so as to last a lifetime. Has large oven, 16x18x12 inches in size; duplex grates in large fire-box; finest flue system for distributing heat, and steel high closet as shown. Magnificently trimmed with nickel.

Price without Hot Water Reservoir, only $21.75

Terms: $2.00 Cash—$1.50 Monthly.

Price with Reservoir $26.75

Terms: $2.50 Cash—$1.00 Monthly.

No. 8E571

Our "Grand" Regent Oak Heater. At the price we quote this elegant heater, it is a value absolutely beyond duplication, and is a great heat radiator. Very economical as to consumption of fuel. Is built of cold rolled steel and heavy ornamental cast iron. Has heavy grate and 14-inch fire pot of best materials. Stands 50 inches high.

Price Only $8.95

Terms: $1.00 Cash—75c Monthly

No. 4E374

Astonishing Values In Dining Room Table and Chairs. Here's an offer that saves you big money. The table is made of solid oak and richly finished golden; has a 45-inch top which extends to 6 ft. when opened; is fitted with smooth-running extension slides and has massive pedestal and base, supported by Colonial Scroll legs. Chairs are made of solid oak with rich quartered oak back panel and banister. Finished golden. Have box seats covered with Imperial leather, strong stretchers and shaped front legs. You can order entire set; 6 chairs or table separately.

Price of Set .....(Terms $2.00 Cash—$1.50 Monthly)..... **$21.48**
Price of 6 Chairs.....(Terms $1.00 Cash—75c Monthly)..... **10.50**
Price of Table.....(Terms $1.00 Cash—75c Monthly)..... **10.98**

HAR Me

Write for Catalog

Write for our confidential proposition and your copy of our BIG BOOK FREE. Address

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET COMPANY

3940 Wentworth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

—Largest, oldest and best known Home Furnishing Concern in America Selling on Credit
Established 1855—58 Years of Success 22 Great Stores—1,000,000 Customers

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Rate, 50c. a line, or $2.61¼ a line, which includes POPULAR and AINSLEE'S Magazines, making a total of 4,000,000 readers—the cheapest and best Classified Advertising medium on the market. Next issue of SMITH'S closes Sept. 4th.

Agents & Help Wanted

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY and become sales managers for our goods. Fast office sellers. Fine profits. Particulars and samples free. One Dip Pen Company, Dept. 9, Baltimore, Md.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK tells of about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-23. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

GOVERNMENT positions pay big money. Get prepared for "exams" by former U. S. Civil Service Examiner. Free booklet. Patterson Civil Service School, Box Y, Rochester, N. Y.

SELL hosiery; guaranteed against holes or new hose free; build a permanent trade; big profits; experience unnecessary. International Mills, Dept. A, West Phila., Pa.

BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS. We have paid thousands of dollars to song writers—send us your poems or melodies. Acceptance guaranteed if available by largest, most successful concern of the kind. We publish, advertise, secure copyright in your name and pay 50 per cent if successful. Hundreds of delighted clients. Write to-day for Big Magazine, Beautiful Illustrated Book and examination of your work—All Free. Dugdale Co., 256 Dugdale Bldg., Washington, D.C.

AGENTS. Portraits 35c, Frames 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days' credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait, Dept. 5192, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

ABSOLUTELY FREE for 30 days only. One dozen guaranteed U. S. Fire Extinguishers. Secure territory now. Special offer given to but one representative in each section. United Mfg. Co., 1039 Jefferson, Toledo. O.

BE A DETECTIVE: Big wages. See the world. Write Detective Johnson, Department 40, Houseman Blk., Grand Rapids, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED; best paying agency proposition in U. S.; assures you $1500 yearly; inexperienced taught how to make $75 to $200 monthly; let us show you. Novelty Cutlery Co., 15 Bar St., Canton, O.

AGENTS—Amazing invention, $8 daily, big profit. New business. No competition. World's best Home Massage Machine. Works by waterpower. Delights both sexes. Write for full particulars and free book on "Beauty & Health." Address, Blackstone Co., 745 Meredith Bldg., Toledo, O.

AGENTS — Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods. Carleton made $8.00 one afternoon; Mrs. Bosworth $25.00 in two days. Free Samples. Credit. Stamp brings particulars. Freeport Mfg. Company, 45 Main St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Agents and Help Wanted—Continued.

$2.50 PER DAY SALARY and additional commission paid man or woman in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated flavorings in tubes. Ziegler Co., 441-O Dearborn St., Chicago.

MEN—WOMEN,—GET GOVERNMENT JOBS. "Pull" unnecessary. Thousands of appointments. List of positions open free. Franklin Institute, Dep't S 7, Rochester, N. Y.

Music and Song Poems

SONG POEMS Wanted—Send us words or music. Big money in successful Songs. Book Free. Hayworth Music Pub. Co., 615 G, Washington, D. C.

SONGS! POEMS! Don't waste your money, write for the best legitimate proposition ever offered. J. E. Minnick Co., Inc., 49 M W. 28th St., New York.

SONG POEMS WANTED—Send us your song poems or melodies. A hit will bring big money. Proposition Positively Unequalled. Available work accepted for publication and copyright secured in your name. Our Composing Staff Absolutely Best of Any Company of Its Kind. Instructive booklet free. Marks-Goldsmith Co., Dept. 15, Washington, D. C.

COMPOSERS! SONG POEM WRITERS! Let us help you. If you have ever aspired to be a successful song writer or composer, this is your opportunity. We offer nothing but our help. Getting a start is the one secret to success. Without the right kind of advice and help, it is a hard, tiring road to travel. Yet, there may be just one thing you need to put you on the road to future success. We realize that there is so much good music and so many fine songs throughout this country that the public is not getting the benefit of. We want to open up this field for the rising composers. Send us your MMS. and song poems and we will return them with our free criticism and advice. We invite you to write for any information desired. Helm Arranging Bureau, Dept. 600, 145 West 45th Street, New York.

SONG POEMS WANTED. We have paid thousands of dollars to song writers—send us your poems or melodies. Acceptance guaranteed if available by largest, most successful concern of the kind. We publish, advertise, secure copyright in your name and pay 50 per cent if successful. Hundreds of delighted clients. Write to-day for big Magazine, Beautiful Illustrated Book and examination of your work—All Free. Dugdale Co., 741 Dugdale Bldg., Washington, D. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED: Money in successful songs. Send us your poems for examination. We revise, write the music, pay for and secure copyright in your name and pay 50% Royalty on all copies we sell. Particulars, terms and book "How Music Makes Money" Free. C. L. Partee Co., 809 Astor Theatre Building, New York.

Music and Song Poems—Continued.

SONG-WRITERS, Composers send us your words or music, Songs, Waltzes, Two-steps, Rags. We revise, arrange and publish on royalty. P. J. Howley Music Co., Dep. 9, 102 W. 42d St., N. Y.

Patents and Lawyers

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE returned. Send sketch for free report as to patentability. Guide Book and What to Invent, with valuable List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. One Million Dollars offered for one Invention. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress, sample free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT AND PAY. Advice and books free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured. Send sketch or model for free search. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F Street, Washington, D. C.

IDEAS WANTED — Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. 3 books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 39 Owen Building, Washington, D. C.

Coins, Stamps, Etc.

$2. to $600. paid for hundreds of old coins dated before 1895. Send 10c at once for New Illus'td Coin Value Book, 4x7, showing prices we guarantee to pay. Get posted. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 132, Le Roy, N. Y.

$1.00 to $1000.00 cash paid for all rare money to date. Many valuable coins in circulation. Get posted. Send stamp for large illustrated coin circular. It may mean much profit to you. You certainly have nothing to lose. Send Now. Numismatic Bank, of Texas, Dept. 25, Ft. Worth, Texas.

TRADE DOLLAR 1885 SOLD FOR $1,140; 20 cent 1876 CC, $250; 1 gold 1861 D, $230; $3—1870 S, $1,450. Equally high Premiums on thousands of Coins, Stamps, Books, Paper Money. Illustrated Circular Free. Von Bergen, K, Boston, Mass.

Motion Picture Plays

WRITE Moving Picture Plays; $50 each; all or spare time; correspondence course unnecessary; details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 310, Cincinnati, O.

Old Gold

$1 MAILED YOU for each full set of false teeth sent us. Partial sets in proportion. Highest prices for Old Gold, Platinum, Silver, Diamonds and Jewelry. Send by Parcel Post today. Ask for list of wonderful Diamond bargains. Phila. Smelt. & Ref. Co., 825V. Chestnut St., Phila., Pa. Est. 21 Yrs. Keep Ad for reference.

Ask This Man to Read Your Life.

His Wonderful Power to Read Human Lives at Any Distance Amazes All Who Write to Him.

Thousands of people in all walks of life have benefited by this man's advice. He tells you what you are capable of, and how you can be successful. He mentions your friends and enemies and describes the good and bad periods in your life.

His description as to past, present and future events will astonish and help you. All he wants is your name (written by yourself), your birth date and sex to guide him in his work. Money is not necessary. Mention the name of this paper and get a Trial Reading free. If you want to take advantage of this special offer and obtain a review of your life simply send your full name, address, the date, month and year of birth (all clearly written), state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss, and also copy the following verse in your own handwriting:

"Your advice is useful,
So thousands say,
I wish success and happiness,
Will you show me the way?"

If you wish you may enclose 10 cents (stamps of your own country) to pay postage and clerical work. Send your letter to Clay Burton Vance, Suite 2868-A, Palais-Royal, Paris, France. Do not enclose coins in your letter. Postage on letters to France is 5 cents.

BOUND VOLUMES of SMITH'S MAGAZINE now ready. **PRICE $1.50 per volume.** Address Subscription Department. STREET & SMITH, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, NEW YORK CITY

THE SECRET OF A GOOD COMPLEXION

Thousands of beautiful women thank **Dr. James P. Campbell's Complexion Wafers** for their clear beautiful skin, their graceful figure, and good health.

If your complexion needs improvement, if you are weak, nervous, thin, tired, or in any respect not at your very best try Dr. Campbell's Wafers to-day. Used by men and women for over 28 years with more than satisfactory results, as countless testimonials prove.

$1.00 per box, sent by mail in plain cover, on receipt of price from—

RICHARD FINK CO., Dept. 54, 415 Broadway, New York City
(Send 10 cents stamps for Sample box.)

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Of the many fashionable Diamond Rings for Gentlemen's wear, the 6-prong Tooth Mounting is the most popular. The large illustration shows the graceful lines and deep groove, enhancing the beauty of the diamond setting. The heavy prongs afford absolute protection and safety.

Extra heavy 14k Solid Gold. Beautiful white Diamond, perfect in cut and full of fiery brilliancy. Specially Selected by our Diamond Experts.

Write for Catalog Today. It is Free to You.

Our large 100-page Catalog (sent free on request) shows the various diamond sizes and prices of this favorite ring. Marvels of beauty as low as **$25, $60** and **$75.** Others at **$85, $100, $125, $150, $175, $200** and up. Make your selection and let us send it to you for your examination and approval, shipping charges prepaid. If you are perfectly satisfied that you have an unusual bargain, send us one-fifth of the purchase price and keep it; balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. If not just what you wish, return at our expense and ask us to send you another selection. Our Catalog contains over 2,000 handsome photographic illustrations of diamonds, watches, artistic jewelry, silverware, etc. We give better values and easier terms than any house in America. Send for Catalog today.

LOFTIS BROS & CO. EST'D 1858

THE RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE
Dept. E 884 **108 N. State St. CHICAGO, ILL.**
Branches: Pittsburgh, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.

RANGER BICYCLES

Have *imported roller chains, sprockets* and *pedals; New Departure Coaster-Brakes* and *Hubs; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment* and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. *Guaranteed 5 yrs.*

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from $12 up. A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL We ship on approval, *freight prepaid,* anywhere in U.S., *without a cent in advance.* **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you get our big new catalog and *special prices* and *a marvelous new offer.* A postal brings everything. *Write it now.* **TIRES, Coaster-Brake Rear Wheels,** lamps, parts, sundries, *half usual prices.* **Rider Agents** everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. **Write today.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. B-110 CHICAGO

Real Beauty

You, Too, May Have a Beautiful Complexion

There are no mysterious secrets about it. Use CARMEN—not dangerous cosmetics—and acquire real beauty instantly—the soft, refreshing complexion of joyous youth. There is no other powder just like

Carmen Complexion POWDER

It doesn't "show powder" and stays on and retains its delicate fragrance until removed. Harmless and pure, benefiting the skin.

White, Flesh, Cream, Pink. Toilet Size, 50c Everywhere.

Stafford-Miller Co.,
547 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Carmen Powder

Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements.

One Year Guarantee Certificate!

MERIT Fountain PEN

Ladies' pen of Para rubber, hand turned with 14-kt. gold filled bands fitted with a 14-kt. solid gold nib with Iridium tip.

14-kt. gold pen point, tipped with the Hardest Russian Iridium, the most expensive metal known.

Will not Blot, Scratch or Skip.

Holders made of pure rubber, fitted with **Automatic Back Flow Feeds,** insuring against leakage.

Special Guarantee Certificate

with each pen. It signifies merit, dependability and perfect construction.

Money refunded if not satisfied.

Price, $2.00 Each

SENT POSTPAID

ADDRESS;

THE COTTIER CO.

Second National Bank Building

Fifth Ave. at Twenty-eighth St.
New York City, N. Y.

Made of finest quality Para rubber, beautifully chased and highly polished. Fitted with a large 14-kt. solid gold nib with Iridium tip.

YOUR NEWSDEALER

maintains his store at considerable expense. He must pay for help, rent and lighting. He carries many articles that you would never dream of ordering direct from manufacturers, and is, therefore, of great service when you need a newspaper, a cigar or a box of stationery. Then why not give him all of your custom and so help make his business profitable?

Tell him to show you samples of AINSLEE'S, POPULAR, SMITH'S, PEOPLE'S, NEW STORY and TOP-NOTCH magazines. Select those you want and he will gladly deliver them to your residence regularly.

Then, when you want something good to read, you will not have to search for it.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York

Do not forget to read the new novel by Helen R. Martin, called "Barnabetta," beginning in this issue of Smith's.

SEE PAGE 1.

GENUINE PERFECT CUT
DIAMONDS $97.50 Per Carat
14K Solid Gold Mountings

World's Lowest Importer's Prices

⅛ carat Diamonds.....	$ 8.25
¼ carat Diamonds.....	17.50
⅜ carat Diamonds.....	31.25
½ carat Diamonds.....	45.00
⅝ carat Diamonds.....	67.50
1 carat Diamonds.....	97.50
1½ carat Diamonds.....	146.25

Add $3.75 for 14K engagement solitaire mounting like ring above. Add $5 for men's belcher ring or scarf pin mounting.

Any Diamond Shipped on Approval!

C. O. D. by Express, Parcel Post or in care of any Bank in your city—at our expense and risk—without obligating you to buy. You must recognize a saving of one third—see a full $150 per carat size and value at $97.50 per carat, or you may order the diamond returned.

Basch Money Back Guarantee

with every diamond—a contract in writing to refund the full price in cash, less 10%, any time within 2 years; and exchange any Basch Diamond at the full price at any time. You will demand this protection when you learn about our Guarantee.

104-Page De Luxe Basch Diamond Book FREE
Illustrates in colors the latest styles in Platinum, Gold and Silver Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, Cut Glass, etc.

BASCH **L. BASCH & CO., Dept. G244**
State & Quincy Sts., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BIG MONEY **WRITING SONGS** We have paid thousands of dollars to amateur song writers. Experience not necessary. Write for free particulars or send us your song poems or melodies today for free examination. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Big Song Writer's Magazine, beautifully illustrated book and valuable advice all free. **Dugdale Co., 1072 Dugdale Bldg., Washington, D. C.**

:: POCKET EDITIONS ::
USEFUL SUBJECTS 10c. EACH.

Sheldon's Letter Writer; Shirley's Lover's Guide; Woman's Secrets, or How to Be Beautiful; Guide to Etiquette; Physical Health Culture; Frank Merriwell's Book of Physical Development; National Dream Book; Zingara Fortune Teller; The Art of Boxing and Self-defense; The Key to Hypnotism; U. S. Army Physical Exercises.
Street & Smith, Publishers, 79-89 Seventh Ave., New York

YOU CAN MAKE CIGARETTES LIKE THESE
A Practical Novelty for Cigarette Smokers
TURKO CIGARETTE ROLLER
Sent postpaid for **25cts.** Address,
Turko Roller Co., P. O. Box 1263, New York

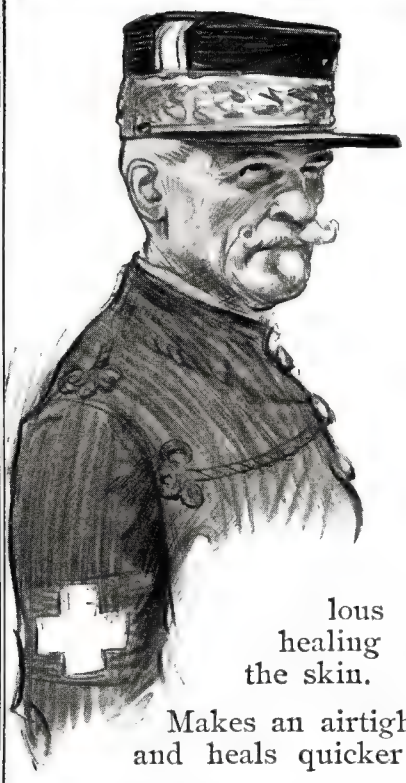
YOU FIND IT EVERYWHERE

CUTICURA SOAP

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have done so much to maintain the purity and beauty of the complexion, hands and hair under all conditions of exposure, that their sale and use have extended to every part of the civilized world.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send post-card to nearest depot for free sample of each with 32-page book: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London: R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta and Bombay; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A.

☞Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.



Thermozine

A FRENCH DISCOVERY
ABSOLUTELY SANITARY

MEDICATED
WAX APPLICATION

Used for over ten years in the French Army and Navy.

A new discovery with almost miraculous powers for drawing out poison and healing inflamed and suppurating sores of the skin.

Makes an airtight antiseptic cover for a burnt surface and heals quicker than any other method.

Retaining heat for many hours makes it ideal for Pleurisy. Severe Burns, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Aching Muscles, Eczemas, yield almost instantly to this wonderful application.

Produces healing in one-half the time of other remedies.

It is a clean application and does not stick to nor soil the clothing. Easily applied—simply heated and put on with a brush.

Many recent testimonials on file open for inspection.

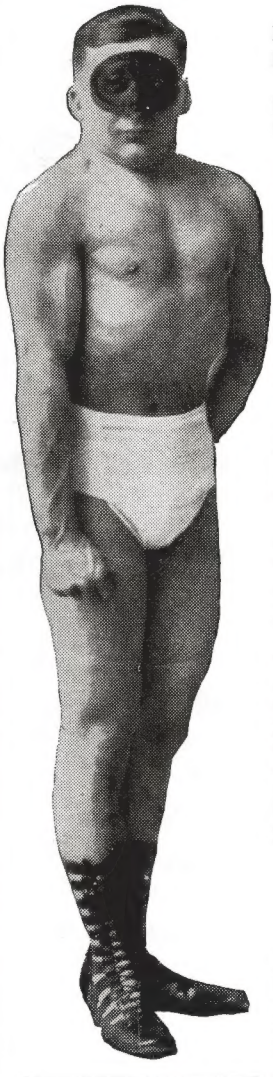
Outfit, consisting of a can of Thermozine, with proper accessories, prepaid, $1.00

SOLD ONLY BY THE MANUFACTURERS

Pasteur Chemical Co.
98 Beekman Street
New York City

THIN FOR YEARS

"GAINS 22 POUNDS IN 23 DAYS"



"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days."

"Sargol has put just 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. D. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."

"I weighed 132 pounds when I commenced taking Sargol. After taking 20 days I weighed 144 pounds. Sargol is the most wonderful preparation for flesh building I have ever seen," declares D. Martin, and J. Meier adds: "For the past twenty years I have taken medicine every day for indigestion and got thinner every year. I took Sargol for forty days and feel better than I have felt in twenty years. My weight has increased from 150 to 170 pounds."

When hundreds of men and women—and there are hundreds, with more coming every day—living in every nook and corner of this broad land voluntarily testify to weight increases ranging all the way from 10 to 35 pounds, given them by Sargol, you must admit, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thin Reader, that there must be something in this Sargol method of flesh building after all.

Hadn't you better look into it, just as thousands of others have done? Many thin folks say: "I'd give most anything to put on a little extra weight," but when someone suggests a way they exclaim, "Not a chance. Nothing will make me plump. I'm built to stay thin." Until you have tried Sargol, you do not and cannot know that this is true.

Sargol has put pounds of healthy "stay there" flesh on hundreds who doubted and in spite of their doubts. You don't have to believe in Sargol to grow plump from its use. You just take it and watch weight pile up, hollows vanish and your figure round out to pleasing and normal proportions. You weigh yourself when you begin and again when you finish and you let the scales tell the story.

Sargol is absolutely harmless. It is a tiny concentrated tablet. You take one with every meal. It mixes with the food you eat for the purpose of separating all of its flesh producing ingredients. It prepares these fat making elements in an easily assimilated form, which the blood can readily absorb and carry all over your body. Plump, well-developed persons don't need Sargol to produce this result. Their assimilative machinery performs its functions without aid. But thin folks assimilative organs do not. This fatty portion of their food now goes to waste through their bodies like unburned coal through an open grate. A few days test of Sargol in your case will surely prove whether or not this is true of you. Isn't it worth trying?

50c BOX FREE

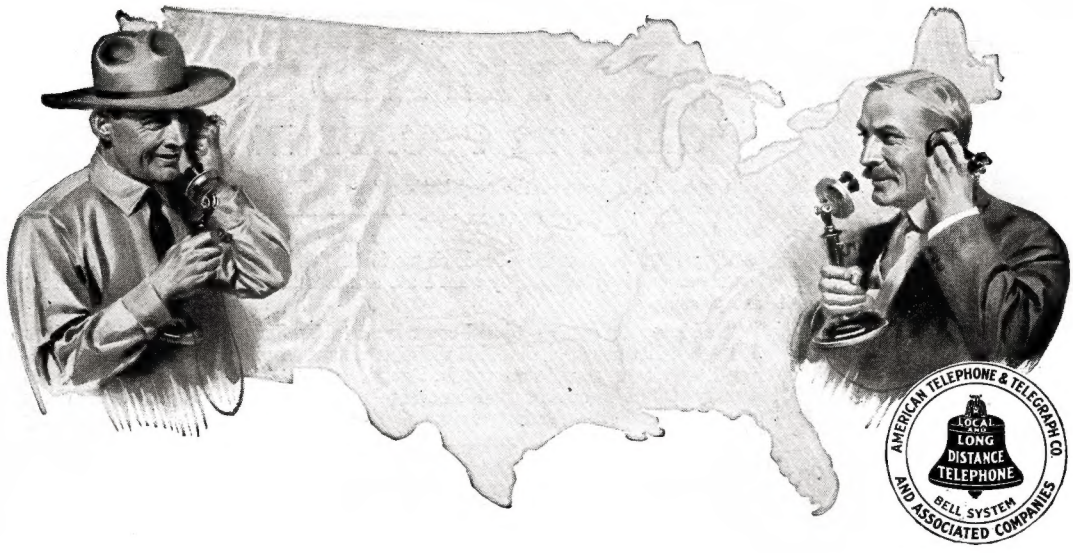
To enable any thin reader, ten pounds or more underweight, to easily make this test, we will give a 50c. box of Sargol absolutely free. Either Sargol will increase your weight or it won't, and the only way to know is to try it. Send for this Free Test Package to-day, enclosing 10c. in silver or stamps to help pay postage, packing, etc., and a full size 50c. package will be sent by return mail free of charge. Mail this coupon with your letter to the Sargol Co., 390 K Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

If you want a beautiful and well rounded figure of symmetrical proportions, if you want to gain some solid pounds of healthy "stay there" flesh, if you want to increase your weight to normal—weigh what you should weigh—accept this Free 50c. Package to-day.

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE

This coupon entitles any person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in silver in letter to-day, with coupon and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return post. Address: The Sargol Company, 390 K Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and,

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.



The Merger of East and West

"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"
—KIPLING.

In the "Ballad of East and West," Kipling tells the story of an Indian border bandit pursued to his hiding place in the hills by an English colonel's son.

These men were of different races and represented widely different ideas of life. But, as they came face to face, each found in the other elements of character which made them friends.

In this country, before the days of the telephone, infrequent and indirect communication tended to keep the people of the various sections separated and apart.

The telephone, by making communication quick and direct, has been a great cementing force. It has broken down the barriers of distance. It has made us a homogeneous people.

The Bell System, with its 7,500,000 telephones connecting the east and the west, the north and the south, makes one great neighborhood of the whole country.

It brings us together 27,000,000 times a day, and thus develops our common interests, facilitates our commercial dealings and promotes the patriotism of the people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

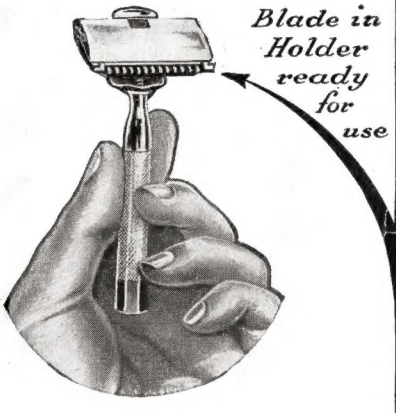
The New Gem Damaskeene Razor-

A word in explanation

Gem Damaskeene $1.00 outfit

EXAMINE the new **Gem Damaskeene** holder as critically as you know how—the top plate, the bed plate, with its fine adjustment of teeth, and the setting of the blade—

These are the most important features that go toward making up this wonderful shaving device, —and these points alone will convince you, quicker than anything we know, that you should be a **Gem** user.



Damaskeene Blades have and hold a perfect edge.

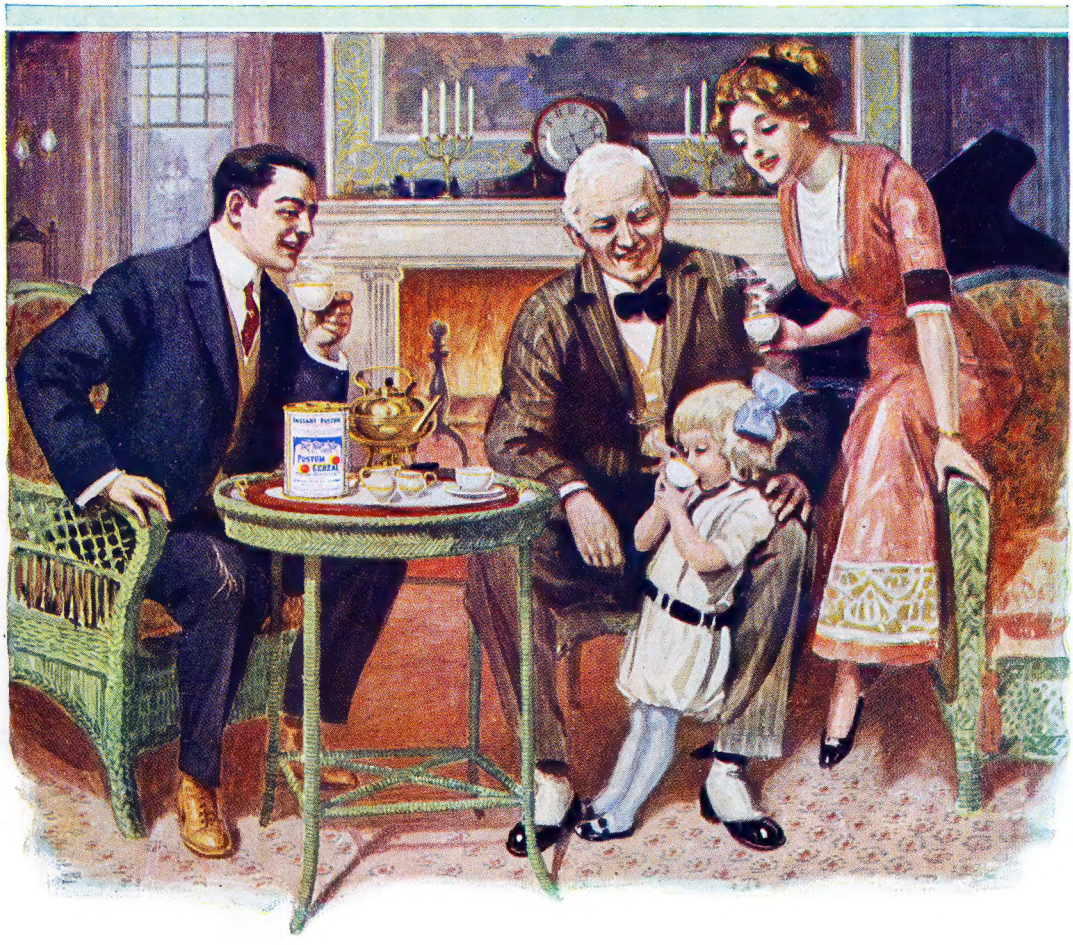
Prove what we have said

Ask your dealer to show you a new Gem Damaskeene Razor—compare its beauty and simple construction to others.

No matter how tough or wiry your beard, the new **Gem Damaskeene** Razor, with its **Damaskeene** Blade, will surely shave you safely and pleasantly.

Regardless of the price, no safety razor made is better than the **Gem.**

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
210-216 Eleventh Avenue, New York



Bar None

The delicious, snappy flavour of

POSTUM

Naturally makes the little folks "beg" and it's a pleasure to yield.

While Postum tastes much like rich, mild Java, it is wholesome, nourishing and free from the coffee drug, caffeine—the frequent cause of impaired health.

There's a wonderful army of former coffee drinkers now using Postum and one may be sure

"There's a Reason"